

How I Move

Flipp Dinero

Yeah

I really run it up, yeah
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Ain't play no games with this shit

I got that worker from Polo then hit up my guala then told him we made for t
his shit

Niggas stay working for commas, we stack up them guala, see I put my name on
this shit

Flip wit that smoke on that ganja I bang for that comma, see I put my name o
n this shit

Hol' up

You-oooh (Yeah)

You sa-ai-id they watch how I mo-oo-ove (Yeah)

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You sa-ai-id they watch how I

I really run it up, baby

If the topic is money, I'm comin' up

She gon' suck 'til I pop without comin' up

I'm the man in the front, you the runner up

Really don't give a fuck, yeah

How I move, way I talk, they try pick it up

I can call when I want, she be pickin' up

Niggas' bitches, they really be switchin' up

Can't play no game, I got too much to lose

Want me to fall, I got somethin' to prove

Really steal with no trace, I won't leave 'em a clue

And the truck lookin' reggae, I painted it blue

If it's me and my shawty, we hop in the coupe

My lil' youngins go crazy, they lovin' the crew

He handle business, can't wait to recruit him

Pop me a Addy, tryna make me a movie

I can't stand still when my diamonds keep movin' (Movin')

Gave all my heart, tryna guide 'em to do it

Got partners who gon' tryna guide 'em with music

Lil' bro don't play 'round, if he got it, he use it (Use it)

Go against us, nigga gotta be stupid

Ride 'round with the stick, how I gotta be movin' (Man)

Everyday lit and them commas be movin'

This shit we be doin' inside of a movie

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Rollie don't tick but it got big rocks
Bands in the whip, do the dash from the cops
Chain lookin' blitch, with the pole on my hip (Ayy)
Let me go, I'm equipped, but don't bang with the opps (Ooh)
Pain to regret but it's more than I get, really made for this shit
Money made, it don't stop
Say he Heaven sent, I was made for the flip, I was made for this shit and I
bang for the block (What?)
Bimmer, the Jag', got the Benz' on the lot, when and copped me crib just to
park all the drops (Damn, damn, gang, gang)
Fuck do you mean? I was lost in the drought (Ayy)
Got the bag comin' in 'til the stars in our mouth (What?)
Money comin' in, so you know a nigga goin' (Damn)
Dyin' with a flip so you know a nigga throw it (What?)
Style ever since in the game I'ma get
Got no time for this shit, get the bag and you know it, bitch

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