

Big Shug f/ Singapore Kane

"Streets Move"

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[Big Shug]

Yeah, here we go, here we go
Big Shug, comin at you baby with my man Singapore
Got the streets movin on 'em baby, that's whassup
Make moves on them niggaz

Once again, it's the last of the dying breed
Burstin and pushin trees, blastin my enemies
Never conform to nothin, always perform for somethin
Hustle for big chips, shufflin cards and shit
Spittin it for the bricks, spittin it for this clique
Spittin it for the thugs surrounded by dime chicks
Yes I stay intense, my style's, different
I purify the water like 50 Cent
Spit it heavy heavy, Porsche Caddy or Chevy
Who gave a fuck about your ride when they broke the
levy
Don't blame it on the Pres, blame it on the black mayor
The Pres got the power, the mayor's just a sayer
I'm still touchin pullin squeezin and clappin
Co-captain when I spit on beats by Preem
I live the life, that you MC's dream
But I'm still chasin after the cream
Yes I'm still at it, hungry like the very first day
when I picked the microphone up and made the crowd
sway
I still scream JUST MOVE ON 'EM
Put the weapons in the air and put TWO ON 'EM~!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Streets move on 'em, he fake moves put two on him
Aim for the head, put pressure on him
Don't believe what he say, just move on him
Streets move on 'em, streets move on 'em

{*scratch: "go against the grain cause I'm a real
man"*}
{*"a sad game, we all tryin to win it"*} {*"gangsters
respect"*}

[Singapore Kane]

Poetic street lyricist, hot flows bring heat to my sentences
Fuck a weak gimmick cause I'm deep, did I mention that
MC's try to spit but I hoch lungies
I was dope when Bobby Brown was rockin that Gumby
Cops fear me cause they don't scare me
My "Moment of Truth" came when I applied the "Robbin Hood Theory"
Rob from the rich and give to the poor
I'm tight on the stage with the mic, like Eddie Murphy in _Raw_
On the block where I drunk 'gnac and threw up, where Malcolm X grew up
Where new bucks try to make a few bucks
The crack route might get that ass whacked out
I beat backs out, drink Guinness Black Stout
I know rastas who still drive Cutlasses
and pack machetes to fuck up your skin like eczema
I be smooth, when I hear the beat groove
Richter couldn't measure, how I make the streets move, streets move

[Chorus]

[Big Shug]

You foolin the people, push records to sell
Rappin that lie music, dancin to minstrel
Sinful to sing your hooks, layin out for the crooks
We know you ain't sayin nothin your whole persona's shook
I'm likin that ice too, I'm likin them cars too
Born with no silver spoon, grindin I have to do
True with my moves, never settle for nothin
Record deals are false, cats with no pulse
sayin I can be thug, when they know they man's soft
The industry is soft, take a look at your boss
Today, he's the one, livin like Bill Gates
Tell you everyday to hurry up so you can wait
Your mentality's street so every day you creep
He could be yo' next victim any day of the week
Grab him by the shirt, look him dead in the eye
Yell out Biggie Smalls, make him "Ready to Die"

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