

## **Ol' Dirty Bastard "Move Back"**

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[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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