

# Push It

## O.T. Genasis

I was mobbin' through the beach, yeah the city by the sea  
Mama tried to keep me home, but I love the fuckin' streets

I was cookin' up a Ki, tryna serve it to the streets

Couple niggas had beef so I had to Chief Keef

I got homies from the 2, I got homies from the 3

I keep everything neutral, I just wanna smoke a leaf

I was runnin' up a check, try me, he gon' get the TEC

Hear a lot of niggas talk, ain't a nigga press me yet

I'm in Houston, V Live, throwin' racks, that's a bet

And you ain't a real nigga if you don't rep your setPush it, push it, push it, push it

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Go get the money, go get the money

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Go get the money, go get the moneyCooking on a pot, got to scale and weigh the rock

Almost burned my fuckin' hand, I forgot this shit was hot

I'm just tryna get a knot, had the shit up in my sock

Leave me 'lone, leave me 'lone, I could work my own block

Go get the money, go get the money

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All these racks I'mma trick on

I got gold digger money, gold digger money

Hood rich nigga gettin' money, pushin' weight

Everything was an 8, now it's lookin' like a platePush it, push it, push it, push it

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