

Blu**"Keep Pushinn"**Visit "[Keep Pushinn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1: Blu)

Yo. I scribbled, all out of line when I drew up a self-portrait

Ran all out of space and found me in another orbit
More importantly though, he wasn't late for the interview

Kissed the interviewers hand, we weren't properly introduced

They danced through topics while skimming the truth
Skinny dipping in each other's optical visions nude
She threw the magazine, cause she said she knew the editor

Chief rocker, not a competitor or a beat boxer
Honored enough, she Peter Bradley'd with us. With her
Drew Blake's tucked, cause she knew what was up
I just drew blanks, blushed all the way to the bank
Cashed a few bucks, got grub, filled up my tank
I think she, prolly think I'm dopepretanatural
Said I smoke with the judge, tried to feed her them apples

Fuck classical, I listen to jazz-soul, R&B, riddim and blues

Funk grooves, hard to tweak shit. Deep end thoughts
I walked the streets bent. Contaminated speech be
killin' then beat this

Watch one prefix, restrict-a-remix, reach quick to keep
shit

Constipate release dates. R-S-D-L, Dual layer edition
As soon as the scene breaks I sneak in the chicken
Get em' Hamilton James shot, couldn't handle grim had
to grin

Nikon flashed again. Right on! Yo, this planet is
hilarious right moms?

Sike, wrong. Look like he drops bombs on a serious
note

He need a series, he's experienced folks. No inquiries
though you should already know

Hold the press, you got me long as I'm holding her
dress

When she move eye move, and it's just that fresh

(Verse 2: Blu)

Sunset's taking me places I lay awake to see
Painting dreams patiently patient; playing keys
Singing off awfully, pardon me cough, coffee breath
Caught me walking awkwardly arguing bout' my art
and death
"Marshall what's an artist with no arteries?", I often
think
Glad I left part of my heart carved in a leaf with ink
Blink, sharpie my sheets, no debate. Second guessing
was guessing a second second too late
I said, "Wait, can they handle a candle with no
mantle?"
Light bull over head went dull; "What should he
sample?"
Pulled Ahmad Jamal, saw a lost number on the record
sleeve
Talked like Charles; checked to see if she would guess
its me
Caught off guard, all laughing all ecstatic. Asked her
"Could we do lunch?"
She said, "Yeah Gavin." Gavin? Who the fuck's Gavin?
No more laughing, phone hung up
Must've been the wrong number. Ion' know who that
was. Cuz laughed at me
Buzz bad, actually drunk, mad happy. Started dialing
other folks, "Fuck it yo, act classy."
Sat up straight, put a button upon. Even though it's 4:20
we'll be fresh before dawn
Used to want Ms. Daily even though I was young. Then
we slept half the day as if nothing was wrong
She said, "John what the fuck are you on? You look a
mess." I said, "Same shit as you, and it's just that
fresh."

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