

# Pusha T, Numbers On The Boards

I'm so bossy, bitch, get off me  
It's a different jingle when you hear these car keys  
Your SL's missing an S, nigga  
Your plane's missing a chef  
The common thing see they both got wings  
If you fly, do it to death  
It's only one God, and it's only one crown  
So it's only one king that can stand on this mound  
King Push, kingpin, overlord  
Coast Guard come a hundred goin' overboard  
I got money with the best of 'em  
Go blow for blow with any Mexican  
Don't let your side bitches settle in  
Might have to headbutt your Evelyn

Ballers, I put numbers on the boards  
Hard to get a handle on this double-edged sword  
Whether rappin' or I'm rappin' to a whore  
Might reach back and relapse to wrappin' up this raw  
Givenchy fittin' like it's gym clothes  
We really gymstars, I'm like D. Rose  
No D-league, I'm like these clothes  
'88 Jordan, leaping from the free throw

Ballers, I put numbers on the boards

(Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more, 'bout crime no more)  
Mix drug and show money, Biggs Burke on tour  
Twenty-five bricks, move work like chore  
Hit Delaware twice, needed twenty-five more  
I see flaw, cracks in your diamond  
CB4 when you rhyme, simple Simon  
Come and meet the pieman, a must that I flaunt it  
The legend grows legs when it comes back to haunt us

Ballers, I put numbers on the boards  
Can't a bitch live and say I bought her Michael Kors?  
Every car driven was decided by the horse  
Keep the sticker in the window 'case you wonder what it cost  
How could you relate when you ain't never been great?  
And rely on rap money to keep food on up your plates, nigga?  
I might sell a brick on my birthday  
Thirty-six years of doing dirt like it's Earth Day, God

Ballers, I put numbers on the boards