

# Push It

## O.T. Genasis

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  
Push it, push it  
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