

## **B.G.**

# **"Move Around"**

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Ladies and gentlemen, I have a special guest gangsta  
Back for the first time ya heard, along with Fresh

If you's a gangsta homie, bop ya head, let 'em hang  
I see ya shake it shawty, go on girl, do ya thang  
Do the chain, just a watch and a pinky ring  
Now everybody come together, join along and sing

I'm from the ghetto homie  
I was raised on bread and bologna  
You can't come around here 'cause ya phony  
Now keep it movin', move around, get off me

Now keep it movin', move around, get off me  
Now keep it movin', move around, get off me  
Now keep it movin', move around, get off me  
Dudes, you gotta leave but you can stay shawty

Look, you know I been up in the game for a long time  
And I'ma tell ya homie, it wasn't a easy grind  
Been through this, been through that, been through  
everything  
But I'm real, so I still manage to do my thing

I held it down every since I came through the dough  
Representin' 504 'til the meat show  
You know the underdog always do it big  
Waah, it's the comeback kid

I'm gettin' money, lookin' good, just look at the watch  
Matter of fact, take a look in the parkin' lot  
I'm representin' the blocks from the East to the West  
It ain't no secret, down south is the shit

Yeah, New Orleans gone, yeah, New Orleans fucked  
But wherever we go you gotta deal wit us  
All my gangstas, put ya hands up  
All my hot girls, back dat ass up

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Dudes, you gotta leave but you can stay shawty

Look, I try to stay low-key when I'm on the block  
But I'm known by name by every cop  
But I don't care, that's nothin', grind don't stop  
I'm on fire, still hustle when the block hot

I'm real, so I ain't never ever forgot  
Mannie Fresh was the reason that I was so hot  
And we again 'bout to go back to the top  
We gon' have the rap game back on lock

I'm a real G, career ain't near over  
Got flooded, still representin' VL and Magnolia  
Still representin' the whole New Orleans  
Get it right and keep it right, I'm the heart of tha streetz

My reputation speak for itself, it's all good  
Any state, any block, dawg I'm all good  
All my gangstas, gon' put ya hands up  
And all my hot girls, back dat ass up

I'm from the ghetto homie  
I was raised on bread and bologna  
You can't come around here 'cause ya phony  
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Dudes, you gotta leave but you can stay shawty

It ain't easy livin' where the young die fast  
It's either rap or take a penitentiary chance  
This rap shit too easy for me to go back  
Ten for a piece of crack, fifty to rap on a track

But I ain't lyin', the streets call sometime  
I could go to Detroit, sell 'em a thousand a pound  
And get 'em for 'bout two-hundred in H-town  
Forget it, I ain't even goin' that route

I just do it like I do it 'cause the streets love it  
I hold it down, never bound, out of state thuggin'  
I don't be trippin' when the haters go to mean-muggin'  
I keep a strap in the hand so I keep stuntin'

Now, it's known by the whole world who a joke  
He ain't a man, he got dreads you already know  
All my gangstas, gon' put ya hands up  
And all my hot girls, back dat ass up

I'm from the ghetto homie  
I was raised on bread and bologna  
You can't come around here 'cause ya phony  
Now keep it movin', move around, get off me

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This is what you wanted and this what you get  
[Incomprehensible] Mannie Fresh hit  
We had to do it again and we gon' do it again  
And again and again, we don't stop

Yeah, put yo hands up  
If you messin' with [incomprehensible], put yo hands  
up  
If you messin' with B.G., put yo hands up  
If you messin' with Mannie Fresh, put yo hands up

If you're a real hot girl, then you know wassup  
Then you know wassup, then you know wassup

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