

Jessica Simpson F/ Lil Bow Wow, JD

"Pushin' Weight"

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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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