

Dance Moves

Rio Da Yung OG

(Flawless Victory Music)

Yeah

This Rio, nigga, Da Yung OG (Flawless Victory Music)

Boyz in this bitch, nigga

Bounce your shoulders, throw some money, this the club dance

Hit the food, bust a move, this the grub dance

You be actin', you ain't really 'bout it, you a stuntman

Get on the floor, act like you humpin', do that one dance

Ayy, do that one dance

Let me see you do that one dance

I got my Glock inside the club in case we bump heads

Bounce your shoulders, throw some money up, do that one dance

Get on the floor and hump the ground, do that one dance

A thousand dollars for the jeans, these the one pants

Make her bust it open, now she stretch it like the Jumpman

You ain't no boss, you hit the store for 'Woods, you the blunt man

Security know what's up with us when we come in

They don't check us, we can bring a twelve gauge pump in

I snuck a forty in this bitch with a drum in it

Thirty shots'll make your car lean like Big Pun in it

Bitch was in my face, her breath was stinkin', threw some gum in it

The way she suck dick, her mouth only got gums in it

You ain't got no bread in your pocket, only crumbs in it

Fuck three, that pussy was too wet, I bust in one minute

Throw some money in the air, that's a dance move

If you ain't got nothin' to throw, just make your hands move

Give me a bag, I bet I'll make the grams move

Hit your daddy mama house with K's, make your grams move

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Bounce your shoulders, throw some money up, do that one dance

Look, man, get on the ground

Hump the floor, act like you fuckin' a bitch

You gotta air-fuck the bitch, man, you ain't doin' it right

Alright, now throw some money in the air, nigga

I can't really dance, so I just throw the money up

One day I hit a nigga drank, he threw his stomach up

I got a bad bitch with fake titties and a tummy tuck

He tried to do the pape' dance and fucked his money up

Goddamn, it only been three months, I put a hundred up

He tried to race a Scatpack and fucked his Cutlass up

Is he a dummy or what?

I know a nigga worth an M that be bummy as fuck

Five grams in a Backwood, this bitch ugly as fuck

I put on deodorant, but the weed I got musty as fuck

I don't care what kind of drank I got, it's a hundred and up

This a three-five of Pink Runtz, that's a hundred a blunt

I'm that same lil' nigga from Keller, yeah, Lumpy son
You swing on me, we beatin' your ass, ain't no one-on-ones
My nigga fuckin' with the cards, yeah, the 101s
I'm in here gettin' teary-eyed 'cause I'm onion cuttin'

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