

Bleak

"Move"

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[Intro - Kardinal Offishall]

OH! ah yagga yo! Yeah!!

Damani! Clipse! Kardinal Offishall!

Clinton Sparks where you at?! Remix!!

[Chorus - Clinton Sparks]

A dude like me got money to burn

Wit a B like me you better wait your turn

Go get your ho, don't ask for mine

And just move your ass to back of the line

Move your ass to back of the line (BO!!)

Move your ass to back of the line (BO!!)

Move your ass to back of the line (BO!!)

Just move your ass to the back of the line (BO!!)

[Verse - Kardinal Offishall]

Yo! Clipse, Damani and - Mr. Kardi

Come to flip the remix to rock rock the party and

We keeps it Offishall now

2004 sound, still a G for a pound

As you inhale the contraband

We stay VIP without the wrist bands!

Damani going goal wit out the Cris man

Mr. Kardinal, wack niggaz eat a dick man

[Verse - Pusha T]

Cali for the weekend, sinking low

In a 6-4 Impala wit the insides stinking

Reeking of dro, hazards blinking

Sunset stroll and got them Valley hoes winking

So little time, so much to do

Bar Fly stays open till a little past two

Bouncer at the door must have a lot to prove

Cause that Bar Fly line stretch into the Viper Room

I breathe that, switch my strut

I'm inside now cocky as fuck, how would you be?

Wit the hottest album of the year

And these Ashton Cuts in your ears, try to relate

young'n

She caught my attention, she hintin to the floor

We grind a bit now we inchin, to the door

Trying not to fall, you know what happens after last call!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Damani]

Jump out the West Coast just ask Snoop and Dre?
Move those ropes, move that list
Move lil bouncer man, I came to spit Cris
I'm so Inglewood wit it, the way I spit it it's real
It's like y'all know I had to live it
No lie, I ain't in the club wit a suit and tie
I'm in the club wit a group of five
I might be a lost promise or somethin, frontin
Talkin to somethin at the bar, she keep askin bout my car
She said she seen me pull up in valet
Wit something in the passanger side resembling Halle
.. Cali - Representative
Don't get close to my whip, the alarm is sensitive
Yeah, sick flow, six 0 0
Wit the steering wheel in the same side as the
passenger door
Foreign floss, Kurupting girls that come at me
Wit that lil Earth nature floss
I take 'em out they poetry readings
Get 'em to the Sunset Room for the rest of the evening
I make 'em change their ways
Have 'em cutting their dreadlocks off for some
extension braids

[Chorus]

[Verse - Malice]

Cats ain't got a clue as to what real cash is
Each of my neighbors is doctors and actors
They wanna know bout the kid who hat backwards
Whose backyard look like it's a scene from the Masters
And what I know about a 9 Iron?
The only iron I know was the 9 I was firing
Now everywhere I look, it's me they're admiring
30 years in age, contemplating retirement
Could it be the jewels or the drop?
Crib so huge that I call it Camelot
Or could it be that 50 karat watch
Or me on the red carpet cooling wit Carrot Top
Trust me young'n I will show you the meaning
In that Porsche 911 wit the engine screaming
50 grand don't even feed my demon
My life's like a fairy tale, pinch me I'm dreaming.

[fades out]

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