

# Pusha Man (ft. Nate Fox & Lil

## Chance the Rapper

Ten damn days  
And all I got to show for it is shoes and shows and chauffeurs with road rage  
Still the same damn ad-lib: IGH!, old ways  
Still gotta letterman, no practice  
Still gotta burner man, no lacking  
Still outtin Jams nigga, no Jackson  
No Jordan and we toe-tagging  
I'll take you to land, where the lake made of sand  
And the milk don't pour and the honey don't dance  
And the money ain't yours  
Now its just a red pill  
Got a blue and a hand full of Advils  
I'm the new Nitty, fuck it Nitty the the old me  
So Ima tell the buyer what Nitty told me I got that Mmm Mmm  
I got that god damn  
I'm yo pusha man  
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha man  
Pimp slapping, toe taggin  
I'm just tryna fight the man  
I'm yo pusha man  
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha man You a lame, and your bitch break down my weed sometimes  
See my face in the streets, in the tweets  
And a Reader or a Redeye if you read Sun-Times  
She got blisters on her knees, she's a fiend for the D  
Even though I only beat one time  
One time it was one two times  
It was two plus me equals threesome time  
Shouts out to Nate, I jackball and I bop, I flex  
Got neck from all these thots I sex  
Rastafari them shottas yes  
House safari, mi casa, yes  
Poppy fields of that popeye  
She came to party, she popped a Molly  
Said "come to papa", she said "papa, yes" I got that Mmm Mmm  
I got that god damn  
I'm yo pusha man  
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha man  
Pimp slapping, toe taggin  
I'm just tryna fight the man

I'm yo pusha man  
I'm yo, I'm yo pusha man I've been riding around with my blunt on my lips  
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip  
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz  
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shifts I've been riding around with my blunt on my lips  
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip  
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz  
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shifts Move to the neighborhood, I bet they don't stay for good, watch  
Somebody'll steal daddy's rollie, and call it the neighborhood watch  
Pray for a safer hood when my paper good, watch  
Captain save a hood, hood savior, baby boy, still get ID'd for swishers  
Mama still wash my clothes, still with Save Money militia  
Ima still watch my bros  
Trapped in the middle of the map, with a little bitty rock  
And a little bit of rap  
That with a literary knack and a little shitty Mac  
And like literally jack I've been riding around with my blunt on my lips  
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip  
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz  
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shifts I've been riding around with my blunt on my lips  
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip  
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz  
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shifts They merking kids, they murder kids here  
Why you think they don't talk about it? They deserted us here  
Where the fuck is Matt Lauer at? Somebody get Katie Couric in here  
Probably scared of all the refugees, look like we had a fucking hurricane here  
They be shooting whether it's dark or not, I mean the days is pretty dark a lot  
Down here it's easier to find a gun than it is to find a fucking parking spot  
No love for the opposition, specifically a cop position,  
Cause they've never been in our position  
Getting violations for the nation, correlating, you dry snitching I've been riding around with my blunt on my lips  
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip  
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz  
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shifts I've been riding around with my blunt on my lips  
With the sun in my eyes, and my gun on my hip  
Paranoia on my mind, got my mind on the fritz  
But a lotta niggas dying, so my 9 with the shifts I know you scared, you should ask us if we scared, too  
I know you scared, me too  
I know you scared, you should ask us if we scared, too  
If you was there, then we just knew you'd care, too It just got warm out, this this shit I've been warned about  
I hope that it storm in the morning, I hope that it's pouring out  
I hate crowded beaches, I hate the sound of fireworks  
And I ponder what's worse between knowing it's over and dying first  
Cause everybody dies in the summer  
Wanna say ya goodbyes, tell them while it's spring

I heard everybody's dying in the summer, so pray to God for a little more spring  
I know you scared, you should  
ask us if we scared, too  
If you was there, then we just knew you'd care, too

Songwriters

CHANCELOR JOHNATHAN BENNETT Published by

Lyrics © NON SKIP MUZIK Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>