

# Push Up

## French Montana

Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, push up on  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it  
Now, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Ridin' in a V, like to feel the breeze  
Pray to the high, for my enemies  
Push ups in the 'Rari, lights behind the wall  
Drink a sip of heaven, I'ma do it for my dog  
Ride with a Ruger, niggas try to shoot ya  
They don't want no money, niggas actin' groupie  
I've been ridin' in a Benz, bustin' with the beams  
I just want the paper, I don't need no friends  
I was ridin' with the oh, oh, feelin' like I'm Guwop  
Came up out the sewer, got the work out in Newark  
I be ridin' with Kali, watchin' for the grease  
Pray to the high, for my enemies  
Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, push up on  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it  
Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Ridin' in a V, watchin' for the grease  
Pray to the high, for my enemies  
Got it from the thieves, served it to the fiends  
Got married to the mob, that's word to my mama  
Shorty bounced it back, I showed a hundred racks  
She ran up out the back, she threw me on her back  
I'ma spin around the corner, work on my diploma

Wanna talk man to man, not two or three zonin'  
In Atlanta out with Flock, spinnin' 'round with Gucci  
Had the white like sushi and the brown like Karrueche  
Got the scar like the Fugees, cash money like Tunechi  
They all love me like I'm Boosie, G'd up, fuck this Gucci  
Gotta leave it at the light, cook it up and dry it  
Hit the 9-5, hustlin' was a job Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, push up on  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it  
Push up, push up, push up, push up  
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it  
Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'? Push up, push up on it  
Time to push up, push up  
Every time I push up on it  
Push up on it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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