

Push It Away

Petey Pablo

I use to wanna be on Soul Train
Till I got up on Soul Train
And found out Soul Train
Was nothing like a Soul Train
Now I wanna push it away

I use to wanna be a Rap Singer
Till I started Rap Singing
And found out Rap Singing
Was nothing like Rap Singing
Now I wanna push it away

We in the place where cat's yacking, busting for a fat sack
Your gat's packed, they hitting back
Spitting, you ain't getting that
I'm coming close to any flow that I kick
I'm throwing, Petey got me on tape boning your Bitch
I'm so sick, hit the button and get the buzz and hit the club
Mr. Martin the dirty rotten scoundrel that you wish you was
It's still Cypher, I and cock them steel pipes
Ya' feel Cyph
Knock your block off then Oh shit, he done "done" it again
My mouth is fully loaded like this gun burning my lead
Turning your heads, like finding out your girl is "Les"
And Cyph got the bitch in the bed, spreading leg's giving me head
I rock with Petey, bitch
Cause when I rock with Petey
Petey got me on that verbalist shit
This murderous pen, A full course meal with Deserving you end
Son, the way you swerving the Benz
Let me catch you outside and curb stomp you and your man's
Fuck pretend, 'round her Son it's real now
It's real now
Motherfucker I said it's real now
So cut the bullshit
Fuck it you ain't fooling shit
Faggots, when you see us
Start shitting while you growing spit
And who the hell is you to charge and lean
When we the illest motherfuckers rocking, step in the game
Right through the door
Put your hair right on the floor
The same way I put nine inches through the ass of your whore
Passion is raw
Even though I smash on your jaw
We laughing at y'all
Y'all pussies, fuck blasting at y'all

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I use to wonder why my folk be sipping syrup, and syr-syrup
Like Aunt Jemima Syrup, and nope
That ain't the same kinda syrup

I'm mean, when I finally hit me some syrup
Found out why they were sipping on syrup
Um, earl
I earled right in front of a girl
She was a pretty girl, not just any girl
I was trying to get with the girl
And show the girl I'm the shit that I was
Up, fuck it, fuck her
Kick her to the curb
On to the next bitch
She ain't see me earl
Guess I still got my reputation with her
Come on chick
Before my stomach start b-burbelling and I have to earl again
Anyway yep, back to the subject
In here fucking with Shane, Wes Cyphers, Using up fifty-five track
Three o'clock, the session over
We gonna have to leave out in here
Simon told Butch, keep his eyes on that
Shit, I ain't scared
I ain't leaving here
Until I'm good and goddamn ready
And I don't I think I'm goddamn ready
Man, I'm steady
Coming up with more hot shit, the longer I stay in this bitch
So how y'all gonna fuck up that
Man, leave me alone
Let me stay where the fuck I'm at
Ain't nothing but some money
What's money, fuck money
Ain't nothing but some paper with some goddamn dead motherfuckers on it
Can't take it with ya' when they put ya' in the hole
And throw the goddamn dirt all over ya'