

## **Propellerheads F/ Jungle Brothers**

### **"Makin' Moves"**

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(Verse 1)

(Daz Dillinger)

I grab a bottle of gin and take a swig of my drank  
I got a half ounce of bomb so I light up the dank  
Smokin, chokin, hopin that the day goes smooth  
Ain't no tellin, cuz a nigga right here might lose  
I choose to do it G like it's supposed to see  
Funky fresh in the flesh it's the D-A-Z  
Call my nigga on the phone tell him it's poppin again  
I got a fifth of Henn now the story begin  
It's been a long time comin  
Runnin, gunnin ya niggaz back and forth  
See I don't need no support  
See I do it by my lonely, so fuck ya phonies  
All you niggaz and you bitches don't really know me  
See I dump from the gate, huh, loaded with hate  
Rob ya for ya cake, and be on my way  
I'm so mafioso, out the fo' do', niggaz 'round here  
don't know, so

(Sean T)

Heavy in the game, unpredictable  
Inner thought, heated is heavy  
You can tell motha fuckaz turn pale  
Ain't no love for you other niggaz up and pluggin  
niggaz  
You ain't shit without your homboys y'all ain't pullin  
triggaz  
Rock mail is irrelevant  
I rise up and cause shit since an adolescent  
I've been breakin laws takin jaws everyday ghetto life  
Got me kinda Alamo  
But still I got pulled like a triggaz nigga way sicka  
You don't wanna see a whore anyway in fashion  
I'm Sean T, and I stay lit off the gangsta passion  
So picture me mobbin a SUV  
When I'm duckin and dodgin steady robbin  
Fuck the police I got you open like a split wound  
Goin like you on shrooms  
I'm shinin like a diamond, brighter than a full moon  
Make room, hungry niggaz ride fa sho'

Avoidin detours, haters, and the sheisty 5-0

(Chorus X2-San Quinn)

I see a pile of gold I got my hands in it  
Gotta eat so we think 'till we stand in it  
Niggaz move smokin fast when they land in it  
Cuz they runnin up them bitches and the lavish shit  
Sounds of us can never have enough  
If you comin with the bullshit then back it up  
Sounds of us can never have enough  
If you comin with the bullshit then back it up

(Verse 2)

(San Quinn)

We get it at a low price shit hit the streets  
Now we all in the lime light shinin  
Rhyme right, for my wrong niggaz after long figgaz  
Gettin fake ballers never payin gold diggers  
Roll wit us, we sucka free  
Make ten mil at least  
Where young niggaz gotta keep a heat  
JT makin moves with San Quinn at his side  
Ready to ride, from East to Westside  
Fillmoe to Long Beach out the crest side  
KC to Detroit we got ties  
Make the crowd rise when we drop a rhyme  
We got to shine, makin moves after mine

(JT The Bigga Figga)

Circulate, rotate we keep it crackin  
Boss game, DPG, Get Low factors  
You want action, hotel to motel where we all make mil  
Bust sales it's so real  
Live shit, work now and floss later  
Countin the cakes you knucklin up with the haters  
And the playaz, stuck in the lab it's been official  
Ridin the tracks and we act to get a issue  
It's official, comin to get you we makin moves we the  
dudes  
Holdin them tools we got news for the crews  
On the underground pushin them tapes  
Keep the business over West you talkin shit in my face,  
bitch

(Millo)

The streets is watchin, like I'm watchin the streets  
24 around the clock, I'm gettin my grease  
My young souls, keepin it crackin  
From the Bay to LA, tryin to stay lavish  
Orientated, keep it in the family  
Niggaz can't handle me, cuz I'm so savly

Marinated, and leadin the team  
Hooked up and got tucked with the GLP  
Recognize game, when it's in your face  
Hard hittaz, hustlaz, on a paper chase  
We gettin laced, by the finest in the West  
When we hit the front do' we demandin our respect

(Chorus X2-San Quinn)

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