

Ol' Dirty Bastard

"Move Back (Ft Drag-On, Jae Mills, Cardan & Lenox AveBoys) (Bonus Track)"

Visit "[Move Back \(Ft Drag-On, Jae Mills, Cardan & Lenox AveBoys\) \(Bonus Track\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: E-Snaps]

Aww, man, yeah, Lenox Ave. Boyz
Aww, man, come on, yea, yeah, yo

[E-Snaps]

You doin' what you doin', let's get it
Starvin' and you robbin', and you catch a nigga slippin',
best get 'em
Hit 'em where the good Lord split him
Introduce myself, go booth yourself
In the far left lane, and I'm, hydro planed
And I'm, slingin' my 'caine, don't care how you feel
Checkin' out the truck, check the wheels
Wanna get fucked, bitch kneel, let me splash in your
grill
Who but me? Muthafuckin' right, get it right
Papi of this motherfuckin' thing, truck tight
Rollin' with my niggaz, we ain't lookin' for no fights
Now pop one in your head, that's all she said
It's time to get head in my Mercedes-Benz
Chipped up and I ain't even talkin' bout my jams
Clipped up, so any nigga frontin', gettin' banned
Give 'em all ten in his chin, I'm all in

[Chorus 4X: Meeno]

Move back, move back, you can't fuck with me, huh
I'm from the click called N.I.B

[Meeno]

Next up, I believe that's me
Meeno, get it right, no discrepancy
Always keep a weapon, see, run it ground
Worth of stones, nothin' less on me, why you stress on
me
Niggaz mad cause I stretch my D., ya'll dudes want my
recipe?
Here's what ya'll do, hit the lab, write an album or two
Then I might let you sign my shoe, that's just how I do
Everybody sayin', boy too souped up
Nah, I'm just hot, plus Bentley Coup'd up

Who put, you too busy holdin' the stoupe up
Ya'll fault your broke, and not mine, stupe'a
I'm like Juve', I need it in my life
Got fifty birds flyin' in, later on tonight
Rock and I hustle, so I get paid twice
Life is a gamble boy, roll your dice

[Chorus 4X]

[Tony Wink]

Who you know spit flows, get dough like I
In the L.A.B.'s, motherfucker, no lie
Hit the links I've seen, back in late '95
Had to wait for two nine, rockin' and clickin' on both
sides
Of course we gon' ride, ride over the competition
The real has arrived, ya'll bitch niggaz is finished
All I gotta do is Nextel tag my lieutenant
Your whole click will get toe tagged tagged in two
minutes
This to them fools thinkin' they gon' catch the God
slippin'
I'm always on point and I'm always packin' my weapon
You see me in the club, believe me, I got the tech in
I slipped the DJ a guard, you slipped it in with the
records
Either you love it or hate it, but bet you gon' respect it
Rainbow glow, when the lights hit off the necklace
I'm what you can't be, young, black, rich, and wreckless
It's the god free, and L.A.B.'s, one two, check it

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude: Jae Millz]

Remix! Huh, yeah, it's 101, what?
You know what it is when you hear that, Harlem
Fix ya face or smacked in it, Harlem
Harlem, right here, Harlem
You gon' stupid if you don't bounce to this man
You gonna only look like a hater, huh-huh
Lenox Ave. Boyz, what up, it's only right
They know what it is, man, remix

[Jae Millz]

Move back, its no touchin' me, I'm from that place
called NYC
H Dub to the death, and I don't give a fuck what party it
is
I'm still in the club wearin' sweats (hah)
Milk ears with the money colored check
Ill two step, blowin' dubs with the best

Live life, most hated, with my Lenox Ave. Boyz
Remix, Move Back, with Grease providing all the noise
Huh, your home boy game so raw
And I ain't even gotta say my name no more
Haters wanna give my name to the law
But punchin' and kickin', to kick us all, they can blame
you for
Might catch me in the 'Lac with Snaps
Or lightin' sticky green 'dro, with Wink and Meeno
You from the hood and you ain't no coward, well me
neither
And before you step on my sneaker, I really think you
need to (move back, move
back)

[Drag-On]

This your boy to the dash
Same nigga, no talkin', just result to the mass
I stab niggaz, throw the hawk in the trash
Peroxide my bullets, give the burners a bath
Three fifty Z, burnin' the Ave
I'm old school, I still got the fiends burnin' the glass
I pull the pump off my waist, and dumb in your face
I'm a little bit too hard for the radios to play
I still can spit eighty miles an hour in a verse
And my Coupe go eighty miles an hour in reverse
I let my tool go, ya'll niggaz just studio killas
Nigga, I'mma killa in the studio
I got guns that'll hollow a wall
Point it to your jaw, make you swallow it all
Ya'll niggaz want hardcore?
What the fuck you think the R, and Full Surface and D-
Block is for?

[Cardan]

They ask, who's that, that's P-Cardi
And what he in, what he in, he in a Fer-rari
You know I'm strapped, you know I'm strapped, I got
the heat on me
And what I'm wearin', and what I'm wearin', a long
Bigari
Thinkin' I'm Joe Clark, nigga, try to 'lean on me'
But if he is, like Biggie said, 'he gon' bleed'
Niggaz ain't hard, niggaz heart full of creatine
But go against that, green, I go against your, brain
And don't fuck with me and the kid, I've been a daddy
all my life
No 'dro, we gon' blow that alley all day, say what
Act stupid, we gon' it crackin' here tonight
Greasin', Meen' on the front, with Snappy on my right
If rap don't work, nigga, we go to the kitchen

Those ain't hoes, so then you know we ain't pimpin'
I'm on, my toes, so nigga, no, I ain't slippin'
Too close, hold somethin', or now I know Cardy didn't

[Terra Blacks]

And if he know, what keep me little
Think you know, I think it later
See me, and my guns come to, just like a waiter
You up north, singin' just like Anita Baker
Make up your mind, then come and ready, feen to
meet your maker
The man that laugh last, will surely laugh harder
Me have a gonna shut up and eat bars, and all of the
prankster
With them and I for black gangster (huh, I'm from the
click called N.I.B.)

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

But drunk, when he hop inside, in the club gettin' tired
Bitches scatter all around me, ready to excite it
All these kittens got me flea bitten, eatin' out my mitten
I'm comin' off top, my moves are unwritten
Now slitter to the snake, in the spring time wither
But strong on my own, Wu-Tang, I'm forever
Women desirin', jobs is hiring
Money admiring, never keep tiring
Rhymin' ain't nothin', the easiest job ever
And I'm doing mine, holdin' it together
While money quadruple, from playin' the cripple
Drinkin' from a titty nipple, sippin' on ripple
Blunt keep on flippin', from keep gettin' dippin'
The mic I'm rippin', the record skippin'
The pussy drippin', the wet got me slippin'
The bitch I'm strippin', I'm platinum shippin'

[Chorus 4X]

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