

BBQ Spot

Audio Push

They're trying to cage us men

Look, they wanna put me in a box (They do)
The industry, the enemies, and the cops
These niggas running around with mops
They ain't working at no BBQ spot

Mama said: "Live with a girl worth dying for, get some money and stay out the way"

I hit the clinic let them weigh out the eighth
Let's see how life is finna play out today
I'm in the Benz doing like a whole eighty
Getting mad-dogged by a white old lady
Driving crazy while I'm bangin' old Jay Z
I can tell that she mad as fuck
(Oh you mad uh? you mad uh)
Cause my skin black as fuck
Skin tatted up
She in an average truck
And my cash is up

They wanna put me in a box
The industry, the enemies, and the cops
These niggas run around with mops
And they ain't working at no BBQ spot

Watch your head, watch your head
Too many niggas out here dropping dead
iPhone connected to the Feds
Prescription meds pushed him to the edge
Product of the environment
Hair nappy so nobody's hiring
Hard not to be violent
Hard to keep quiet
When you're waking up to sirens
The shooting that happened in San Bernardino
Was the government for all that we know
For gun control, they want to harm the people
USA is the heart of evil

Man, they wanna put me in a box
The industry, the enemies, and the cops
These niggas run around with mops
They ain't working at no BBQ spot
They wanna put me in a box
The industry, the enemies, and the cops
They want everything that I got
They never wanna see a nigga on top

They wanna put me in a box
And I'm fresh so I get that
But have a seat, boy. Sit back
You got yours, I need get-backs
From IE, where the shit cracks
Where you get down where you pissed at
And if not, you should've got bitch slapped
Yeah, Yeah, it's real nigga time on the dot

They staring because they smelling pot
Got a W up like I'm Pac
I'm really from the West and you're not
So all that flexing got you looking regular
Never been in pressure club sections
Swish, swish, like I'm Roger Federer
Slow it up I'm way too far ahead of them
Came to the meeting
And they said they wanna put me in a box
The industry, the enemies, and the cops
They goin' try to get you to stop
2016 shittin' on the OP's
And my ex is trippin' cause they dropped
Making rapping commas do the trappin' numbers
I know you heard the name, it's mama
But Sun can chill, IE got the summer
It's time to start handling business
Yeah, it's time to start handling business
Cause the fam will need houses and Benz's
Dressed in camo for doubting the Princes
My only vice, a pretty face and a fast car
Not to mention weed
Funking on sticks and seeds
I know love is all we need baby

But they wanna put me in a box
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They wanna put me in a box
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Now that's right
Nigga that's that real shit
Nigga that's the shit that they wanna hear out here in these streets my nigg
a
Back up over there on that left coast
That west coast, that best coast, left side everything
Aight, Denise nigga Audio Push