

## **Disturbing Tha Peace "Move Bitch"**

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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 drinkin' and bustin' too  
And I been thankin' of bustin' you  
Upside ya motherfuckin' forehead  
And if your friends jump in, "Oh gurl", they'll be mo'  
dead

'Causin' confusion, Disturbing Tha Peace  
Since not into lution, we run in the streets-a  
So bye-bye to all you groupies and gold diggers  
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

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[Unverified]

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 aw wazup? Get my dick sucked, what are you  
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

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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 stoppin' 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 D.T.P.  
And watch the bottles start flyin' from the V.I.P.

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

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