

Move Around

Montana of 300

We gone' shoot em' up, we gone' shoot em' down
That's what I do to clowns, heat will cool em' down
You see my shooter smile, you better move a round
Get to runnin' back, take off Boobie Miles
We gone' shoot em' up, we gone' shoot em' down
Nina, that's my bitch, but we don't fool around
You see my shooter smile, you better move around
Then I do the dash, I can't do the trial

And you know it's a [?]
I got the switch on this motherfuckin' glizzy, boy this ain't no regular sem
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Now tell me, what's with all that envy?
I just want em' proud like Penny
But if we want smoke, I'm a mutherfuckin' chimney, fuck niggas love making e
nemies
And really not who they pretend to be
I know the real, they ain't no killers, they just civilians yeah
My bitch a bad, lil' pretty motherfucker, her hair look Brazilian
He wanna try me, he better off tryin'
Pull off with all these drums, it sound like we
With this .30 , I'm Steph, niggas play foul with this tech, I'm the ref
You can take 20 I'm tuckin the rest
Niggas be [?] til we meet in the flesh
Then askin me to help get em a check
We gon pull up with mops we get called for a mess
Niggas be cappin no Mitchell and Ness
I'm focused on digits just like an address
Found out that address where you live
I had them killers that pop up with season then take off your top like a wig
I can't vouch for what that nigga did
I just know what I'm liable to do
D Breeze, I'm liable to shoot
But I got that bag, I'll put it on you

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Copped my first pistol, I felt like Jordan when Pippen came
Pull up and shoot like that nigga Dame, ain't shit a game
No questions asked and shots picked his brain, my niggas trained
Nailing whoever hangin with them squares, no picture frame
Ratchet on my hip, bitch I'm Louis down
Watch me get the tech, watch me do 'em foul
Think it's not true and see, like a juvenile
Turned him to a [?], then his bitch blew me down
I stay with the blick, this Canon ain't for pics
Like walkin with a cane, this stepper keep a stick
Choppa bullets flip, shoot it til it click
Bullets leave him leaking, he got all the drip
Killers to my right, killers to my left

Get Jazzy like he Jeff, pull up like I'm Steph
Drew on him like a sketch, cooked him like he meth
Gave his ass my pump, no homo took his breath
Run before I dump, run like Forrest Gump
Open up his back, pop em like a trunk
Pussies gettin nailed, watch me give em hell
Hop in the whip and bail, fuck that prison cell

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