

Move

Tinchy Stryder

We got this, I'm screaming out drinks on me
It's all on you
Go tell your girl to call her girls
My boys here too
We don't wanna drink alone
We got bottles coming through
And there's only one thing left for you to do
Move

Back like I ain't never left
Back like a nigga been here before
Back cause we got the stacks
Bet a motherfucker beat down that door
Show me something, show me more
Cause I keep it moving, I don't know pause
Rule-breaking like we don't know laws
The list of old school flows, oh lord
Give me a pound, I'm in London Town
I found a pearl for my oyster on the underground
And it's Tinchy Stryder round mine right now
Like what? Let me break it down
Let me take 'em back to the underground
I rhyme on the riddim
Any tempo, any sound

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Yo, I could do R-A-P
At the same time, G-R-I-M-E with speed
From hood R-A-Ts to my household days
In the big LD, flee
Flee the scene
Live your dreams
Make the cream
You know how I mean?
It's nada
Sipping on some Henney and we're blowing on a lala
Talking all that shit, it doesn't mean a thing
It's nada
It doesn't mean a thing, it's nada

They got me screaming out drinks on me
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Keep them bottles coming in, get the party jumping
You said them bottles are on you? Well, you just started something
Little shopping spree, just got Marcus something
Got my... and my partner something
Fuck a drive-by, we just park and dumping
If I ain't filling up the clip, I might sharpen something
I don't fuck with little fools acting hard and fronting
If I've got the iron on me, man, I'm Tony Stark-ing something
Beat that pussy up, boom, boom, boom, boom
Jump inside the truck, yeah, nigga, vroom vroom
Niggas know I go hard for that poom poom
Tell a bitch to call a bitch
Asked me how many? Man bring all the chicks
Said she loves the monster and wants all of it
Always moaning how her baby dad's got the smallest dick

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