

# Joe Budden, Pusha Man

Say blood, heh-heh, what's happening?  
What you mean blood? I got what you need (Pusha man nigga!)  
Go around this corner with me real quick (ohh!)  
(Fuck you thought?) Oh shit, watch out for thug (Pusha man)  
Man you got to be cool blood  
Gotta feel you right here, niggaz down for whatever

[Joe Budden]

Everybody's so gangsta gangsta, tell me how you do it  
Keep the faade that real when you not that real, that's real!  
The strip is hot so I don't hear my foes beefin  
That's tellin me that I bought all these burners for no reason  
Come, get me thug I walk with a mini teeny tiny eeny weeny snub  
And real niggaz give me love  
Besides, don't make me feel like you threaten my life God (why?)  
I go and cop somethin that only come with a Tripod  
(And the) Old school is puff puff, pass the spark up  
And white kids got high, off of magic marker  
Back when 40s was liquor (but now) now shorties is bigger  
They wanna be down, y'all wannabe clowns, get a grip homes  
Blastin the tool, you out of character dude  
You not a felon or rider, you a fellow subscriber  
Who is you tellin them lies to, don't push it to a limit  
to mimic you benefiting to what, the gimmicks up, BLAH

[Chorus]

When shit get thick, clips start to spit (pusha man)  
Push work wait wet and dipstick (pusha man)  
You need product, I'ma be there, con of the year  
Fuck givin my word, I solemnly swear  
Swear to hold your fort - I solemnly swear  
Keep a straight face in court - I said I solemnly swear  
It's pusha man - incognito from the feds in the precinct  
I solemnly swear to this game I pledge my allegiance

[Joe Budden]

Uhh.. it's killin me soft, jokers is actin like they really the boss  
With a Milli Vanilli award cause they really a fraud  
Milli's applaud if you ain't really my dawg  
I crack Phillies with broads but now I'm sober they don't feel me no more  
And G.P.s and V.I.P.s  
I be O-T in D.C. with O-Zs so my time's up like O.C.  
Uhh, when I hustle they thought that I went soft  
Cause y'all jerked them for the price, I took twenty percent off  
I don't drive I like shotguns, never pulled L's  
I like shotguns, hate .22's I like shotguns  
Non-descrip's talkin bout they got guns  
Like tecs 4-5s and shotguns, really they never shot guns  
Go 'head act like a gangsta claim to clap like a gangsta  
It's all good fellas, now he rap like a gangsta  
Hate me or love me, dap me or slug me  
Scream FUCK ME but when things get ugly I get gully

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

Look, a cock nina should get me a hot beamer  
Settin up shop in the suburbs, I'm gettin that white cream that Noxema  
I'm good at duckin the cops subpoena  
Cats is shook when alone but come tough when the cops are between us  
Stash house was never empty, had the cracks on UP  
Soprano came to see me, got barritoned UP  
Had clientele crazy, every borough I hustled  
Remember back in the day when you had to be thorough to hustle?

Cats hustle to feed they kin  
Now every combo with a package to try to pitch for some sneakers and Timbs  
Shit back in the day, niggaz looked at jail like school  
Now new jacks is spittin bout jail like it's cool (dawg)  
That ain't gangsta, I don't believe that, you don't believe it yourself  
Gangsta's real, gangsta speaks for itself  
A lot of gangstas is lifers and they gone right now  
So fag cats is screamin gangsta, something's wrong right now

[Chorus]