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Bun B "Pushin"

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Say man, I don't give a fuck about the FEDs DEA, GTF, Task Force, Jump-out boys Or your local neighborhood robbers Baby, I got to keep on pushin'

Pushin', keep on pushin', keep on pushin', keep on pushin'

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

I've got to keep on pushin', keep, keep on

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 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

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'

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

I've got to keep on pushin', keep, keep on

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

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

Ay, no matter how hard it get you know I'ma
Real talk, real niggaz do real things you know they
You already know, free Pimp C nigga
U G K for motherfuckin' life, U S D A nigga, C T E nigga

You know them Houston niggaz you know they niggaz Keep on pushin' nigga, G A niggaz you know they already

Real niggaz do real things nigga you already know nigga

CTE nigga, Rap-A-Lot records

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

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 You know I keep a down ass bitch to dry that shit Look, I-T a nigga yea she ride that shit

Hey, 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

Look at snowman bitch, it's a must that I shine

See my watch is like, damn, my 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 gangstaz do and nigga keep pushin'

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

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

I've got to keep on pushin', keep, keep on pushin' Keep on pushin', keep on pushin', keep on pushin' Keep, keep on pushin'

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