

Pushing The Space

JessB

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh-uh

Push the system, push the line, push the mind, push the limit
We gon' shine, the light, you could never dim it
Never been a gimmick, and that's word to my spirit
Stand in power, this is us and we never timid in it
It's in the lyrics, maybe you could get it
Maybe you don't understand, maybe you should listen
Maybe if you let me live it you won't need to mimic
Got our own flavor, own heat in the skillet
This a shoe that never fitted
Paint a picture vivid, nah, you ain't really with it
Shit got wild, but they only want a snippet
This my life, so you bet I'm gonna get it (ay)

I got my people in view
The love all around me, your hate can't get through
Go learn who the fuck you be talking to
Watch us get our life all down the avenue (ay)

Get out my face, we been pushing the space
Get out my face, we been pushing the space
Get out my face, we been pushing the space
I don't want to play your game, running in my own race (ay)

Get out my mind, I been pushing the times
I see my kin on his knees, and they won't let him rise
I see them look down at us, don't see us for size
They can see that we're hungry, only serving us lies
While these suits out here, they committing the crimes
But the boys in blue want to draw red lines
Shit got wild, make you pause one, two
Lifting the bar, yeah, we strong too
Honeypot sweet, we got to be strong too
I serve you up one, I can serve up two
Here right now, for the long run too
I ain't leaving, that's a sneak preview (ay)

Watch them there, yo, they do they thing
Watch that step, yeah, watch that swing
Watch us flex, fuck what you think
The vibe stay on and the hair gon' kink

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I don't want to play your game

Power, uh-huh
You can feel it in the air
Look hard enough, and you can see it in our glare
Tswana boy, don't believe? just check the hair

Maasai woman, JessB, not chilling in a chair
Out here (setilo sa bogosi) we call that a thron
Always in the zone, and we see them try to clone us
Lock us up for a J, but always try to stone us
Slanging capital, like they could ever own us
They pitch the fork, crossing clans known
For more than dance and singing with a smooth tone
We talk hands and spoons, they bring knife to bone
Make soup of our inheritance, then sip to groans
That's why we stay working
Can't tell me we ain't worthy
I see the vipers lurking
Slitherin' for the strike
Considerin', slippin' in
Positionin' to try hurt me
(Morena o ntshwere)
Come through and get dirty

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