

## Ice Cube

### "Pushin' Weight(feat. Mr. Short KHOP)"

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[Ice Cube]

Yeah, yeah

Blaze one for the nation

Brrrrr

Brrrrr

Brrrrr

[Verse 1: Ice Cube]

I got lyrics that wake up spirits

They told me how to make big hits and spend digits

Can you dig it?

You fed, you dead, see red

My lead, yo head, I fed

Like you shit

I got rhymes push that shit like weight

My nigga Lincoln help me navigate

Thru this hate retaliate, it's official

I got that bomb, bomb, diddy, diddy, diddy, bomb,  
bomb

When I hit you

Push the issue

My ghetto dope is amazin

The bitch that's with you already know that I'm blazin

That's by the number, we can slumber, on the under

Girl no wonder, you got a ass full of thunder

The frozen Tundra ain't cold enough

And baby ain't old enough

For this game I'm rollin up

De-zamn it feels good to be the don

Straight legit, while niggas like Gotti just sit

[Chorus: Ice Cube]

A yeah yeah

I push rhymes like weight

I push rhymes like weight

[4X]

[Verse 2: Ice Cube]

I hold zone like a Corleone

No more fuckin with that homegrown

Hit the shit we on

The rolleo's and the baggetts  
You still fuckin with them faggets  
We turn haters into maggets  
Oak on the dash, but no coke on the hash  
You broke ass niggas learn to mash, like me  
Constantly, put the hustle down  
With four or five niggas that's musclebound  
Send your head to the taxidermist  
Won't be satisfied, till I get my face on a thermos  
You got to earn this, you can't take it  
Can't fake it, got to live it, or we gots to visit  
Who is it, the exquisite, Don Mega  
Walkin with my entourage, I think I'm betta, makin  
chedda  
You see me sag in my Jag, with the rag recognize the  
flag  
You betta get back, everybody wanna do it like me  
I got it made, been makin rap money since the tenth  
grade  
(Ch-ching)  
(since the tenth grade)  
(Ch-ching)  
(What you need)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mr. Short Khop]

I keeps a firm grip on my shit when in transit  
Uncandid, it's the young bandit  
Fresh out the trenches, the wood works  
City of the ?Tempeon?, where the hoods lurk  
In search of the rich blocks, to lick spots, and kick rocks  
From shattered glass, down the pig locks  
Want tips by the clock  
You niggas scramblin for fouyan  
And settle for crumbs and croutans  
I'm out for armored bucks and armored trucks, with  
armed killas  
Bitch niggas get swallowed by the armadillos  
Ain't no harmin me, the army full honary niggas you  
can't see  
So while you pace bitches and saturns livin jenky  
I hangs with niggas who got patterns on they hankey  
After Ben Frankeys, with the big skullen eyes  
You niggas bound and nullified  
Sit back and mine stack it multiply

[Chorus: Ice Cube and Mr. Short Khop]

[IC] A yeah yeah

[MSK] I push rhymes like weight

[MSK] I push rhymes like weight

[2X]  
[IC] A yeah yeah  
[IC] I push rhymes like weight  
[IC] I push rhymes like weight  
[2X]

[Ice Cube (starts during chorus)]  
Ask about me  
Worldwide baby  
Worldwide baby (A yeah yeah)  
Ice Cube makin more money in the rap game  
Than some of you can (A yeah yeah) with a bird in your  
hand  
Puttin it down  
We wanted in fifty states for this weight  
(A yeah yeah)  
Pushin rhymes like weight  
Pushin rhymes like weight  
(A yeah yeah)  
Yeah, blaze one for the nation  
(A yeah yeah)  
You know my name  
You know my name  
(A yeah yeah)  
You know my name

[Mr. Short Khop]  
Yeah, some of you fools just got in it  
and think you gonna change the game You ain't  
changin nothin [Ice Cube] I been doin this, I been doin  
this Ask about me Ask about me

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