

## Push It

The Diplomats

Killah! Dip Set! Jim Jones, Santana  
Man, shit ain't changed since eighty-eight (nope)  
Get on the corner and push something  
Dip Set! (Killah!)

Yo baby yo, Hey, you, yes give me a kiss  
You better make it fast, I know you like what's on my wrist  
(Now y'all know me from that block where we move them rocks)  
(You better make it fast, watch your ass, or get pursued by cops)  
You don't know what its like up on that Peter Pan  
Paranoia, weeded damn, damn, but we the man  
Proceed to jam, call us if you need a hand  
Call us if you need some grams, (Jim Jones) Cesar Cam  
Every season man, Killah keep it seasoned, fam  
Call me a (?)dobo loco papo(?), believe it man  
(Now what's the chain, why's that because I need two things)  
(Satisfy my need, drinking Sizzurp, now bitch just roll my weed)

Now push it, push it good  
Push it, push it real good

Ooh baby baby, ooh baby baby  
Ooh baby baby, Get up on this!

D-I-P S-E-T, that gangsta crew  
Niggaz know the rules, follow codes, cuz that's how gangstas move  
Get your mayo, sell that yayo, strip clubs make it rain  
These thugs play the game, get bucks save that cane

After that, baby girl, Hey let's get some bub  
Love, love, don't rub, we fittin to hit the club  
Yeah they dance, but a lap dance they want a dub  
They don't know nan, ask Trick they love a thug  
Bam bam, jam jam, and a handstand, ha ha so tan in the tan stand  
Ra-ra, na-na, ha-ha, la-la, mama I keep that blam blam

Now push it, push it good  
Push it, push it real good

All my ladies cry, all I say is "my"  
When I'm in them thighs, all you hear is "Aye!"  
Why, why, "Aye!", stop it stop it "Aye!"  
My cock a rocket cock over so I can pop it "Aye!"  
You fake old G's is corny, wack me and my breeze the dawny(?)  
Hard, we live too, just like the 2 Live Crew, me so horny  
Cuz I'm a choosy thug, you get your booty hugged  
Face down, ass up, don't stop, gitty gitty, I want some dookie love

I'm like hey baby hey, ain't no games to play  
It's money out there, yeah it's a gang to be made  
I'm a pimp baby hey, I'm screamin "pimp pimp hooray"  
Scream it with me okay, now hit the strip and get paid, hey  
Odd money's hard money, even money's cheating money  
Slow money's no money, and no money's a beating honey  
Push it good, push it fast, push it right  
If a nigga push that ass, push it back, push it twice, but push it

Hey, hey, whoa, whoa, yo, O's I bake and feed it  
To the fiends with the lean, in the beam with the cream  
With a team that's straight from phoenix  
That man that loses, face the music, still get cake like Regis  
Hey ma it's J.R., you know I had to make the remix  
See I push it cook it, push and cook it, push to cook it  
And roll wit cooks that's crooked, old G's who look and cooks it  
You'll get sprayed and showered, wit K's and Cal's, toupee devoured  
Shots ring, bang bang, you hit, he hit  
Have your block put up a bouquet of flowers

Now push it, push it good  
Push it, push it real good

Ooh baby baby, ooh baby baby  
Ooh baby baby, Get up on this!