

## **Brel Jacques**

### **"Push it 2004"**

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(Cam'Ron)

Killah! Dip Set! Jim Jones, Santana

Man, shit ain't changed since eighty-eight (nope)

Get on the corner and push something

Dip Set! (Killah!)

[Cam'Ron] (Jim Jones)

Yo baby yo, Hey, you, yes give me a kiss

You better make it fast, I know you like what's on my wrist

(Now y'all know me from that block where we move them rocks)

(You better make it fast, watch your ass, or get pursued by cops)

You don't know what its like up on that Peter Pan

Paranoia, weeded damn, damn, but we the man

Proceed to jam, call us if you need a hand

Call us if you need some grams, (Jim Jones) Cesar Cam

Every season man, Killah keep it seasoned, fam

Call me a (?)dobo loco papo(?), believe it man

(Now what's the chain, why's that because I need two things)

(Satisfy my need, drinking Sizzurp, now bitch just roll my weed)

(Chorus: [Cam'Ron])

Now push it, push it good

Push it, push it real good

[Juelz Santana]

Ooh baby baby, ooh baby baby

Ooh baby baby, Get up on this!

[Jim Jones]

D-I-P S-E-T, that gangsta crew

Niggaz know the rules, follow codes, cuz that's how gangstas move

Get your mayo, sell that yayo, strip clubs make it rain

These thugs play the game, get bucks save that cane

[Cam'Ron]

After that, baby girl, Hey let's get some bub  
Love, love, don't rub, we fittin to hit the club  
Yeah they dance, but a lap dance they want a dub  
They don't know nan, ask Trick they love a thug  
Bam bam, jam jam, and a handstand, ha ha so tan in  
the tan stand  
Ra-ra, na-na, ha-ha, la-la, mama I keep that blam blam

(Chorus: [Cam'Ron])  
Now push it, push it good  
Push it, push it real good

[Cam'Ron]  
All my ladies cry, all I say is "my"  
When I'm in them thighs, all you hear is "Aye!"  
Why, why, "Aye!", stop it stop it "Aye!"  
My cock a rocket cock over so I can pop it "Aye!"  
You fake old G's is corny, wack me and my breeze the  
dawnny(?)  
Hard, we live too, just like the 2 Live Crew, me so horny  
Cuz I'm a choosy thug, you get your booty hugged  
Face down, ass up, don't stop, gitty gitty, I want some  
dookie love

[Juelz Santana]  
I'm like hey baby hey, ain't no games to play  
It's money out there, yeah it's a gang to be made  
I'm a pimp baby hey, I'm screamin "pimp pimp hooray"  
Scream it with me okay, now hit the strip and get paid,  
hey  
Odd money's hard money, even money's cheating  
money  
Slow money's no money, and no money's a beating  
honey  
Push it good, push it fast, push it right  
If a nigga push that ass, push it back, push it twice, but  
push it

[J.R. Writer]  
Hey, hey, whoa, whoa, yo, O's I bake and feed it  
To the fiends with the lean, in the beam with the cream  
With a team that's straight from phoenix  
That man that loses, face the music, still get cake like  
Regis  
Hey ma it's J.R., you know I had to make the remix  
See I push it cook it, push and cook it, push to cook it  
And roll wit cooks that's crooked, old G's who look and  
cooks it  
You'll get sprayed and showered, wit K's and Cal's,  
toupee devoured  
Shots ring, bang bang, you hit, he hit

Have your block put up a bouquet of flowers

(Chorus: [Cam'Ron])

Now push it, push it good

Push it, push it real good

[Juelz Santana]

Ooh baby baby, ooh baby baby

Ooh baby baby, Get up on this!

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