Push 'Em (feat. Skinhead Rob & Tim Armstrong)

Travis Barker & Yelawolf

I, something is wrong with me, I'm feeling like Psycho White
I can't get a grip, I'm about to slip, I'm about to fight
I took another shot of whiskey dipsy chippin hit me
I don't wanna get a grip, wanna lose it all, I wanna go wild
Yeah, Catfish in a drop top thunderbird oh my god
Here comes Billy again with Travis Barker, Jay and Silent Bob
Hiya mom, Holmes got another chopper, high as a helicopter
Sitting on the porch with a simple torch shakin his head, Flocka Flocka
Sorry for the six pack daddy, I know before you left you told me not to
But I said fuck it, kick the bucket and drink 'em all, Wacka Wacka
Anybody seen a doctor, I'm a head cast after the Opera
And if I say go then a bunch of famous family members are gonna pop offTo my people on the back, move to the front
Push 'em, push 'em
To my people on the front, move to the back
Push 'em, push,'em
To my people on the side, move to the middle
Push 'em, push 'em
Everybody in this motherfucker 1, 2, 3, go
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump
Push 'em, push 'em
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump
Push 'em, push 'em
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump
Push 'em, push 'em
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump
Push a motherfuckerTransplants, you know we chillin'
Twitch, yeah, you know we chillin'
Skate tee, you know we chillin'
Felix, you know he's chillin'
California, you know we chillin'
Alabama, you know we chillin'
Pull 'em up on that '87 with Paul Wall
You know he's grillin'
Look around and tell me do you really wanna jump inside that mothafuckin' prison
For the animals that drink a pint and to the final crew to get inside
The club and jump into a bottle like a bowl of water hold up buddy can I get a
The Wolfpack's in mosh mode crowd surfin, see 'em rise
Slumerican famous yeah, DTA gettin' DUI's

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Push a motherfuckerWe're dealing with a small group of troublemakers
it's uh, bunch of angry young men who were fighting
Who were smashing, and some crazy fires and explosives
Are causing these problemsLondon Bridge is fallin' down but I'm too drunk on a bottle of brown
Too far gone in a pile of cans to keep my hands from movin' around
Fuck it, I'm in public feeling like nobody's watching me go nuts
When am I gonna lose my mind, before I find myself to hold me upTo my people on the back, move to the front
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Push a motherfucker

Songwriters
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