

Move On

The Union

I gotta question (I gotta question)
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I'm pushin about five fifty-
five on the mic, how much you benchin?
I'm givin all y'all yahoo niggaz some new shit to jig to
I had to slit you small like that crack in the wall you slid th
rough
And there ain't no callin draw
Whether you my man, or some shorty comin with the raw
I fuck around, and get lost in the portal
Quantum combat, oh I forget, you only mortals
Comin with that normal kid I wrap you up in coil
Hit you up and watch your body burn when it bubble
I'll rip your lampshades, as I rant and rave
I'm raw, plus I got more plants to blaze
It's a fact that fiends, come back to Lean
with vials, long as that aisle in back of Queens
Plus I pack macs with beams
I'm type fear, I'm that nightmare that killed that dream
My gat steam, crazy buzz
I slid with ?, plus severe for you baby luv
I play the role til I'm gray and old (c'mon y'all)
HEYYY HOOOOO, witcha pops on the payroll
No doubt, I'm cold out withcha ??
South to border, I come lay em out for ya
For these liquid assets
This thick-lipped bastard stay, dipped in plastic

Outlaw (outlaw)
Representin, 1998
Pac, peace my nigga
Nino, peace my nigga
Aight?

It's all good we move on
Check we out we move on
Rock like this we move on
I'm far from a busta!
Rock like this we move on
Rock like this we move on
Rock like this we move.. it's just a freestyle!