

# Push 'Em Back

## Young Buck

(It's 'bout to go down!)

Get out the way, get out the way

(Betta move; it's 'bout to go down!)

Get out the way, get out the way [Chorus]

You betta move fifty feet, shawty; let a nigga through

If you don't wanna move, you know what I'm about to do (aye)

I push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back! (Yeah)

Get out my way; we ballin' like aye!

I'm throwin' money; I can take it wit' me anyway

Make the club, push 'em back! (C'mon!)

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back!

Push 'em back! Ain't nobody goin' broke, e'ry body sellin' dope

E'ry body gettin' money; it's some niggas tellin' no

We ain't talkin' on the phone; I don't know; I ain't certain ya

No body never heard of ya; you fuckin' wit' some murderas

Look at my wrist, look at my bitch

She hold a daddy down, help a nigga get rich (yeah!)

This patron got me hot, the Phantom in the lot

See, this pill kickin' in, and I'm standin' wit' my glock

In this bitch like Woo; I need some elbow room

Got me spillin' liquor at the club; go so soon

Burn this bitch up, we 'bout to get buck

Gimme the light, tell the DJ: 'turn my shit up' (It's on now) [Chorus] Cup full of Hennessey; my niggas call it  
gasoline

Pussy niggas fill up, and say shit they don't mean

Stuntin' wit' ya real money dat'll get you killed

See, probably want this paper; my baby needs some milk

Bitch, we built this city; the dope boy committed  
I still got the nerds to sell it up, and come and get it  
A product of the projects, my mama's only son  
Made my first million dollas, and a new drama would come  
Didn't run from it; I ran to it  
I'm not playin' 'bout the unit, and my fans knew it  
Now make the lane for me 'cause I deserved this  
I wonder what my enemies get when they hear this (Let's go!)  
Ha-ha[Chorus]You don't know problems  
You don't wanna see me, nigga (aye, aye!)  
You don't know problems  
You don't wanna see me, nigga (aye, aye!)  
You don't know problems  
You don't wanna see me, nigga (aye, aye!)  
You don't know problems  
You don't wanna see me (aye, aye!)Gotta run a gram fifty, and my A-K wit' me  
If a mothafucka hit me, I'm a knock his head off!  
I ain't scared of none of y'all, bitch  
I'm runnin' from the law  
Put ya trigga fingas up if ya wanna knock they head off!  
Push a weight all through the state  
It's like I speed up when they tell me hit my brakes (aye!)  
If I told you what I make e'ry time I flip a key  
You would probably try to take the same trip dat I did  
But you can't (aye)[Chorus]Aye, let's go

Songwriters

BROWN, DAVID DARNELL / RICE, RALPH J. JR. Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>