

# Scarface, Pushin'

(feat. Bun B)

Pushin'  
Keep on pushin'  
I've got to keep on pushin'

[Intro: Bun talking over sample]  
Say man I don't give a fuck about the FEDs  
D.E.A., A.T.F., Task Force, Jump-out boys, or your local neighborhood robbers  
Baby I got to keep on pushin'

[Bun B]  
Well it's the king of the hover trade and the sergeant of snow (Snow)  
They call me Mr. Killa Gram in case yo ass ain't know (Know)  
I'm the boss baller of blow when you come to the Gulf (Gulf)  
Other cats holdin' some weight but they ain't holdin' enough  
I've been around way before the Interstate was on fire (Fire)  
Before they hid it in the gas or the tire (Tire)  
Before a motherfucker even knew about a stash box  
We just put work in the back of the car (Man), and mashed out (For real)  
Now ask a nigga that was doin' it in nine-three  
On the Interstate in a rental car you can find me  
Suitcase is stuffed like a holiday turkey (Turkey)  
Chopper right beside in case a nigga try to jerk me (Jerk me)  
I did the city thing plus I played it out of state  
Either way a nigga was known for havin' a lot of weight  
Try to knock me down but it only made me bigger  
Haters wanna see me fall but a nigga gotta keep on pushin'

[Scarface]  
I feel you Bun, I feel you Young, I mean, I feel you

I'm on the corner from sun up to sun down  
Competition gettin' hectic, I'm headed for out of town  
What I was, sellin' for twenty, niggaz sellin' for ten  
So I'm bout to take it to drastic measurements for my ends  
My partner Rob in seventeen and in the Benz  
And me I'm in a bucket but fuck it, that's how it is, shit  
I got an ounce about to cut it into stones  
Next stop: Port Arthur, Texas, I work it in the Lones  
I'm a little nigga on his hustle bout to rise  
I was cuttin' seventeen and I was only payin' five  
A week went by, and a nigga took that dry  
Back to H-Town, with re-up about to score me nine  
A Pyrex bulb and the whoop so throwed  
I cooked it for nine then I stretched it for nine more  
Whoa, I'm that nigga bakin' with holes in his door  
Crummy niggaz sellin' that ether but fuck it, shit sold

[Young Jeezy]  
Ay, no matter how hard it get you know I'mma  
Real talk, real niggaz do real things you know they (CHEEAAA)  
You already know, free Pimp C nigga (LIFE NIGGA)  
U.G.K. for motherfuckin' life, U.S.D.A. nigga, C.T.E. nigga (CHEEA)  
You know them Houston niggaz you know they niggaz keep on pushin' nigga (PUSHIN)  
G.A. niggaz you know they already  
Real niggaz do real things nigga you already know nigga  
C.T.E. nigga, Rap-A-Lot records (AYE, AYE, AYE)

One day you're here, the next day you're gone (WHAT?)  
Cuz some nigga set you up on the phone (DAMN)  
Shit, I play it how I go, I'm in a league of my own  
You ain't gotta front me shit nigga, I'm buyin' my own (HAHA)  
Whether it's sixteen bars or sixteen bricks (CHEA)

Move 'em one at a time, I'll take sixteen trips (LET'S GET IT)  
I'm in the kitchen with the white, choppers by the back door (AYE)  
Mind on my money, but I swear this shit stack dough (HAHA)  
Square's in the closet, a hundred thousand in the box spring  
Got the stash box in the back of the Mustang (CHEA)  
You know I keep a down ass bitch to dry that shit  
Look, I-T a nigga yea she ride that shit  
Hey, I hustle harder, I hustle smarter (AYE)  
Just left the magnum lot tried to whip me up a charter (HAHA)  
I'm so ahead of my time, ahead of my grind  
Look at snowman bitch, it's a must that I shine (YEAAAA)  
See my watch is like...damn, my ears beggin' for attention (AYE)  
A quarter mill around my neck, in case I forgot to mention  
You niggaz actin' like hoes so motherfucker keep gushin'  
I'mma do what the gangstas do and nigga keep pushin' (AYYEEE)

[Vocal sample and beat ride out til fade]