

Push It

O.T. Genesis

I was mobbin' through the beach, yeah the city by the sea
Mama tried to keep me home, but I love the fuckin' streets

I was cookin' 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 runnin' 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, throwin' 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

Push it, push it

Go get the money, go get the money Cooking on a pot, had to scale and weigh the rock

Almost burned my fuckin' 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

Go get the money, go get the money

All these racks I could trick on

I got gold digger money, gold digger money

Hood rich nigga gettin' money, pushin' weight

Everything was an 8, now it's lookin' like a plate

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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