

Don't You Push Me

Tribal Ink

Try to maintain and put word to this game
And explain why my patience is wearing me thin
I'm surrounded by freaks who believe when I speak
That I worship the ground that they walk with their feet
With their suits and their ties and their wherefores and whys
And the cast that they hide with their smiles and they lie
And they don't give a damn till the day that you crack
And you flip and find out that you want to sit back
But they laugh at me, mom, and they laugh at me why
At you carving your name in my arm with this knife
And you know that it keeps me from losing control,
It's the only thing that's keeping me from slitting your neck, ya'll
Don't you push me,
Don't push your luck, baby, coz you're fuckin' with the enemy.
Don't you push me
Coz I can be your best friend or your motherfuckin' enemy.
Don't you push me,
Don't push your luck, baby, I can be your worst enemy.
Don't you push me
Coz I can be your best friend or your worst fuckin' enemy. Everyday they keep dogging me, draggin' me,
drawin' me downward,
And smackin' me sideways I'm fallin'
And maybe I should be just like in the movies
And not give a fuck and just fuck with the music.
Surrounded by cops as I raise my hands up,
There's a round of applause, check the gate, that's a wrap,
They say war is a fashion and fame is a concert, but pains a reaction,
The pain is what you don't get. Don't you push me,
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