Pushin' Aside, Pushin' Along

First Serve

I'mma get to be the king of New York
When the queen in the crib be killing my nights
In a horse I rode in on
She swear the fresh prince gonna fail
Parents just don't understand
I'm just trying to get my kid on
Posing in the mirror design
A stone chizzling, the DMC, a pedigree, M
A better me than them
Shit I'm chasing this bus
Once we get on P (Yeah?) it's all about us
"Yeah but you can be a lawyer"
Put them down father boy
"Or a doctor baby!"
Sorry Ma', I'm a microphone fiend,
Addicted to the concept of rolling with a team
And rolling up sleeves in some boss' office
That orbits in the mind of another man
Switch that undergrad over to this other plan
But she snap back at me like a rubber band
More concern cause she swim in the gutter (Come on Ma!)
I just wanna cop her a crib and pops, well I don't know him
His position on the bill is a veto
All I ask is I be treated as an equal
Man this lack of support seems illegal
Come on Mom...
Through the doubt and the stress
My eyes are glued to it
If it all goes wrong
I won't push it aside
I'll push it along
And through stress and the doubt
My eyes are so glued to it
Like the words in the song
We just pushin' aside, pushin' alongYep, attention from the parents
They just want the best (They want your ass up in nest)
Without falling
Explainin' to them it is my calling
It's like wearing a pack that has the parachute that might not open

And anyways, this shouldn't even be descended
In they mind, up world, with your wings extended
Flight time, is the best way,
But I'm listening to what my heart in my chest say
I want the rap game, my mama wanna prey on it
Pops like "Don't even spend another day on it"
He keeps putting me down,
Says I'm riding with my hobby in the front seat
Responsibilities in the trunk
And really need to just switch it around
Unplug the dream, push it along
With talents in these streets is pusher of the song
Put smiles on the pretty girls' face
And strength in the dudes embrace, when he's giving me that
You can see it in their eyes that this nigga can rap
But my father, said I need a real blue collar
Can't support a family with a few dollars
But the damage is done, your son's a fiend
For microphone and break beats and drum machines
For large crowds yelling out Pop and Deen
It's swerve from the first serve making them lean
(You know it!)
Through the stress and all the doubt
My eyes stay glued to it
Like the words in the song
Just push it aside
Push it along
Through the doubt and stress
My eyes are glued
And if it all goes wrong
We just push it aside, push it alongThey're like more pain, problem, more stress
I'm like, more lanes, albums, more bless
They like, not cheering it, not even hearing it
When I talk about I'm trying to be a pioneer in it
They're like this not the real job to fall on
I'm like it's what my soul seems to call on
I wanna hear them say Jay we support you
But still in all I gotta do what I gotta doYeah, and I'mma ride with them
Good and bad times
Let this doggy doggy step right out
And play the chef
See this thing is like good hot love
Acquainted to the concept of pushing, no shove
Debated in the halls, I used to slam doors shut
Miss parental advisory was keeping her eyes on me

But this little piggy's trying to tow the world
With the blessing of his number one girl
I can do this Ma!Through the doubt and the stress
My eyes stay glued
And If it all goes wrong,
I'm pushin' aside
I'm pushin' along
And through the stress and all the doubt
Hey yo, My eyes are so glued to it
And Like the words in the song
We just push it aside, push it along
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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