Pushin'

Bun B

Pushin'Say man I don't give a fuck about the FEDs
D.E.A., A.T.F., Task Force, Jump-out boys, or your local neighborhood robbers
Baby I got to keep on pushin'Pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
I've got to keep on pushin'
Keep keep onWell it's the king of the hover trade and the sergeant of snow (Snow)
They call me Mr. Killa Gram in case yo ass ain't know (Know)
I'm the boss baller of blow when you come to the Gulf (Gulf)
Other cats holdin' some weight but they ain't holdin' enough
I've been around way before the Interstate was on fire (Fire)
Before they hid it in the gas tank or the tire (Tire)
Before a motherfucker even knew about a stash box
We just put work in the back of the car (Man), and mashed out (For real)
Now ask a nigga that was doin' it in nine-three
On the Interstate in a rental car you can find me
Suitcase is stuffed like a holiday turkey (Turkey)
Chopper right beside in case a nigga try to jerk me (Jerk me)
I did the city thing plus I played it out of state
Either way a nigga was known for havin' a lot of weight
Try to knock me down but it only made me bigger
Haters wanna see me fall but a nigga gotta keep on pushin'Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep keep on pushin'I feel you Bun, I feel you Young, I mean, I feel you
I've got to keep on pushin'I'm on the corner from sun up to sun down
Competition gettin' hectic, I'm headed for out of town
What I was, sellin' for twenty, niggaz sellin' for ten
So I'm bout to take it to drastic measurements for my ends
My partner Rob in seventeen and in the Benz
And me I'm in a bucket but fuck it, that's how it is, shit
I got an ounce about to cut it into stones
Next stop: Port Arthur, Texas, I work it in the Lones
I'm a little nigga on his hustle bout to rise

I was cuttin' seventeen and I was only payin' five
A week went by, and a nigga took that dry
Back to H-Town, with re-up about to score me nine
A Pyrex bowl and the whoop so throwed
I cooked it for nine then I stretched it for nine more
Whoa, I'm that nigga bakin' with holes in his door
Crummy niggaz sellin' that ether but fuck it, shit soldAy, no matter how hard it get you know I'mma
Real talk, real niggaz do real things you know they (CHEEAAA)
You already know, free Pimp C nigga (LIFE NIGGA)
U.G.K. for motherfuckin' life, U.S.D.A. nigga, C.T.E. nigga (CHEAA)
You know them Houston niggaz you know they niggaz keep on pushin' nigga (PUSHIN)
G.A. niggaz you know they already
Real niggaz do real things nigga you already know nigga
C.T.E. nigga, Rap-A-Lot records (AYE, AYE, AYE)One day you're here, the next day you're gone (WHAT?)
Cuz some nigga set you up on the phone (DAMN)
Shit, I play it how I go, I'm in a league of my own
You ain't gotta front me shit nigga, I'm buyin' my own (HAHA)
Whether it's sixteen bars or sixteen bricks (CHEA)
Move 'em one at a time, I'll take sixteen trips (LET'S GET IT)
I'm in the kitchen with the white, choppers by the back door (AYE)
Mind on my money, but I swear this shit stack dough (HAHA)
Square's in the closet, a hundred thousand in the box spring
Got the stash box in the back of the Mustang (CHEA)
You know I keep a down ass bitch to dry that shit
Look, I-T a nigga yea she ride that shit
Hey, I hustle harder, I hustle smarter (AYE)
Just left the magnum lot tried to whip me up a charter (HAHA)
I'm so ahead of my time, ahead of my grind
Look at snowman bitch, it's a must that I shine (YEAAAA)
See my watch is like, damn, my ears beggin' for attention (AYE)
A quarter mill around my neck, in case I forgot to mention
You niggaz actin' like hoes so motherfucker keep gushin'
I'mma do what the gangstas do and nigga keep pushin' (AYYEEE)Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
Keep on pushin'
I've got to keep on pushin'
Keep keep on pushin'
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Keep keep on pushin'

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