

## **Big Moe**

### **"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 scril  
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 ridin 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 faaaaake ass niggaz  
Ooooooh

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