

Rick Ross f/ Bun B, The Game

"Push It"

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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 toker 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 nooooo 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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