

Push It

[Rick Ross](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

RossPort of Miami
Port of my candy
Ain't got nothing to lose (nah)
We suppotin' the family
Never traffic for fun (fun)
Only traffic for funds (funds)
All I seen was the struggle (struggle)
Its like I'm trapped in this slum
Niggas were badly paid
No water we barely bathed
Better be better days on the way
That's on my damn grave
I'm pushing it hard (hard)
I'm pushing it south (south)
If he pushing a line (line)
He pushin for Ross (Ross)
I waited and waited (waited)
I done ran outta patience (patience)
They hated and hated
Left 'em slow dancing with Satan
Fresh in my white tee
Mac eleven swear to god
I bought my first block
Broke it down and tore the block apart[Chorus]
I push and I push (Push)
I ride and I ride (ride)
Trying' to survive on 95
Put it all on the line (line)
At the drop of a dime (dime)
I be pushing them whips (whips)
Yes, three at a time
I'm pushing it (Push)

I'm pushing it (Push)
I'm pushing it (Push)
I gotta
I'm pushing it (Push)
I'm pushing it (Push)
I'm pushing it (Push)
I gotta I handle dope like a Vandal off the banana boat
Bananas and the rifles
No cyphers I'm just the man to know
I paid dues my moves done made moves
I'm smooth my suede shoes
They new like ?
Nobody used to speak (speak)
Now everybody wave (wave)
You dunk your mama house (house)
You set your sister straight (straight)
I'm building a dream (dream)
With elevators in it
Tell who made the linen
No gators got on my hater vision
I see ya, I see ya suckers (suckers)
I see ya clear (clear)
I know you see me in that phantom
Whiter then veneers
Allergic to broke (broke)
Determined to blow (blow)
On the boat we hit the working detergent and soap
We ship it from Haiti
Baby I'm whipping them baby's
Let it dry later try to whip a Mercedes
Arrange my Range (Range)
Y'all can't arrange a parade (parade)
You gotta push it to the limit
If you wanna be paid [Chorus] We started minute
The money matured
My money secured
I got bunnies in Europe
My bubbles be pure
Cost like a hundred a pour
The world is yours
Hundred million and more
Now I run the streets (Ross)
They all mine (Ross)
Twelve years over due
Call it two time

I told you never roll on the soul of a soldier
You never know that dishwasher may be a beholder
Who ever thought that fat girl would grow into Oprah
Or that boy Rick Ross would be moldin' the culture

I push and I push (Push)
We breaking the mold (mold)
We push and we push (Push)
We breaking the hold [Chorus]

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