

## BBQ Spot

## Audio Push

They're trying to cage us men

Look, they wanna put me in a box (They do)  
The industry, the enemies, and the cops  
These niggas running around with mops  
They ain't working at no BBQ spot

Mama said: "Live with a girl worth dying for, get some money and stay out the way"

I hit the clinic let them weigh out the eighth  
Let's see how life is finna play out today  
I'm in the Benz doing like a whole eighty  
Getting mad-dogged by a white old lady  
Driving crazy while I'm bangin' old Jay Z  
I can tell that she mad as fuck  
(Oh you mad uh? you mad uh)  
Cause my skin black as fuck  
Skin tatted up  
She in an average truck  
And my cash is up

They wanna put me in a box  
The industry, the enemies, and the cops  
These niggas run around with mops  
And they ain't working at no BBQ spot

Watch your head, watch your head  
Too many niggas out here dropping dead  
iPhone connected to the Feds  
Prescription meds pushed him to the edge  
Product of the environment  
Hair nappy so nobody's hiring  
Hard not to be violent  
Hard to keep quiet  
When you're waking up to sirens  
The shooting that happened in San Bernardino  
Was the government for all that we know  
For gun control, they want to harm the people  
USA is the heart of evil

Man, they wanna put me in a box  
The industry, the enemies, and the cops  
These niggas run around with mops  
They ain't working at no BBQ spot  
They wanna put me in a box  
The industry, the enemies, and the cops  
They want everything that I got  
They never wanna see a nigga on top

They wanna put me in a box  
And I'm fresh so I get that  
But have a seat, boy. Sit back  
You got yours, I need get-backs  
From IE, where the shit cracks  
Where you get down where you pissed at  
And if not, you should've got bitch slapped  
Yeah, Yeah, it's real nigga time on the dot

They staring because they smelling pot  
Got a W up like I'm Pac  
I'm really from the West and you're not  
So all that flexing got you looking regular  
Never been in pressure club sections  
Swish, swish, like I'm Roger Federer  
Slow it up I'm way too far ahead of them  
Came to the meeting  
And they said they wanna put me in a box  
The industry, the enemies, and the cops  
They goin' try to get you to stop  
2016 shittin' on the OP's  
And my ex is trippin' cause they dropped  
Making rapping commas do the trappin' numbers  
I know you heard the name, it's mama  
But Sun can chill, IE got the summer  
It's time to start handling business  
Yeah, it's time to start handling business  
Cause the fam will need houses and Benz's  
Dressed in camo for doubting the Princes  
My only vice, a pretty face and a fast car  
Not to mention weed  
Funking on sticks and seeds  
I know love is all we need baby

But they wanna put me in a box  
The industry, the enemies, and the cops  
These niggas running around with mops  
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They wanna put me in a box  
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Now that's right  
Nigga that's that real shit  
Nigga that's the shit that they wanna hear out here in these streets my nigg  
a  
Back up over there on that left coast  
That west coast, that best coast, left side everything  
Aight, Denise nigga Audio Push