

# Ying Yang Twins f/ B.G., Countrie Biggs, Da Muzicians, Homebwoi "The Walk"

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[D-Roc talking]

Ey, this D-Roc from the Ying Yang Twins (yup)  
And I got Da Muzicians, Big Countrie  
And B. Gizzle to help me show y'all how to walk  
This is a new dance, right  
It's the ghetto electric slide  
So y'all got to walk with me  
I said wa walk with it, wa walk with it, wa walk with it, wa  
walk with it

[Chorus]

Walk with me now  
Step with me now  
Step right with me now  
To the left with me now  
From the front to the back  
From the front to the back  
From the side to the side  
From the side to the side  
Walk with me, step with me, take a right with me, make  
a left with me  
wa walk with it, wa walk with it, wa walk with it, wa walk  
with it

[Verse 1: D-Roc]

Get energetic  
And hyperactive  
Then start it dancin  
Then gon do the walk  
Get energetic  
And hyperactive  
Then start it dancing  
Then gon do the walk  
To the right, to the right  
To the left, to the left  
To the back, to the back  
To the front, to the front  
now take some baby steps, now take some baby steps  
now take some baby steps, now take some baby steps  
now take some baby steps, now take some baby steps  
now take some baby steps

To the right, to the left  
To the right, to the left  
To the back, to the front  
To the back, to the front

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Countrie Biggs]

up in my pimp mode  
movin through the club in slow mo  
slow the slump down, wit my arm hangin real low  
knowin somthing new, cause they never see me move  
before  
I might be a big nigga, but still clor rug  
So come on shawty let go  
To the fuckin dance flo  
let me see you shake it, pop that thang  
oh you a nasty ho  
make that thang walk slow  
come on take it to the flo  
Walk wit me one time, yeah shawty make it low

[Verse 3: Homebwoi]

bizzle got the pistol  
put one in ya make ya whizza  
relocate your body part  
hey ya walkin like a cripa  
when nigga be actin quicka  
pick her up, they start to tripa  
cant blast either nigga  
ass down to the whizza  
betcha got a isha  
blame your trick  
my four people call their people  
when ya say somethin bitch  
see a ho, get a ho, fuck it blame one bitch  
atcha with your dick in my hand  
my hand burnin

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: B.G.]

you know I walk wit a tip and my jeans always sag  
I don't have to wear a belt, my pistol hold up my pants  
I'm a a original gangsta, cool as they come  
Step in a club, look around-would choose anyone  
I bruise any nigga wanna go there wit me  
better know I go everywhere wit that 4-4 wit me  
I go in a strip club withcho ho wit me  
Walk out wit to mo, ready to get busy  
I'm whatever if it come to it

like my idea just do it  
more then half of you niggaz  
sold a product and ran through em  
man I'm a fool with it  
I'm a beast with it  
beat the slave, grope em, run in man I'm keep kickin it  
And I'm knee deep in it and I hold it down  
born and raised in New Orleans, Lousiana-Uptown  
I hit it how I live, it ain't just talk  
you can tell I'm the shit by the way I walk

[Chorus]

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