

Stick & Move

Jazz Cartier

(Jacuzzi)

Mama once told me these bitches gon' pick and choose
The one thing I love about women and winning you never lose
Me I don't love em
Me I don't love em
You know that I stick and move
Me I don't love em
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You know that I stick and move

Go figure

I'm from the snow, and that made me a cold nigga (god damn)
I'm getting bands for a show nigga (ah)
I went from hipster bitches, to fucking gold diggers (mommy)
I'm losing money, I need an accountant
I made it my nigga, there's no way around it
I'm making my way, while you boys at the fountain
You doubted, now I'm at the top of the mountain (ah)
I'm so ahead of myself, I'm so ahead of myself (goin' ham nigga)
Nowadays, I'm declining features, know why?
Cause I can do it better myself
I gotta keep it a hunna
I fuck up a check, so the commas gon' run up
2015 was practice
I'm finna take over winter, and body the summer
Cuzzi

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At me or dap me, my skin is so pretty, I'm covered in acne (I know you see i
t nigga)
I'm Mr. Boombastic with bitches, but don't call me Shaggy (it wasn't me, I s
wear to God)
She looking for clues in my phone, she thinking she's Daphne (I'm not like t
hat anymore)
Her friends call me Jazzy...but she call me Daddy
I can't complain bout the money I'm getting (wooh)
Pressing my buttons, I love me a Benji (ah)
Covered in sauce, when I walk I be dripping (wooh)

Now they in love, cause they fuck with the villain (ah)
Loving the fruits of my labor
Man look at me now, I got an assortment of women
I'm out of the city
You stuck in the city
You still hating on me
I'm loving the feeling (wooh!)

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Don't go tag me in no pictures
Fuck your hugs and kisses
Cause I can't trust these bitches
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Yeah, yeah
Oh woah
Oh woah
Give em' that stick and move
Cuz I been mixin' moves
Oh woah
Oh woah
Give em' that
Give em' that
Give em' that
Lantz? Is that you?
Yeah, yeah