

Tinchy Stryder "Move"

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Yeah It's Stryder Man... And We're Live In The Booth...
And We Hear This You Better Start Bangin' Ya Head To
This One... Move To This One... We're Live... MOVE
MOVE MOVE

[Chorus:]

Let Me See You MOVE Loosin' Up Yourself & MOVE Put
Your Hands Up Find A Corner Bang Your Heads And
MOVE
Stryders Here So MOVE Keepin' On Steppin' MOVE Just
Make Sum Noise Raise Your Voice Lose Your Voice And
MOVE

Let Me See You MOVE Loosin' Up Yourself & MOVE Put
Your Hands Up Find A Corner Bang Your Heads And
MOVE
Stryders Here So MOVE Keepin' On Steppin' MOVE Just
Make Sum Noise Raise Your Voice Lose Your Voice And
MOVE

[Verse 1:]

I'm Stryder Boy I'm Right I'm a Black Belt To The Mat
And Witta Little Bit Of Truth No Rules No Fairytale No
Hands To The Facts
And I Know Dem Boys Dat Have So Much When Ya Open
Ya Mouth Don't Say So So And If Ya Get Runnin' Ya
Mouth In The Streets
Ya Might Get Caught On My Gat It's Just Changed You
Could Git Caught On Ya Own It's Ya Own You Did't
Change Ya Tone
And I Face With Dem Boys Dat Looked Toned And Your
Facin' Dem Boys With The Steel 6 Of Em Weight Bout A
Ton Of Steel
Best Not Mess When The Boys Get Rude Where You
Think I'm a Send You Pluck Ya Pockets Git Back To The
Watch N Get Real

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Find A Corner Make A Rep Bang Your Records Make The
Biggest Noise Don't Be Scared To Let It Out And Raise

Your Voice Do You Rep And Were You Reppin'
Rep It For Ya Boys Cause Life Is Real N' Nowadays
People Still Play With Toys So Just Know Wut Ya Doin'
Know Ya Self Out Here And Watch Wut Ya Sayin'
Watch Yourself On Ya Own Can't Git Rude Out There
Wut Ya Sayin' Blud Yo Just Know Wuts Happenin' All The
Streets And Wuts Poppin' Don't Ask The Wrong Thing
Just Move
Don't Need To React Just Move

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Now I've Been Told I Can't Be Controlled Hit Me Up On
The Rest Then I'm Skippin' The Intros Throwin' On West
Skippin' Them Gypo's
Make Them Musicals Round The Round Make My Flow
Tha Shit Tho See I Pick Off The Mark Good Head Start I
Should't Have Gone Bang
Nine Times I Bark I Make Ya Run Boys With Clubs Set To
Make You Run Too Many Men HEERE All South Don't
Worry Stab Them Slit Them
Jump Over Barriers Once There Is A Band Full Of True
Hustlers Now We Battlers Yeah We True Battlers More
Battlin' To The End
Four Clips To The End Then I Break Sum Bad Boy Up In
The Endz I'll Break Sum Men Bad Boy To The End Four
Of Em Bad To The End

[Chorus]

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