

Ice Cube, Pushin Weight Remix

[clark kent]

What if I get that nigga ice cube to do another joint?
With my nigga noreaga this time (thugged out)
And my nigga from philly lil' gil?
Niggas don't know what the f**k's gon' happen next
Y'all niggas might just have problems, these niggas bout to shit

[noreaga]

Ay-yo, iraq, shit, yo I own that land
With-a, lord amiya like the rest of the clan
My man karate kai, he like still in the can
Bless this, go to u.i. like the rest of the fam
These little niggas growin up, straight diggin they lives
Ain't really f**kin with the two, now they f**kin with five
But its, sad to see the hood mad at me
Cause I went from nore to your majesty
The same niggas that I gruff'd wit and threw up with
And the same motherf**kers that I grew up with
Had free lunch with, played stickball with
Now-a-days they like papi on some frontin shit
F**k noreaga, now I'm melvin flynt
Yo the hustler, I ain't a player, I'm just a hustler
(damn) niggas that'll love ya, and straight touch ya
Yo it's drastic, hit you with the glock plastic
What, run you over with the van-tastic
N-o-r-e, spit rhymes professionally
Your boy, ? dunn gone dead? wanna run with me
Every pass you throw will get intercepted
International thug, you're just domestic
I drink shmirnoff, alcohol infected. it's like...

Chorus: ice cube and noreaga

[noreaga: 'what what' in background continuously]

Cube: I push rhymes like weight
I push rhymes like weight a yeah-yeah!
repeat 3x

[ice cube]

I heard you stopped, can't rap ho
You niggas duck from the schrapnel
I'm pushin weight like a fat sew
Ghetto fab, I'm in the city again (be-atch)
Got you motherf**kers lookin shitty again (be-atch)
See that nigga noreaga got them zig-zags
And our mags got you fags wearin shit bags
For life, nigga we could do life or do it right

Tonight, nigga, we can earn stripes and blast mics
Talk about the steppin off
A motherf**ker ain't never been the underboss
Always I blaze in hallways, all days
You bitches ain't nothin but frugas'
Yeah-yeah, you better ask about me - poppa doc
And ask every freak you know: who got the cock?
So blaze one for the nation, I take vacation, offa conversation
Give niggas irritation, cause I don't rap about the nation
Get the catalogue, I battle dogs, and we'll see, only the strong will
Survive
F**k the source and the vibe (f**k em)
We don't ride, we drive-by
We westside, nigga realize, we alive
So you can get beef, lewinsky

Double-double say cheese, butt naked please

Chorus

[gilly the kid]

Yo, it's a shame though, lil' niggas messin up the game, yo
Heard me spit and all a sudden got the same flow (gilly rule!)
I die in the streets thats how the game go
I'ma tell you one more time, now let your chain go
I shoot to kill, you blast but you aim low
A ground shooter, me surrounded by troopers
Pretty women, gorgeous feet, with round hooters
You was born to fail, gonna die around losers
Bitch niggas get scared straight
But rich niggas cop a ninety-nine benz september of ninety-eight
I ran up on you clowns with a nine on the waist
Run in your face, blot in your space, findin your safe
See you really are the fake we the cats that won't break
You niggas start snitchin at your day upstate
So on that note, when you come home, I'm pop you with the eight
At both of your kneecaps, where your weave be at (damn)
You little sissy, on the streets, you was real pretty
Went to jail, got a story to tell, now you biggie?
See I'm the sure shots, you cats is the maybes
I'm the real thing and you niggas is frugasis
Crazy fake diamonds, fake shinin
And if you got less than nine and a half, you fake grindin
Name other trio thats f**kin with us rhymin
Gil, cube, and nore
A whole different story

Chorus