Pusha Man

Joe Budden

Say blood, heh, heh, what's happening?
What you mean, blood? I got what you need
(Pusha man nigga)
Go around this corner with me real quick
(Ohh)
(Fuck you thought?)
Oh shit, watch out for thug
(Pusha man)
Man, you got to be cool blood
Gotta feel you right here
Niggaz down for whatever
Everybody's so gangsta gangsta, tell me how you do it
Keep the facade that real when you not that real, that's real
The strip is hot so I don't hear my foes beefin'
That's tellin' me that I bought all these burners for no reason
Come, get me thug I walk with a mini teeny tiny eeny weeny snub
And real niggaz give me love
Besides, don't make me feel like you threaten my life God
(Why?)
I go and cop somethin' that only come with a Tripod
(And the)
Old school is puff puff, pass the spark up
And white kids got high, off of magic marker
Back when 40s was liquor, now shorties is bigger
(But now)
They wanna be down, y'all wannabe clowns, get a grip homes
Blastin' the tool, you out of character dude
You not a felon or rider, you a fellow subscriber
Who is you tellin' them lies to, don't push it to a limit
To mimic you benefiting to what, the gimmicks up, blah
When shit get thick, clips start to spit
(Pusha man)
Push work wait wet and dipstick
(Pusha man)
You need product, I'ma be there, con of the year
Fuck givin' my word, I solemnly swear
Swear to hold your fort, I solemnly swear
Keep a straight face in court, I said, "I solemnly swear"
It's pusha man incognito from the feds in the precinct

I solemnly swear to this game I pledge my allegiance
Uhh, it's killin' me soft, jokers is actin' like they really the boss
With a Milli Vanilli award 'cause they really a fraud
Milli's applaud if you ain't really my dawg
I crack Phillies with broads but now I'm sober
They don't feel me no more and G.P.s and V.I.P.s
I be O-T in D.C. with O-Zs so my time's up like O.C.
Uhh, when I hustle they thought that I went soft
'Cause y'all jerked them for the price, I took twenty percent off

I don't drive I like shotguns, never pulled L's
I like shotguns, hate .22's I like shotguns
Non-descrip's talkin' 'bout they got guns
Like tecs 4-5s and shotguns, really they never shot guns
Go 'head act like a gangsta claim to clap like a gangsta
It's all good fellas, now he rap like a gangsta
Hate me or love me, dap me or slug me
Scream, "Fuck me" but when things get ugly, I get gully
When shit get thick, clips start to spit
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Look, a cock nina should get me a hot beamer
Settin' up shop in the suburbs
I'm gettin' that white cream that Noxema
I'm good at duckin' the cops subpoena
Cats is shook when alone but come tough
When the cops are between us
Stash house was never empty, had the cracks on UP
Soprano came to see me, got barritoned UP
Had clientele crazy, every borough I hustled
Remember back in the day when you had to be thorough to hustle?
Cats hustle to feed they kin, now every combo
With a package to try to pitch for some sneakers and Timbs
Shit back in the day, niggaz looked at jail like school
Now new jacks is spittin' 'bout jail like it's cool
(Dawg)
That ain't gangsta, I don't believe that, you don't believe it yourself
Gangsta's real, gangsta speaks for itself

A lot of gangstas is lifers and they gone right now
So fag cats is screamin' gangsta, something's wrong right now
When shit get thick, clips start to spit
(Pusha man)
Push work wait wet and dipstick
(Pusha man)
You need product, I'ma be there, con of the year
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