

# Push It Along

## Slum Village

Coming from the urban city ghettos  
But we still King, queen, natural born rebels  
Black tails, crack sales  
Heavy [?], we do- (push it along)  
We done seen everything  
From niggas, gun fights, sellin' dope, gettin cream  
It ain't the pressure, you can ask my ancestors  
Trifecta from the Tribeca  
I bet you we a (push it along)  
Resurrect, lil' effort  
Lil' 17 tryna' microphone check it  
Niggas tryna' stress it  
Rather see me Pyrexin'  
That ain't me, that ain't we  
We the essence

Push it along (uh-uh), push it along (okay)  
Push it along, just push it along (come on)

It's too much to spit, my life is kind of tragic  
I'd rather spit a hit for the jam and be Kobe  
Still on the quest like Phife and Jarobi  
Gotta (push it along, just)  
Tired of being bummed out

Yeah, It's been a minute  
Nothing short of 60 seconds  
Can't stomach where I come from  
Hard to eat breakfast  
You ain't refined when you tryna' get acceptance  
Gold Lexus, Rolex's, stupid dumb necklace  
(Push it along)

You see the rap game is stitched in my hoodie  
Hype when I'm on the mic  
To excite you like I'm Goodie Mob  
Never slob  
You guessed this, what is this  
Spit when I kick this, relentless

Yeah, you did it to death  
But that's a death wish  
Gotta do it big like you Precious  
Let's just

Push it along (uh-uh), push it along (okay)  
Push it along, just push it along (come on)

Push it with me, you gotta pull it (yeah)  
You gotta do what you do  
We keep it movin', yes  
You gotta

Push it with me, you gotta pull it (yeah)  
You gotta do what you do  
We keep it movin', yes  
You gotta

Push it with me, you gotta pull it (yeah)  
You gotta do what you do  
We keep it movin', yes  
You gotta

Fuck the next saint  
Young Trey got his cream on  
Block got him braced  
But his [?], the love gone  
Bout' to move up, the Jefferson theme song  
The means are extreme, but what he goin' lean on

Don Juice, top shotta  
Who claim hotta?  
Trash rhymers back off, your mics gettin' cut off  
New York or Rock City  
We never rhyme soft  
Emphasizin' true spit, dat girth and grit (uh, yeah)

Rose Gold dreams, high self-esteem  
Livin' on your knees ain't Clock don't stop, so the Don't clothes shop, tryn  
a' cop  
Heavy triple beams  
You better (push it along)

Like Tribe's Instinctive Travels  
Damn you know the voice, Mutty Ranks  
Back in the saddle  
Despite my hiatus, I stays ready to battle  
King from Queens, get your ass out of my castle

Yeah, preacher told 'em but it ain't clickin'  
Light switches get dimmer when it's gray and the sun missin'

You gotta do what you do  
We keep it movin', yeah  
You gotta

Push it with me, you gotta pull it, yeah with me  
You gotta do what you do  
We keep it movin', yes  
You gotta

Push it with me, you gotta pull it, yeah with me  
You gotta do what you do  
We keep it movin', yes  
You gotta

Just push