

Big Mike

"Move Around"

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F/ Mr.3-2, Noke D

(*Noke D talking*)

Ha, this how we gon do this straight up
This goes out to all you bitch ass niggaz
Feel that, know I'm saying, know I'm saying
I can't have you around me with that bitch shit
Straight up nigga, get the fuck away from me
Know I'm saying, this Noke D, Noke D's in here
Fuck whoever don't like me straight up
Run tell that, know what y'all could do for me for real

[Big Moe]

I'm a rider daddy, let a big nigga breathe
You the reason why your girl, keep jocking me
Got too many hands, pulling on Big Moe
But ain't too many hands, that Big Moe get thoed
See I was born, all by myself
If it wasn't for the worst, I wonder who would be left
Who really gonna hold me down
When all the chips, finally hit the ground
I had to stop, and look around
At all these new friends, I just found
Cause when I started out, singing these songs
It was me, Screw and a microphone
Slanging grey tapes, on Gravestone
All night long, sipping pints to the dome
Now I'm making hits, getting ghetto bitch
Now all these hoe ass niggaz, be up on my dick

[Chorus]

Move around
Get the fuck out my face
Move around
'Fore you make me catch a case
Move around
And get the fuck out my grill
Move around
And let a big nigga chill

[Big Moe]

See I finally realize
That the whole world is in disguise
And all the pain that's in my eyes
Came with the fame, and all the lies
And all the labels, with these deals
All in my grill, telling me about scrill
But Big Moe, still got deals
Fuck Beverly Hills, I'm still Southsive
From the cradle, to the grave
To the end of my days
I'm still gon get pay-ayed
From the block, to the top
To the last tick tock
All you roaches and you rats, won't stop
Hollin' what it do, claiming that you true
But I got my eyes focused, on you

[Chorus]

[Mr. 3-2]

Move around, beat your feet and get to walking
With all that con game, and fast talking
My dogs start barking, and things get ugly
Touching boys up, getting rough like rugby
I needs my space, so clear my atmosphere
You nothing ass fools, better get from round here
All up in my ear, I'm trying to holla at this broad
But you riding my pitbull, like menage tois
Running up on my car, wanting a contract
I ain't looking for no acts, but you bout to get slapped
To a coma, gone on a, get to stepping
Down the yellow brick road, 'fore I pull out my weapon
I done told you once, won't tell you twice
Move around playboy, shake and roll like dice
All that grabs handshakes, all that's fine
But it's a place for everything, and partna it's about
time

[Chorus]

Move around
Fake ass niggaz, get out my face
Move around
Better move on down, 'fore I catch a case
Move around
Fake ass niggaz, get out my grill
Gotta move around
Let a playa just chill

Just chill, get out my grill
Old fake ass niggaz
Old faaaaaake ass niggaz

Ooooooh

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