

# Push Up

## French Montana

Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see 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

Now, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?

Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?

Ridin' in a V, like to feel the breeze

Pray to the high, for my enemies

Push ups in the 'Rari, lights behind the wall

Drink a sip of heaven, I'ma do it for my dog

Ride 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 Kali, watchin' for the grease

Pray to the high, for my enemies

Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?

Bitch, drop it, wanna see 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, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?

Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?

Ridin' in a V, watchin' for the grease

Pray to the high, for my enemies Got it from the thieves, served it to the fiends

Got married to the mob, that's word to my mama

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 zonin'

In Atlanta out with Flock, 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 at the light, cook it up and dry it  
Hit the 9-5, hustlin' was a job Drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see 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, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'?  
Bitch, drop it, wanna see a hundred bands poppin'? Push up, push up on it  
Time to push up, push up  
Every time I push up on it  
Push up on it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>