Move On

Young Buck

Nigga I am the streets
Not just the south but I'm the streeets
I'm your neibourgh hood nigga

They holla stop buck red light but green mean go
If people see me on top and they see me broke
Fuck a billie we treat em like buwriks and work items
Blunt cuts on the floor but nigga I ain't worried bout it
Niggas paying 32 with outa problem
My plug stoped serving we and we gonne rob em (keep it moving)
That ain't snich scale who you folling see when you weigh mine gotta watch w hat you duin
Tied up to times, get back to my grind this whole blook hit mine you can't m ake one dime
The who by, I'm up like I snorted two lines, two nines in a park pepping out the window blinds
Watting on the paper, watting on the haters, befor they kick my door I peal em like patatoes
Bite down bitch I got 20 diffrent flavours, ask them what happend to those t hat didn't pay us

I got a couple ounches left and I'm a move on (move on)
Watch you watting on nigga you taking to long
I got a few pounds left and I'm a move on (move on)
The goverment get to us so who boom
Middel finger out the window I'm a make it out the gutter
Everytime you see me I'm going hard muthafucker
Like yeah Keep it moving lil homie Keep it moving on
Yeah Keep it moving lil mama keep it moving on

Fuckin niggas wanna compet, they wanna be king pins
They want it for cheap they had me back on see in (not me agian)
But no no me don't sell no dope no more the dope sell it's self me just ride around in blowdro (fo sho)
With your hoe, she put her head down then I go slow I go (Oh Oh) then I drop her of at you door
Back to the money like they stole sumthing from me, a carck full of goones w ith there nose all runny
A full moon (Ohhh), it's got me graulling, can't go in the house untill a ma de a couple thousand
Follow me I take you right were the dollars be, you can't talk about your hu stel niggas gotta see,
Some niggas got paper but they not a gee, alphabet bois get em in their coop a ple,
Everybood ain't real shawty obviusly, yeah what eva that you get you ain't g ot from me

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Bitch it got em murder, hada hada hat so he served em

Draged em in an ally and they burned em, nobody herd em
But some body smelled the fumes, I keep telling these kids this is not a car toon
Caught him in a school zone dirty, he onli 15, we won't see him till he 30, a whole birdy
Damn, yeah act like you herd me you migh couporate, still ain't getting out early
Niggas love these hoes, can't be away from them, soon they put em in a room dats when they say sumthing (hey let me out)
Next thing you knwo they coming (five oh) don't let em find no weed, no yay or nuthing, tell the judge fuck ya'll I was way in london
With my doctor bitch she making plenty money, dicki shorts, house shoes on, drop top playing old school songs bitch move on

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Outlaw nigga, shiet they took from us for 400 years
I'm about to get every god damn thing these muthafuckas ow me
Fuck all ya'll bitch as nigga, fuck the Police, fuck the President,
Fuck yor mama, fuck your dady, fuck all you hatting as niggas
Matter fact fuck you buck

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