

Red Cafe

"Move Out"

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f/ Freeway

[Verse 1 - Red Cafe]

GUESS who stepped in the motha fuckin door!

Who? R.C. I break laws and make laws

You do WHAT? Break jaws and take yours

I got heart that somethin y'all couldn't pay for

Got paper, money forever green

Glock .20 spittin a hundred and seventeen

Who gonna stop money, the homies forever scream

Never gonna happen, all go out clappin

Ay yo, R-Dot sling hard rock yay yo

I'm bout payroll

Hoes, love them niggas that game tight

Trust me, I'm gon' be drillin the same night

that I peeps her, R play with more keys than Alicia

With the poppies I got credit like Visa

I breathe ether, make you fools believers

R Dot Brooklyn bangin a team leader

[Chorus]

[Red Cafe]

Y'all niggas industry, my niggas in these streets

We get money endlessly

Bitch niggas don't blend with me

Real niggas move in with me

Now move out

[Red Cafe & Freeway]

Y'all niggas industry, my niggas in these streets

We get money endlessly

Bitch niggas don't blend with me

Real niggas move in with me

Now move out

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

Guess who STEPPED in this mother fucka

Need no intro, entro TECHS in the mother fucka

Free-way, your man and his gat

I cock slugs back rip through your vest

The block run that handle the glock

and die one day pray with the Lord

Scream gun play but run to the cops

When I'm in the room your bitch cater to boss

Rap Prince Nasir slip hook and a block

You wanna BET my team flow better than y'all

Ghetto nigga get head in a drought

Free a Smith & Wesson metal nigga throw lead at your
pops

Plus y'all niggas industry

My niggas in the streets

We dump heat, circle the block

Let the mack squirt on whoever act first

Let your Ac hurt, truck in the shop

Listen y'all niggas into rap and don't get interviews

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Red Cafe]

This the block where niggas run lights

Every night, gun fights

Niggas scream fuck the cops, you better come right

Crack is slung, coke is snorted

And everybody know everybody and they support it

Streets is infested, I can't lie

I'm in the street well invested, nothin I can't buy

And I mean nothin, I can buy your life

Nigga you ain't nothin, go ahead sip somethin

You little punk don't tempt me

I made sure I left my car trunk empty

Just so you know I'm only here to claim the king of the throne

Whether it takes a mic fight or swingin the chrome

I need it, and I'ma bring it till its brought, believe it

Plus I know you ain't got no iron cause you anemic

Hold up, I don't think you heard me

You ain't got no iron cause you anemic

[Chorus]

[Outro - Red Cafe]

I gave everybody ample opportunity to get money with
me

Now you gonna watch me eat from the sidelines nigga

Lets do it

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