

Crosse Clay

"Groove On"

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Verse 1: (Half-a-Mil)

Spark up the trees to the street anthem
Firm lounge in the Hamptons on beach Mansions
rich kids got reasons for expansion, sippin' scotch on
Yachts
we used to hold drops, chop O's to rocks
left the spot when it's hot until the snow dropped
now we rock gators low top
more Christal to pop
manifest the raw style of Hip-Hop
put rap inside a ziplock
put the map inside a kickbox
let the ship stop, finesse the best Roley wrist watch
hold a brick for every tic-toc
load fifths, let the clip drop
you try to get props? fuck around and get your wig
popped
you'd be better off pumpin' my sound
in the Navigator jeep, bitches jumpin' around
skunk by the pound, illin' with pretty Women from outta
town
Half-a-Mil up in ya system spittin' wisdom rounds
up in ya club gettin' down
doin' the hustle and the bus stop spinnin' Women
'round
when in doubt I hear the sounds
the illest shit around
show and prove.

Chorus - This music makes you wanna move, get ya
groove on, this music
makes you wanna groove, get ya groove on. (repeat
2X)

Verse 2: (AZ)

It's all love, empty out the bar, Benz car
Islam, rised to his own, niggas been large
guns blow, when you hear shots run low
playas know, paper chase, stack, play it low
iced out, club nights, cut the lights out
rush ya wifes house, get her whole fam wiped out

quiet storm type, real rich, niggas wan' bite
all for all on mics, don't make me have to show you the
light.

Verse 3: (Half-a-Mil)

I'm all for this dough, like the rap Ross Perot
born to blow, on the low, on the corner for dough
flashin' gold, ice RoI, could've been on life parole
the greatest story ever told, life is cold
a hyper soul with a mic I'm a pro-
fessional, unquestionable
pushin' Four Lex's too
be with mean chicks that like Sexist dudes
push V's incredible, more degrees than Medical
smoke trees on schedule

Chorus 4X

Verse 4: (Half-a-Mil)

We be the crowd movers
niggas is slick but we smoother
maneuever like two Rugers
the type of kid to have a chick holdin' a brick between
her two hooters
I used to ride fixes, now I fly in Sixes
camouflage, survival of the fittest
Grand God, America's the land of ours
they band God from the planet hard
from the landin' of the Ark
to the sparks that brought light out of the dark
simulated Hip-Hop, bring the mics out in the park
MC's used to rap to get props
now we'd rather get Yachts
and massive knots, crash drops
cash crops, we came a long way from crack rock
it's been a long day
you know how many niggas went the wrong way?
well hey, I'll still be the God livin' in Ellhay
feel me?, we're never guilty
super hoes milk me, schiest matters kill me
white knowledge healed me
for real G, it was predicted in the end
wise Men will acsend lyrically
visually picture me
stick wit' me in this World of mystery
you kiddin' me?
I'd rather puff Sensee, empty M3's out of MP's
rock mics, 'cause I can rip these and get G's
whip Bentley's from the Projects to NC
show and prove.

Chorus 4X

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