

Push It

O.T. Genesis

I was mobbing through the beach, yeah the city by the sea
Mama tried to keep me home, but I love the fucking streets
I was cooking up a Ki, tryna serve it to the streets
Couple niggas had beef so I had to Chief Keef
I got homies from the 2, I got homies from the 3
I keep everything neutral, I just wanna smoke a leaf
I was running up a check, try me, he gon get the TEC
Hear a lot of niggas talk, ain't a nigga press me yet
I'm in Houston, V Live, throwing racks, that's a bet
And you ain't a real nigga if you don't rep your set

Push it, push it
Go get the money, go get the money
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Cooking on a pot, had to scale and weigh the rock
Almost burned my fucking hand, I forgot this shit was hot
I'm just tryna get a knot, had the shit up in my sock
Leave me lone, leave me lone, I could work my own block
Go get the money, go get the money
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All these racks I could trick on
I got gold digger money, gold digger money
Hood rich nigga getting money, pushing weight
Everything was an 8, now it's looking like a plate

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