

Dayton Family "Stick N Move"

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(Talking)

{Bootleg} I got some bad news for you Tony.

{Tony} Whut choo got?

{Bootleg} We lost the whole shipment.

{Tony} Whut you mean, we lost the whole shipment.

{Bootleg} The Columbian Drug Cartel

intercepted the whole

shipment.

{Tony} Those fuckin' guys, every fuckin' thing to happen! I

told you fuckaz to Stick N Move, N get tha fuck outta there.

I see lots of people gots to die tonight, fuck (Fading).

(Bootleg) Part 2, 19 muthafuckin 96, Bootleg tha

muthafuckin' rap Kapone, Ghetto E, & my nigga

Shoestring, gonna

Stick N Move & bust up yo ass fo' tha 9 6

My memories get haunted by events in tha past

Had an outlet to be free from dirty visions at last

A brothaz out here stalking me but bitch you aint no

I've been poppin' window panes, my brain aint tha

same no mo'

Living just like a criminal, but my mind still carries me

I'm seeing the bloody images of tha tools that bury me

Skeletons they walk with me, while holding my right

hand

My mother be weepin' N cryin' while watchin' me box

with a deadman

Load tha AK, spot a family & kill 'em all.

Take a butcher knife, & spill some blood at tha fuckin'

morgue

It's Murder

You bitches better understand

Motherfuck a plan, I'm gunning tha bitches down right

where they stand

Homey should've ran, but then again I wouldn't advice

you to

Cuz a 44 is good to go when I'm busting caps at fools

Sendin' you hoes to school

Well fuck the books N desks

No description or police sketch, you bitch & no arrest
You can try yo muthafuckin' best to stop a villian on a
killing spree
Living is so fuckin' hard & dying is so easy to be
Murder to tha first degree-demi, gotta represent
Kill for dead presidents, in flint is sweet like
peppermint
You'll never find my fingerprints, so watch me getaway
Murder victom found, killer though, free to strike
another day
Up-up and away, to get some Yahji back where I stay
tha fedz are like mosquitos empty needles alley ways
I'm goin' to tha thang, take tha pain, I'm a ghetto
champ
There's no court of law, my whole neighborhood's a
prison camp,
Food stamps & drug dealz is all a nigga know
Strut & Kokane got me addicted nigga pass tha blow
Coming in ya spot with my glock to make my getaway
smooth
Nigga close your eyez, no surprise, bitch boom!
Another Stick N Move...

CHORUS Mov'n N Mov'n out, take that cocaine out your
house,
sight that any. Here no evil see no evil, bitch N I done
got away.
Mov'n N Mov'n out, take that cocaine out your house,
sight that any.
Here no evil, see no evil, bit

(Shoestring) A giggerdy Gangsta from tha streets, so
Muthafucka dont make me bust ya
Buck ya down, quick to bury your ass & then I'll bust
some
Like the fuckin' terror that's on the quick to put ya town
away
A Silencers on the tip so muthafucka there be no sound
today

I'm taking you niggaz to war, so playa haters lock ya
door
An AK 47 leaved his brains up on tha floor
A killa Riddlin' fuckin' around and frontin' about his
stashs
3 killaz with masses, all we leave is ashes.
Take ya shit & dashes, now of in a cascets
the fever fo' a murder got me breakin' out in rashes
So hide your watch-n-rings, cuz shoot and fill ya ass up
with holes
Reachin' fo' ya clothes, ain't no marbles on ya toes

Stretchin' niggas out like limo's and creepin' down my
block
Shoestring got a glock, can you follow us wanted by
hollow point shots?
Hmmm, betta watch yo ass, a killaz creepin' up from
tha past
My finger's fast, & you just saw ya fuckin' last
Shoestring's a killa, so dont fuck with this Grim Reaper
Mo' cloud than a beeper, and I hit you with this street
sweeper
Down where I'm dwelling, niggaz sellin' and I go
swellin'
Put snitches in ditches, cuz them bitches, they always
tellin'
My click is thick, so we be screamin' "Fuck the law"
Creep mental state as three killaz you aint never saw
Not from the shore so whut tha fuck the sources
thinkin?
Must stop the Drinkin? and Dankin'? I'm-a-leave you
stinkin'
Better fuck your mutha, than fuckin' that nigga, that
Shoestring
Cut off ya hands & all i want bitches? The rocks and
rings
My polo's bloody, my case was lookin' kinda muddy
Step with this bald head, fuck you dread, leave him
dead
Rolling trough tha stocks, I'm so high, fillin' that bitch in
Looking through that tension, still kickin' Flint shit
S to tha H to tha O-E-S-T-R-I-N-G 96 pullin' tricks ridin'
the duece with them dicks
Out tha Ass. So 'xcuse me as I dust my grooves
I'm diggin ya chick My pocket's thick, nigga it's time to
Stick N Move...

CHORUS

(Ghetto E) Ughhh, rattat to tha tattat, I'm-a-take take
him out his misery
Put his ass in a box & leave him as a memory
(See when you sleep, that's when we creep
Uh, Get on your toes, knock you off your feet)
Game I peep. I did not know him, but I met him and now
I got him
Mask to Mask took my shit off, and then I shot him
Left him bloody with no money. Cut his pocket
Grab my glock cocked it, seen his head, popped it,
dropped it
Now I was rollin' like a muthafuckin' bowling ball.
(You sendin' up who? You sendin' him where?)
I'm sending him to tha graveyard

No time to play, Eric Dorsey's on another mission
I called up Jody, he be coldin' police in tha kitchen
Them niggaz talkin', conversation kept him on tha
phone
Killa gone grabbed my chrome, I'm in his home.
Let's get him gone, put him in a headlock till I heard
him choke.
So I used my kane, whip & slit his throat
Creeped up on Jody, Jody's dead, now this shit is
smooth
Got away with the money and the gang, Eric Dorseys
on a stick-n-move!
CHORUS

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