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! (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