

# Don't You Push Me

Tribal Ink

I'm trying to maintain and put words to this game, and explain why my patience is wearing my thin.  
I'm surrounded by freaks who believe when they speak, that I worship the ground that they walk with their feet.  
With their suits and their ties and their wherefores and why's, and the cash that they hide and they smile and they lie.  
And they don't give a damn 'til the day that you crack, and you flip and find out that you want your shit back.  
And they laugh and they mime, they keep askin' me why I keep carving your name in my arms with this knife.  
Don't you know that it keeps from losing control. It's the only thing that's keeping me from slittin' your neck.

Don't you push me.  
Don't push your luck baby 'casue you're fucking with the enemy.  
Don't you push me.  
I can be your best friend or your motherfucking enemy.  
Don't you push me.  
Don't push your luck baby I can be your worst enemy.  
Don't you push me.  
I can be your best friend or you're worst fucking enemy.

Every day you keep dawgin' me, draggin' me, drawing downwards, and smackin' me sideways, I'm falling.  
And maybe I should be just like in the movies and not give a fuck and just fuck with an uzi.  
Surrounded by cops as I raise my hands up there's a round of applause, check the gate that's a rap.  
They say war is a fashion and fame is a concept and pain is reaction. And pain is what you don't get.

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