

Move It

Morrison

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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