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Tribal Ink "Don't You Push Me"

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Try to maintain and put word to this game And explain why my patience is wearing me thin $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}$ ^{IM} m surrounded by freaks who believe when I speak

That I worship the ground that they walk with their feet With their suits and their ties and their wherefores and whys

And the cast that they hide with their smiles and they lie

And they don $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t give a damn till the day that you crack

And you flip and find out that you want to sit back But they laugh at me, mom, and they laugh at me why At you carving your name in my arm with this knife And you know that it keeps me from losing control, $It\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}$ ^{IM} s the only thing that $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}$ ^{IM} s keeping me from slitting your neck, ya'll

Don $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{M}}$ t you push me, Don $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{M}}$ t push your luck, baby, coz you $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{M}}$ re fuckin' with the enemy. Don $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{M}}$ t you push me Coz I can be your best friend or your motherfuckin' enemy.

Don $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t you push me, Don $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t push your luck, baby, I can be your worst enemy.

Don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t you push me Coz I can be your best friend or your worst fuckin' enemy.

Everyday they keep dogging me, draggin' me, drawin' me downward,

And smackin' me sideways $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{+}\hat{a}, \neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ m fallin' And maybe I should be just like in the movies And not give a fuck and just fuck with the music. Surrounded by cops as I raise my hands up, There $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{+}\hat{a}, \neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s a round of applause, check the gate, that $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{+}\hat{a}, \neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s a wrap,

They say war is a fashion and fame is a concert, but pains a reaction,

The pain is what you donÃf¢â,¬Â™t get.

Don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t you push me,

Don $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t push your luck, baby, coz

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DonÃf¢â,¬Â™ t you push me

Coz I can be your best friend or your motherfuckin' enemy.

DonÃf¢â,¬Â™t you push me,

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