

Lemay Linda

"Push 'Em Off"

Visit "[Push 'Em Off](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 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

Visit [Lemay Linda](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.