

Youngbloodz "Thangs Movin' Slow"

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Yeah, Attic Crew, Attic Crew and Cooley C, my nigga
Yeah, yeah, my nigga, it's Attic Crew and Cooley C, my
nigga
Yeah, Youngbloodz, Youngbloodz and Cooley C, my
nigga
Um, Mark Twayne

Now it's time to let y'all nigga know about me
Oh, I can get mo money, mo money, don't come to me
And everythin' I say that be on the blow
Rap for the love of money, stack it up once mo'

Going once, going twice, got the O for the low
Got my cheese in the soil, tryin' to make my flow grow
Hell no, never fall off, slip pimpin'
You can get it hard or get it soft

All day, round the clock tryin' to get it in
I ain't worried bout' the rich 'cause I'm in the wind
All I got is my folks, Lord forgive me for my sins
And if this ain't for me, please make me thank again

Gotta get my shit right, tight like these gurls draws
Let me recognize the game and all the flaws
While I'm out here, please let me come up
And watch my every step so I don't have to duck

Never wanted this, damn how a nigga stuck?
Hit me on the hill nigga, I'm a' sack it up
Rabbit on my head all day for good luck
On the hustle everyday but who really gives a fuck

So what you got when you ain't got nothing to show
Thangs movin' slow, can't get your hands on no blow
Ain't got no flow naw, need some quick cash
If hustlin' is the answer nigga, get up off your ass

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I walk about the crib, with my mind on the dough
Been hustlin' these verses, ain't got a damn thang to
show

I keep my head up because I feel it's bout to pop
Done heard about a deal going down at the dock

Critics say it don't stop 'til you get it and it's gone
It's all about the fett', set it off, get it crunk
You catch me on the corner, I'll be buddy with the sacks
Off in the studio it be Twayne with the tracks

Fire like that dope gettin' smoked everyday
Got a call from my source, he on the way with the yeah
Comin' in from overseas 'bout 82 ki's
Not a word to be said, everybody hit your knees, let's
leave

Get the cheese, make away with the blow
Slip in the door, right before we do the show
Mr. Dope Man, you lookin' kinda sick
Thangs movin' slow now that you ain't got shit

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So what you got now, you out of luck
Sellin' your soul to the devil just to make a quicker buck
But for what you took a chance, recievin' half of some
blow
And pushin' them quarter ki's underground to keep the
flow

It's toe to toe, we can take it to the deepest of the seas
And anybody else who wanna bite then try a piece
Of these Youngbloodz, bustin' 30 slugs so just perhaps
You crawlin' out of a shell, findin' ways up out these
traps

Like craps you out to gamble, losin' everythin' you own
And still like to pretend as if this game gonna keep 'em
known
And do know you in a ball of burnin' hell
So might as well take a ride on the weed into the A T L

And niggas swear we outdone and out gunned
So what's the first attempt when they got you on the run
With fun, they shootin' tons of shots, so whose to
blame
Nobody but yourself as you hold inside the pain

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