

Move

The Lox

All this drip, all this money, all these jewels on my niggas, got these bitches like ooh

Watch what you say when we kick it, 'cause the shooter looking at you like food

You been on the 'Gram or Twitter, on some bitch shit, talking about your boo (Ah)

But we don't give a fuck, my nigga, coming though fuck boys better move

You looking at a winner, probably go to hell, got a black Jessica Biel

You looking at a sinner

Kiss'll get the bank, Louchie get the women, and I'm lightin' up the dank

While I'm looking for the link

If he talking about white, or a LLC or LP

Ignorant nigga, yeah, it's nothing to tell me

Looking classy, rocking Bally's while pushing the Shelby

Got the jackboy elegance, masses LV

You know when I get on a song, I enhance it (Uh)

Monopoly with real money, I'ma chance it

Might lease the Lambo truck or finance it

Scared to death your whole life, you die frantic (Scared)

Plus I'm way smarter than niggas, that's my advantage (Yeah)

Hudson in the crack spot, was my Atlantis

Young boys taking them penitentiary chances

We was gon' make it, no matter what the advance is (Aye yo, aye)

He don't want it, and she don't want it

I was thinking 'bout them days when I was drinkin' and bluntin'

Run around with fake niggas, I'm gone keep it a hunnid

I told that bitch she could drown on

If I ever go broke, I got two niggas to count on

Put the L-O-X sound on, that silk and that gown on

I'm as old as Calgo

The guns'll pop off

Kidnap, long as you got that money to drop off

I'm good, D-BLOCK

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Shout out my niggas that own the spot (What up?)

I could make niggas do dumb shit like Mona Scott

Need narco money, Pablo and Gilberto

Quarter pound of purp with my nigga I get you shot (Facts)

Speak on the top 5, three of us in the slot (LOX)

Name the other two and I bet you I get them pop

Tell Louchie, Kiss to spill 'em, I bet you I get them mopped (Bet you)

Pass me the blade and bet you I get them chopped

It's like this yo

You know the Style, Sheek and Kiss flow (L-O-X)

Is unparalleled, to anything on mick show

Sorta like hardcore rap mixed with disco
Strains from LA and San Francisco
I'ma smoke most of it, maybe I let a zip go (Maybe)
'Round a bunch young wild niggas that let the clips go (Grrt)
You can guarantee that the shooters a never miss though
It's either the cheba or goheba of Monte Cristo

Too much crime, too much time on your hands to explain
Too many menace to society niggas thinking they Kane
Too many new generation rappers thinking they Wayne
Like you came up with your own style, that shit is insane
But oh no, oh no, I'm like, oh, he didn't
Grams on the block when Nas made it was written
Kumbaya, that's musafa the other black president
Don Don, Barack Allah

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