

## **Rick Ross f/ Bun B & The Game**

### **"Push It Remix"**

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(Verse 1, Bun B)

I'm the king of the trill (Trill)  
and the king of the coca (Coca)  
My city's on fire (Fire)  
and my vida is loca (Loca)  
Bubble kush, I'm a smoker (Smoker)  
Canaries, I'm a croaker (Croaker)  
Tuck on my team and we'll get you touched like tony  
toke  
Yeah, I fuck with Cubano (Fuck with Cubano)  
And Mexicano (And Mexicano)  
Columbiano (Columbiano)  
Even Dominicano (Uhh)  
Not to mention bodiquas ('diquas)  
That be servin the geekers (Geekers)  
Stackin that bread while gettin head from the finest of  
chicas  
See I come from Port Arthur (Arthur)  
And it's a port town (Town)  
Where we importin the white and we export brown  
(Brown)  
I'll take all I can get and I'll get'cha all you can take  
(Take)  
We sell it all, from twenty packs, to eight-balls, to the  
shake (Shake)  
See I'm like an ochoa ('choa)  
Rick Ross is my pablo (Pablo)  
All we need is a wrapper (Wrapper)  
And this team is diablo ('ablo)  
I'm the daddy of dope (Dope)  
So just call me the padre (Padre)  
If you don't like it, chinga tu madre  
I push it to the limit

(Hook)

I'm pushin it  
Push  
I'm pushin it  
Push  
I'm pushin it  
Push, I gotta

(Push it to the limit)  
I'm pushin it  
Push  
I'm pushin it  
Push  
I'm pushin it  
Push, I gotta  
(Push it to the limit)

(Verse 2, Rick Ross)  
I'm poppin now (Poppin now)  
It's the boss (It's the boss)  
We got it poppin now (Poppin now)  
She done took it off (Off)  
I'm ballin baby, big bus of bubble kush and I'm gravy  
In a grey Mercedes movin yay like big guy did in the  
eighties  
I see ya pushin it (Pushin it)  
Know what'cha lookin at  
Nigga don't trip, hollow tips on the tip of that  
A million dolla flip, don't trip, I'ma triple that  
Rick, triple platinum off the rip and I'ma triple that  
I'm in the Phantom cause I'm rich (Rich)  
I'm whippin that  
Brick in the Phantom like a bitch (Bitch)  
I'm pimpin that  
You know I'ma shine cause I shine all the time  
Hundred grand for the watch, for my doggs doin time  
You dudes superstitious, dealin with stupid bitches  
I got super models (Models)  
Cookin me Cuban dishes (Ross)  
On the regular, people tappin my cellular  
But it's triple C's, no seeds, ya'll regular  
See's no nigga, these G's are federal  
Push it to the limit, young nigga, what'cha better do  
I followed my dreams (Dreams)  
Put God first (God first)  
Mama said you'll get rich with a little hard work

(Hook)

(Verse 3, The Game)  
Pushin that Continental (Yup)  
On the I-10  
Never been to jail, ask me why  
Cause I don't ride rims (Nope)  
That'll blow my cover  
Ohh noooooo  
I'm like a midget when dealin'  
Cause I stay on the low  
I stay on that dro

Higher than a fuckin plane  
Is it a bird?  
Naw bitch, it's the fuckin Game  
I thought I'd be on the block  
Pushin raw forever  
Cause in '95 I used to push it like salt n' pepper  
Graduated to baking soda  
Now I'm pushin grams  
I was grindin before Malice and pusher man  
I'm no Pusher T  
But I got 'em stacked on top of eachother in my grille,  
like crooked teeth  
I push it from M-I-A to C-A  
I got 'em on the internet  
Push 'em on E-Bay  
Every-day, it's niggas like me on the freeway  
Give it a little gas and (Push it to the limit)

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