

C-Note f/ Will-Lean, Shook

"Still Push'n"

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(*Al Pacino in Scarface*)

Hey fuck you mayn, who put this thing together
Me that's who, who do I trust me

[Shook]

We got the blocks on fire, live wire my connect
On daily blocks of what I need, to keep the streets
dripping wet
When I started slanging crack, I didn't think I'd be a
victim
Now I'm realizing that hustling, is just as fucking
addictive
You'll get in won't get out, can't get out because your
proud
And plus a lot of niggaz, chopping up your block on
don't stoppers
Shoppers coming out, it's the first of the month
And I'll be damned if I don't get my slice of the pie, to
ride by high and stunt blunted
In a coupe, we out the roof of the car
Gave a fuck bout the police, because they know who we
are
We get anything you need, soft hard or weed
Fuck with me it's garunteed, make your block bleed
Got some niggaz with the crack, my bitches holding my
caine
Got some B.G.'s, selling all my weed for fame
You can tell the federalies, that I said this
I need a million just for living, fuck I'm dying to get rich
I'm in the game

[Hook - 4x]

Still pushing crack, still pushing crack
Still pushing-still pushing crack, still pushing crack still
pushing

[Will-Lean]

Gram added cold, supplying these ki's
A thousand grams a brick, I'm multiplying these G's
Yeah king pins of the South, we supplying the streets
We taking the whole cake, we ain't buying a piece

Even though we paid in full, we still trying to eat
Daydreaming bout this cash, we ain't trying to sleep
yeah
I make you eat the medal, way before you reach the
pedal
Now you bout to meet the devil, way before the beef is
settled
You never seen that level, hitting licks and stacking
racks
All night in the trap, whipping bricks and bagging packs
Nigga face the fact, you ain't never held a gat
Take that shit to Hollywood, if you wanna sell that act
And fin 57, I get the feel of the grip
And it feels kinda heavy, when I fill up the clip nigga
So watch that van, when it peel up the strip
And I ain't talking bout gas, when I fill up your whip
nigga

[Hook - 4x]

[C-Note]

Still pushing crack, still pushing smack matter fact
Put it on 20, 28 they be coming back
Niggaz know who to sco' from, when they want they
goods
Now they blowing trees, letting birds fly out the hood
Coming to my town, damn right you can get it cheap
Know I know some people, that's gon keep it round ten
a ki'
I'm 16, and I'm still pushing foreign cars
Around my way, yeah they call me Young Escobar
And I'm set to hit the highway, the fly way
As long as these twenty ki's, gon by Friday
At twenty five apiece, a nigga gotta eat
Now multiply that at least, like once a week
I came a long way, from buying winds and buying
flippers
I'm up there with them stars, like the big dipper
On the hound, like two hoes with Jack Tripper
Headed out of town, two ki's in they zipper

[Hook - 4x]

(*singing*)

For once, in my life
(still pushing crack, still pushing crack)
I found someone who, makes me smile
(still pushing crack, still pushing crack-still pushing) -
2x
For once, in my life
I found someone who, makes me smile

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