

# Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "Move Bi\*\*h"

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Here we come - here we come hoe - here we come  
Here we come hoe - here we come - here we come hoe  
- here we come  
Here we come hoe - here we come - here we come hoe  
- here we come  
Here we come hoe - here we come - here we come hoe  
- here we come

[Hook - 2x's]

Move bi\*\*h, get out the way hoe  
Fuck that shit, get out the way hoe  
Move bi\*\*h, get out the way hoe  
Fuck that shit, get out the way hoe

[Lord Infamous]

Nigga Three Six Mafia burn inside the southern  
territorial  
Leavin' a memorial page in editorial  
When ? watch yo back go front ?? Scarecrow  
Leave 'em stiff and froze my foes and hit 'em like Rose  
in China snow  
Wanna see the costs of the bosses comin' to toss it  
Ain't no losses, ain't no crosses, leave you dead in a  
closet  
Family recked from yo death-death, from yo early  
death  
Packin' some in jars, sendin' two off for the chef  
Cause I melt them with medicine  
I'm perscription called death when ?

[J-Bo]

Oh there she go, old triflin' bitch  
Straight take a hoe nigga, always out to lick  
And when shit is gettin' thick  
Out the door she split  
She straight slick  
But I'm slicker than that bitch gon' get  
So now move bitch, get out the way hoe and lay low  
So say hoe, you just another stank hoe  
Trickin' on the dance flo'  
Lookin' kinda slutty though  
I'm all about my money hoe when I bump on yo stereo

And everywhere I go, it's the same old shit  
Jumpin' drawz just like a broad, so bitch fuck this now

[Hook]

[Sean Paul]

They know me from my Lac's and my creases, I'm Sean Paul (Sean Paul)  
Slap the fuck out of each and all y'all (all y'all)  
I done seen niggaz fall, I done seen niggaz ball  
I done seen big girls shake with lil' bitty drawz (bitty drawz)  
And uh, the other day this bitch got smacked in the jaw (in the jaw)  
I done seen a whole lot, niggaz ain't seen what I saw (yeah)  
I'm in it too deep, I could never come flaw (come flaw)  
If ya talkin' bout that pistol my nigga you better draw  
Okay, always sayin' shit that I mean  
Pelle Pelle, A-Town nigga gotta come clean

[Gangsta Boo]

What's up motherfucka what's up  
Time to get real crunk, time to tear the club up  
All these sissy ass hoes talkin' shit about this lady  
Why you tryin' to doubt me baby  
I'm the shit, you can't fade me  
Now look what done happened, we done hooked up  
with Eastside Boyz  
Bringin' noise  
Makin' moves like the fuckin' U-Haul boys  
Gangsta Boo be groovin' always choosin', what's up  
with you nigga  
Gangsta Boo be makin' nothin' but hits increase to  
bigger figures  
Nigga don't play with the muthafuckin' don't play lady  
On the way, God damn what you bitches say  
Nigga

[Hook]

[Lil' Jon]

Ah, Ah, Ahhhh-ha-ha-ha  
We comin' through like the Rock bitch  
Knock you out yo motherfuckin' socks bitch  
Droppin' bows like nothin' wrong bitch  
Bitch I'll break yo motherfuckin' nose bitch  
Didn't we tell yo ass to move bitch  
Now yo head busted ? two fuckin' bricks  
So get yo fire and dip hoe  
Cause a nigga gone off that Quevo

Why you still runnin' yo mouth bitch  
You must've not known who you fuckin' with  
We'll leave you dead in a fuckin' ditch  
Cause we runnin' with the Three Triple Six  
And them guns for them young hoes  
We'll leave ya firm like a dildo  
All my niggaz doin' Fed time  
We'll leave yo belly filled with that iron

[Hook 2x's]

[Juicy J]

I'm lookin' for them big butts  
Nothin but them quick sluts  
Something kinda freaky like skinny hoe givin' up  
Maybe a nigga'll take the camp  
Probably let her ride my lap  
Made playaz from the Memphis Tenn, bitch I'm on the  
map  
I'm the kinda nigga bro' push a 450 hoe  
Down the strip, Hennessy I sip on the low-low  
Hit me on my ? horn  
Can record, make a porn movie  
Don't be choosy with this nigga Juicy  
Ready to?

[Chyna Whyte]

What y'all know to be part of this  
You gotta be on some heartless shit  
And whether it's legal or dirty, I'ma ball regardless trick  
And I don't give a fuck if you the tallest or the smallest  
bitch  
Don't none of you hoes know about this order shit  
Chyna Whyte I live that street life  
And I ain't gon' be happy till I got my momma eatin'  
right  
Still the one to grip that motherfuckin' heater tight  
And I'm still tryin' to find a motherfuckin' key to life  
Ya heard me

[Hook 2x's]

[DJ Paul]

I might not be the freshest nigga up in the club  
But shoulda seen when I walked in the hoes said "What  
the fuck"  
They saw me VIP in the VIP y'all  
With these Rollies and the ? they be wonderin' "Who  
are y'all"  
We be steppin' no less than 30 deep and thinkin' we  
some stars

My entourage spendin' no less than 80 G's on they cars  
If I took you to my crib you probably wouldn't believe or  
think I'm liein'  
Check my soundscan hoe, if I'm liein' or dyin'

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