

Move

TOBi

Rude bwoy with an attitude, I'm stuntin' (Hm, hm)
Yeah, youngin' gotta move boy
Heard a "whoop, whoop"
No more running from the blue boys, nah
Vince Carter alley Oop
How I'm jumping out the hoop
Won't stick my neck out again for you boys
Tighten up on the noose, nun new nah, nah
This two door coupe we scheming on
All black, all gold on the mood board listen up
One time for the nights I was profiled
Let the cam get my good side, both sides
Ain't no lie told, nah, nah, nah
No beef this side just foie gras
Been bad since sixth grade mixtapes
Strong back chest out boy sit straight
Big facts leave a critic with the stink face
So you best look out like first dates
Hm, stuntin' on the net that's big fake
Found out he a fraud that's click bait
Huh?
Big growth, big work, yeah, big rates
And at this rate, I'm sayin'

Aw, man
Bit we moving
It's a whole, it's a whole lotta us grooving
I ain't tryna, I ain't tryna hear no excuses
Hit me up when you need some of that soothing
Bit we moving
It's a whole, it's a whole lotta us grooving
I ain't tryna, I ain't tryna hear no excuses
Hit me up when you need some of that soothing

Put it on me
Ah, right now
Put it on me
Ah, right now
Put it on me
Ah, right now

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Ah, right now
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Ah, right now
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Ah, right now
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Ah, right now

Swing like batter up, cake like batter up
Head game mad as f*ck, torso tatted up
Fist balled up like girlfriend mad at us
Fist balled up like she had enough
Aw, man

Jeepers creepers
Shoulder so cold said, "Season's Greetings"
She's facetious, couldn't turn down
Like we need the speakers
Pack so loud, couldn't keep a secret
Put it on me 'til my knees is weakened
Covered in pink like it's Easter weekend
Please believe it, please believe it, Jeez
I got the custom fit and
I know you love to get it
Baby, I must admit it
It's from muscle
I gotta trust the feeling
I never rush to get it
I gotta hustle wit it
I gotta hustle

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We tryna make it move, yeah
Put it on me, uh
Right now
We tryna make it move, uyeah
Right now
Right now
Right now
Right now