

## Team Sleep

### "Push 'em Off"

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Hook x4

Push 'em off, push 'em off in here

Chorus x10

Push 'em off, tear it up

Push 'em off in here

(lord infamous)

You better back up off this

We got custom made coffins

I got a bird restin' on my desk

Up in my office

I gotta make it babe

Miss rate me

Make you niggas hate me

Im goin' flossin' through these last days

My life is crazy

You call the army, the marines

You better call the navy

It's kaiser sosate from the thugs

And we were nominated

Because the nigga take his slaves

Up in the home of the great

We gonna push the magic button

Don't nobody behave

So get buck, get boogie, get wild, get naughty

We the thugs out of hell

And he sent us to party

Lord infamous plus the three 6 are pumpin in my blood

Tear this one

Keepin' me sober

Tearin' at the clubs

Kickin' tables, knockin' over chairs, gloves in the air

Sexy darears checkin' everywhere ( ? )

Off on the scrilla grind

So I gotta lose my mind

Tear da club up thugs

Ghetto love till the end of time

Chorus x10

(dj paul)  
I'm finally busta free  
>from my enemies, nigga please  
Got my cheese lucky from tennessee, hennessy  
I be need only real, feel me  
Busta bust until he bleed  
(? ? ) if you hear me  
Holla if you hear me  
Call you boys get your crew  
What you wanna do  
Dial in, I wizon wizon better get your gizon  
Gizon is always fizon  
Fizon is still wizon  
Wizon all the women  
Diss on, diss on  
Now picture me wrong  
Up behind you  
Where'd I find you  
With a 40 cal.  
Like the silent style  
On my way now to rodmans house  
Never happy, keep on rappin'  
Got you hot, on the dot  
In the beer boy  
Set up scores  
Plus our record spots  
Catch me not, indy pot  
Big away your stash pot  
Got me gun, in me crotch  
Burnin' cause the barrels hot  
Ratta tatta tatta tatta tatta tatta boom  
To the (? ? ) no winnin'  
Since I do rule, boy

Chorus x10

(juicy "j")  
I'm about to elbow a nigga, elbow a nigga  
Cock the gun and pull back the trigger, pull back the  
trigger  
Meetiing in the parking lot  
I always wear mouth a lot  
We can go toe to toe  
To the floor, on the spot  
Hope this spot is well standed  
Left and right is how I panic  
With a chrome anna canon  
Peepin' game and now were standin'  
Only land game I hated  
Jealous cause we clockin' paper  
Plus I used to hack

And now I'm ridin' fool, I'll see you later  
Now I see you muggin' in my face  
When I'm ridin' up  
Say you saw the late nite video and tear da club up  
Hopin' and wishin'  
That the mafia is finished  
Ho yeah know  
We was in it to win it  
And to you dirty freaks, paperchasin'  
Now you on that jock  
We don't want the blunts  
That you lacin', that be gettin' you high  
But I got a knife in my pocket  
Would I roll it on  
Let the steam  
About to cut ya  
Get a hustle  
Get ya own, fool

Chorus x10

(repeats till end)

Push 'em off x8

Tear it up x8

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