

## 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'