

Disturbed

"Move Bitch"

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[*whistling*]

Chorus 2x: Ludacris

Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch, get out the way
Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch, get out the way

[Ludacris]

OH NO! The FIGHT'S OUT
I'ma bout to punch yo... LIGHTS OUT
Get the FUCK back, guard ya grill
There's somethin wrong, we can't stay still
I've been drankin and bustin' too
And I been thankin of bustin' you
Upside ya motherfuckin forehead
And if your friends jump in, "Ohhh gurrlll", they'll be
mo dead
Causin confusion, Disturbin Tha Peace
Since not into lution, we run in the streets-a
So bye-bye to all you groupies and goldiggers
Is there a bumper on your ass? NO NIGGA!
I'm doin a hundred on the highway
So if you do the speed limit, get the FUCK outta my way
I'm D.U.I., hardly ever caught sober
And you about to get ran the FUCK over

[Chorus]

[Mystikal over second chorus]

BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out
BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out, move

Here I come, here I go
UH OH! Don't jump bitch, move
You see them headlights? You hear that fuckin crowd?
Start that goddamn show, I'm comin through
Hit the stage and knock the curtains down
I fuck the crowd up - that's what I do
Young and successful - a sex symbol

The bitches want me to fuck em - true true
Hold up, wait up, shorty
"Oh aww wazzzupp? Get my dick sucked, what are
yoouu doin?"
Sidelinin my fuckin business
Tryin to get my paper, child support suin
Give me that truck and take that rental back
Who bought these fuckin T.V.'s and jewelry bitch, tell
me that?
No, I ain't bitter, I don't give a fuck
But I'ma tell you like this bitch
You better not walk in front of my tour bus

[Chorus]

[1-20 over second chorus]
Bring it, get 'em

2-0, I'm on the right track
Beef, got the right mack
Hit the trunk, grab the pump, punk I'll be right back
We buyin bars out, showin scars out
We heard there's hoes out, so we brought the cars out
Grab the peels 'cause we robbin tonight
Beat the SHIT outta of security for stompin the fight
I got a fifth of the Remy, fuck the Belve and Cris
I'm sellin shit up in the club like I work in the bitch
Fuck the dress codes, it's street clothes, we all street
niggaz
We on the dance floor, throwin bows, beatin up niggaz
I'm from the DEC, tryna to disrespect DTP
And watch the bottles start flyin from the VIP
Fuck this rap shit, we clap bitch, two in ya body
Grab ya four, start a fight dog, ruin the party
So move bitch, get out the way HOE
All you faggot motherfuckers make way for 2-0
So...

[Chorus]

[*whistling*]

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