

## Move Bitch

### Three 6 Mafia

Here we come, here we come ho, here we come  
Here we come ho, here we come, here we come ho, here we come  
Here we come ho, here we come, here we come ho, here we come  
Here we come ho, here we come, here we come ho, here we come

Move bitch, get out the way ho  
Fuck that shit, get out the way ho  
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Nigga Three Six Mafia burn inside the southern territorial  
Leavin' a memorial page in editorial  
When [?] watch yo back go front [?] Scarecrow  
Leave 'em stiff and froze my foes and hit 'em like Rose in China snow  
Wanna see the costs of the bosses comin' to toss it  
Ain't no losses, ain't no crosses, leave you dead in a closet  
Family recked from yo death-death, from yo early death  
Packin' some in jars, sendin' too a four star chef  
'Cause I melt them with medicine  
A perscription called Teflon coating

Oh there she go, old triflin' bitch  
Straight take a ho nigga, always out to lick  
And when shit is gettin' thick  
Out the door she split  
She straight slick  
But I'm slicker than that bitch gon' get  
So now move bitch, get out the way ho and lay low  
So say ho, you just another stank ho  
Trickin' on the dance flo'  
Lookin' kinda slutty though  
I'm all about my money ho when I bump on yo stereo  
And everywhere I go, it's the same old shit  
Jumpin' drawz just like a broad, so bitch fuck this now

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They know me from my Lac's and my creases, I'm Sean Paul (Sean Paul)  
Slap the fuck out of each and all y'all (all y'all)  
I done seen niggas fall, I done seen niggas ball  
I done seen big girls shake with lil' bitty drawz (bitty drawz)  
And uh, the other day this bitch got smacked in the jaw (in the jaw)  
I done seen a whole lot, niggas ain't seen what I saw (yeah)  
I'm in it too deep, I could never come flaw (come flaw)  
If ya talkin' bout that pistol my nigga you better draw  
Okay, always sayin' shit that I mean  
Pelle Pelle, A-Town nigga gotta come clean

What's up motherfucka what's up  
Time to get real crunk, time to tear the club up

All these sissy ass hoes talkin' shit about this lady  
Why you tryin' to doubt me baby  
I'm the shit, you can't fade me  
Now look what done happened, we done hooked up with Eastside Boyz  
Bringin' noise  
Makin' moves like the fuckin' U-Haul boys  
Gangsta Boo be groovin' always choosin', what's up with you nigga  
Gangsta Boo be makin' nothin' but hits increase to bigger figures  
Nigga don't play with the muthafuckin' don't play lady  
On the way, God damn what you bitches say  
Nigga

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Ah, ah, ahhhh-ha-ha-ha  
We comin' through like the Rock bitch  
Knock you out yo motherfuckin' socks bitch  
Droppin' bows like nothin' wrong bitch  
Bitch I'll break yo motherfuckin' nose bitch  
Didn't we tell yo ass to move bitch  
Now your head is busting through the fucking bricks  
So get yo fire and dip ho  
Cause a nigga gone off that Quevo  
Why you still runnin' yo mouth bitch  
You must've not known who you fuckin' with  
We'll leave you dead in a fuckin' ditch  
Cause we runnin' with the Three Triple Six  
And them guns for them young hoes  
We'll leave you fucked like a dildo  
All my niggas doin' Fed time  
We'll leave yo belly filled with that iron

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I'm lookin' for them big butts  
Nothin but them quick sluts  
Something kinda freaky like skinny ho givin' up  
Maybe a nigga'll take the camp  
Probably let her ride my lap  
Made playaz from the Memphis Tenn, bitch I'm on the map  
I'm the kinda nigga bro' push a 450 ho  
Down the strip, Hennessy I sip on the low-low  
Hit me on my fo horn  
Can record, make a porn movie  
Don't be choosy with this nigga Juicy  
Ready to?

What y'all know to be part of this  
You gotta be on some heartless shit  
And whether it's legal or dirty, I'ma ball regardless trick  
And I don't give a fuck if you the tallest or the smallest bitch  
Don't none of you hoes know about this order shit  
Chyna Whyte I live that street life

And I ain't gon' be happy till I got my momma eatin' right  
Still the one to grip that motherfuckin' heater tight  
And I'm still tryin' to find a motherfuckin' key to life  
Ya heard me

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I might not be the freshest nigga up in the club  
But should've seen when I walked in the hoes said "What the fuck"  
They saw me VIP in the VIP y'all  
With these Rollies and the hoes they be wonderin' "Who are y'all"  
We be steppin' no less than 30 deep and thinkin' we some stars  
My entourage spendin' no less than 80 G's on they cars  
If I took you to my crib, you probably wouldn't believe or think I'm lying  
Check my soundscan ho, if I'm lying, I'm dying, bitch!

True vulture nuh man  
Ratatat fuck unuh, understand it's me Don Yute  
With the bummaclatt [?] fucking pussyclott man  
Nigga don't give a fuck about these bloodclott

Give me a cheddar making bumboclott shots!