

Push Up

French Montana

Drop it, when you see a hundred bands poppin'
Bitches drop it, when you a hundred bands poppin'
Bitches drop it, when you a hundred bands poppin'
Bitches drop it, when you a hundred bands poppin'
Push up, push up, push up, push up
Push up, push up, push up, push up on
Push up, push up, push up, push up
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it
Push up, push up, push up, push up
Push up, push up, push up, gotta push up on it
Drop it, when you see a hundred bands poppin'
Bitches drop it, when you a hundred bands poppin'

Ridin' in a V, like to feel the breeze
Pray to the high, for my enemies

In the bars, Max behind the bars
Drink a sip of heaven, I'ma do it for my dog
I'mma ide with a Ruger, niggas try to shoot ya
They don't want no money, niggas actin' groupie
I've been ridin' in a Benz, bustin' with the beams
I just want the paper, I don't need no friends
I was ridin' with the oh, oh, feelin' like I'm Guwop
Came up out the sewer, got the work out in Newark
I be ridin' with with Khaled, watchin' for the grease
Pray to the high, for my enemies

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Got it from the thieves, served it to the fiends
Got married to the mob, that's word to my mom
Shorty bounced it back, I showed a hundred racks
She ran up out the back, she threw me on her back
I'ma spin around the corner, work on my diploma
Wanna talk man to man, not two or three soldiers
In Atlanta out with Flocka, spinnin' 'round with Gucci
Had the white like sushi and the brown like Karrueche
Got the scar like the Fugees, cash money like Tunechi
They all love me like I'm Boosie, G'd up, fuck this Gucci
Gotta leave it up to God, cook it up and dry it
Hit the 9-5, hustlin' was a job

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Push up, push up on it
Time to push up, push up
Every time I push up on it
Push up on it