

Outta Control

"Pushem' Up"

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See, when I do these tracks ... I like to see y'all move.
That's why
I do 'em. To make you move, nod your head or
somethin'. You know,
it doesn't matter how you do it. You know, see, when I
do these
tracks, I wanna see you move. I wanna see you nod yo'
head, get
on the floor, or do somethin', you know what I'm talkin'
'bout, ya
heard me?

A-push 'em up, baby, a-push 'em up, c'mon (4x)

Verse 1

Now I'm steppin' out the woodwork, you know it should
work
Makin' people dance to the jams, but it could hurt
When the sound hit loud, y'know how it sound
When the vibes slide through your hide, it's hard to sit
down
>From the club to your ride, inside or outside
I'm changin' up the game since the moment I arrived
I'm sellin' at arenas with funk, like Cold Medina
And girl, it's guaranteed for all you seqoritas
I'm knockin' mamasitas from east to west coast
I'm knockin' in your speakers a lot more than most
Have 'em meltin' like butter on your breakfast toast
And at the end of the night, they givin' up the ghost
New Orleans born, but now I'm in the ATL
You can tell that we sell just ahead on the 12
To the 9-9-9-dot-9-88
Platinum plus, baby, don't playa hate, push 'em up.

Chorus (4x)

Jam-jiggy-jam-jiggy-jam, c'mon!
Everybody get 'em up, push 'em up, c'mon!

Verse 2

I'm takin' over the world without even tryin'
I fly in first class, recline while sippin' wine

And baby, I ain't lyin' when I announce I'm retirin'
And women all over will stop and start cryin'
I'm down to make hits for years to come
And get you all alone with the flip of my tongue
Have you hung over with the ruch of the cum
And leave your body numb after givin' you some
If you're fine to me, then I'm fine to you too
If you hatin' on me, I'm still fine to you
But why you playa hatin' on shit I create?
You can't participate; if not, then motivate
That's why the hatin' niggas bring you down
You sell more than them, the bustas want to clown
Don't mean-mug me while I'm wishin' you luck
While you stuck on hatin' I'm still pushin' 'em up, c'mon
...

Chorus

Verse 3

Freak Nasty's the one gettin' 99%
Hangin' out with all the fly girls and gents
Havin' freaky parties in my house or my pent
Love's in the air, you can tell by the scent
My Porsche and my 'Vette get pushed in AM
And in the PM I rolls the BM
So black, do you know where Hard Hood is at?
It's stacked on my wall in platinum plaques
In a club, big baller, young shot caller
And a lot of playa haters would love to see me fall
And flap, right of the face of the earth
I'm takin' over turf for all that it's worth
When I surf the nation, it's history in the makin'
I'm always real, I never come fakin'
The south is blowin' up like centinnial park
'Cause I be gettin' where you in, so don't leave a star,
c'mon ...

Chorus

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