

## Bun B

# "Pushin' (Featuring Scarface & Young Jeezy)"

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Pushin'

Keep on pushin', keep on pushin', keep on pushin',  
keep on pushin'

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keep on pushin'

Well, it's the king of the hover trade, and the sergeant  
of snow

They call me, Mr. Killa Gram in case yo ass ain't know  
I'm the boss baller of blow when you come to the Gulf  
Other cats holdin' some weight but they ain't holdin'  
enough

I've been around way before the Interstate was on fire  
Before they hid it in the gas tank or the tire, tire  
Before a motherfucker even knew about a stash box  
We just put work in the back of the car and mashed out

Now, ask a nigga, that was doin' it in nine-three  
On the Interstate in a rental car you can find me  
Suitcase is stuffed like a holiday Turkey  
Chopper right beside in case a nigga try to jerk me  
Chopper right beside in case a nigga try to jerk me  
Chopper right beside in case a nigga try to jerk me

I did the city thing plus I played it out of state  
Either way a nigga, was known for havin' a lot of weight  
Try to knock me down but it only made me bigger  
Haters wanna see me fall but a nigga gotta keep on  
pushin'

Keep on pushin', keep on pushin', keep on pushin',  
keep on pushin'

I'm on the corner from sun up to sun down  
I'm on the corner from sun up to sun down  
I'm on the corner from sun up to sun down  
Competition gettin' hectic, I'm headed for out of town

What I was, sellin' for twenty, niggaz sellin' for ten  
So I'm 'bout to take it to drastic measurements for my  
ends

My partner Rob in seventeen and in the Benz  
And me I'm in a bucket but fuck it, that's how it is, shit

I got an ounce about to cut it into stones  
Next stop, Port Arthur, Texas, I work it in the Lones  
I'm a little nigga, on his hustle 'bout to rise  
I was cuttin' seventeen and I was only payin' five

A week went by, and a nigga took that dry  
Back to H-Town, with re-up about to score me nine  
Back to H-Town, with re-up about to score me nine  
Back to H-Town, with re-up about to score me nine

A Pyrex bulb and the whoop so throwed  
I cooked it for nine then I stretched it for nine more  
Whoa, I'm that nigga bakin' with holes in his door  
Crummy niggaz sellin' that ether, but fuck it, shit sold

Keep on pushin', keep on pushin', keep on pushin',  
keep on pushin'  
Keep on pushin'

One day you're here, the next day you're gone  
'Cuz some nigga, set you up on the phone  
Shit, I play it how I go, I'm in a league of my own  
You ain't gotta front me shit nigga, I'm buyin' my own  
You ain't gotta front me shit nigga, I'm buyin' my own  
You ain't gotta front me shit nigga, I'm buyin' my own

Whether it's sixteen bars or sixteen bricks  
Move 'em one at a time, I'll take sixteen trips  
I'm in the kitchen with the white, choppers by the back  
door  
Mind on my money, but I swear this shit stack dough

Square's in the closet, a hundred thousand in the box  
spring  
Got the stash box in the back of the Mustang  
I keep a down ass bitch to dry that shit  
Look, I-T a nigga yes she ride that shit  
I keep a down ass bitch to dry that shit  
Look, I-T a nigga yes she ride that shit

I hustle harder, I hustle smarter  
Just left the magnum lot tried to whip me up a charter  
I'm so ahead of my time, ahead of my grind  
It's snowman bitch, it's a must that I shine

My watch is, ears beggin' for attention  
A quarter mill around my neck, in case I forgot to  
mention

You niggaz actin' like hoes so motherfucker keep  
gushin'  
I'ma do what the gangstas do, and nigga keep pushin'

Keep on pushin', keep on pushin', keep on pushin',  
keep on pushin'

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