

# Move It

Morrisson

Good girls have got a thing for a bad boy  
But they say we're too much trouble  
And these clubs don't wanna let man in (Why?)  
'Cause they said we're too much trouble  
Now we're all rich and famous (Famous)  
But we're still armed and dangerous (Dangerous)  
Got that T house filled up with loud packs (Loud packs)  
And it's all smellin' amazing  
Now I just wanna move it, move it  
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Chyeah  
I stepped in suited and booted (Suited and booted)  
I look like a superstar (Superstar)  
I should be in a movie (Chyeah)  
One hand on my chhh  
My other hands grabbin' up this thick tings booty (Grab it up, grab it up)  
I'm covered in war wounds  
But you can't see 'em 'cause I'm covered in Gucci (Covered in Gucci, silky s  
ilky)  
Like John Boyega I come up off movies  
Used to run up to doors and boot it  
We can't be trusted, East man are booky  
Becky ain't bad and boujie  
And she ain't whippin' up dope with no uzi  
But she lets me grow weed in her house  
And she takes me probation every Monday and Tuesday

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Yo, Morrison!  
Pull up in a old school Shogun  
One man army, I come here with no one (No one)  
They don't wanna give me my flowers (Flowers)

So fuck 'em, I'm growing my own ones (Chyeah)  
Had all Vietnamese farmers in grow yards  
Kevin & Perry, we're havin it so large  
Made it out the hood and I didn't need no one  
Na tell a lie blud, I needed this crowbar  
Like cut that, chop that, what?  
He's got a crop then I'm havin' that, what?  
First to go clear in the weed house, what?  
I'm a old school rude boy, I proved that, what?  
Like I've been there, done that, I've had that, what?  
Copped couple yards, now I'm tryna cop yachts  
Poor little white boy, I was that, what?  
Had to fix up, look sharp, now I'm a boss

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