

Move That Dope

G-Unit

Young nigga move that dope
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Aye move that dope, aye move that dope
(How much dope can you move, nigga?)
Young nigga move that dope
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Aye move that dope, aye move that dope
(How much dope can you move, my nigga?)

Flippin' the cake, whippin' and flippin' the yay
36 ounce in a day, cumbing through pay
When you do shit the right way
Niggas ain't fuckin' with me
How they gone eat? I run the seam
I got that work, bitch, I got it
I got a few Maseratis, dope in my new Maserati
That's a whole 'lotta new money
Stash it, it's hotter than hell
Movin' them squares in for real
Servin' that broad, said yeah
Either way you put it on, bitch, I'm good
Triple salute bitch, I'm straight out the hood
Triple beam, look what I got on the scale
This is that dope boy life right here for real

All this money, need a calculator
I'mma a drop it off and get back at you later
Shoes gator, suit tailored, cookin' chickens, we do cater
Give it to your front door like newspaper
Two twenty on the dash, I lose haters
Plug showed up with two trailers
Two flavors, what dude gave ya
I got thirty cars in my front yard
Hundred acres, no neighbors
I finished up the white shit
50 on the fight shit, I might go to Vegas
I keep up with who supposed to pay us
Who cash out and who delay us
Crash out if you try to play us
Dope Boy Universal, all you can say is
Young Buck move that dope

The future of the dope game, I'm mixing [?]
That's 60 a gram, I'm stretching the yams and making my cheddar
Whippin' that coke like Patsy, 12 years of a slave
Alphabet boys catch me, it's natural life in a cage
Presidential on my arm, you need to work on your own
I don't do consignment
They think I'm Illuminati the way that I shine

In the kitchen with Rida Gang chopping an eight
S-S-H-H, [?] all on my momma's good plates
Dumped the the meth all on my face
Should get an A up in Chemistry
Murder the block on a killin' spree

Move the shit fast as a centipede
You gone need a fade to get rid of me
Movin' that boy and that girl
Take over life from the [?]
Lean the pot all the way to the side
Scrapin' the extras, need all of mine
Call it a slave when I'm whippin' that brick
3-6 exorcist with the risk
Bakin' soda water all in the mix
All this work got us changing up shit

Hit the stack in the path of evil
Bitch I'm dope in the platinum needle
All my [?] magazine you
Played with the money and you had to see through
I'm Paid In Full, never had a sequel
You're not an oath, my rap is lethal
I get one wish, bring back my people
Brick one wrist, bookbags a diesel
I'm icin' out my imagination
Just know never got that from waitin'
Just wrote my movie, new chapter shapin'
Pack the wall, clubs asses shakin'
Whose first? Take a dark ride in that hearse
Make her run down on your shirt
Won't be no waitin' for reasons cause I'mma bomb first
Sound like they using they work