

# 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 off  
To 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 motherfucker Transplants, 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

GoTo my people on the back, move to the front  
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Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump  
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 'em, push 'em  
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump  
Push a motherfucker

Songwriters

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