

## Slaughter

### "Move On"

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[Verse 1: joell ortiz]

No I don't respond with answers that fit a script  
So the repetition will make a nigga flip  
We in the game of smokin mirrors  
Those engineering a bigger spliff  
Blowin circles out they mouth gettin praise but the shit  
is shift  
I never lived a myth if I said it I did it  
Never alleged word to dead I gripped da fif  
I made my housing tenament a strip  
Movin' medicine in nicks  
When I seen 'em comin' I jetted from them pricks  
And still to this day though she clean I wish my mommy  
never sniffed  
But the hurt is makin' me betta with this gift  
I'm live with this ink  
U could die in a blink an  
Ya'll got the nerve to ask me why do I drink an  
Motherfuckers sometimes I cry when I'm think'n  
Ya'll ain't there when them tears bein' dried by the sink  
It was cold in the winter  
My community centers who gave me dinner  
I aind mind my table chairs gave me splinters  
Set up to be a loser but was made to be a winner  
If they paint hip hop I bet my face be in the picture  
If they wrote a rap bible bet my name be in the  
scriptures  
If shorty say I'm her idol bet her face be in my zipper  
I came a long way from the staples in my skrilla  
Stains on my pants hardly had a cut  
The ladies ain't wanna dance so house parties would  
suck  
All my friends on the wall I'm in the hall with a cup  
Nah I ain't complain'n just tellin' ya'll what it is  
So if ya'll goin thru it now just know that anotha kid  
Made somethin' outta nothin' well I'm frontin' I was  
never nothin'  
Older ladies used to tell my mother ain't he somethin'  
I look at a lot of u cats an laugh  
Cause I'm the shit man an ya'll ain't even passin' gas  
When I spit I'm the definition of mastered craft

An all ya'll ask about is aftermath  
Motherfucker move on...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: joe budden]

I gotta give my own interview  
Since niggas that do my interviews  
Focus on wutevas miniscule  
An paint me as a cynical  
But the canvas will limit you  
You can't go beyond what there's no limit to  
If I think hip hop is dead I think it's bein' revived  
An that comes from me bein' inside  
Where the demons get by see 'em goodbye  
If I'm vehement heres why  
Come from hearin' it seein' ve-nom-ous lies  
So the beast in me cries cause when it's all u hear  
Shit can over-bear just when the over in air  
So I try to think straight cause when u stare in the rear  
Rest in peace stewart shakir nigga yea  
I'm on anotha label not that other label  
That mean it's no longer my problem it's theirs  
Some say it's a conspirc'  
I say if erybodys on the thrown that's just more motive  
to kill the heir  
Ask me bout pump it up an I'm a think u sheep  
Oh u must not know I'm deep  
I'm so off of music so ya'll can soundscan every week  
Me I just got my lil man every week  
Jersey city loves me despite ya'll beliefs  
Cause they was baby steppin' I showed 'em how 2 leep  
Ask me about swagg I'm a change tha topic  
To lyrics an than brag  
Plus look at u like a fag  
I luv everybody don't ask bout who I beef with  
They burnt tha bridge but they was standin' underneath  
it  
I'm on my grind benjamin huntin'  
Was old since I was young call me benjamin button  
Stop using slang just 4 u 2 be cool  
Cause I go back 2 when it was cool 2 be u  
I'm a hero no I mean I'm hiro from heroes  
Ya'll chase zeros  
Mahfukka I just got finished hatin' me feelin' like a zero  
They played de niro never been there though  
So before your next thought understand  
Know it's much more 2 me than a man  
Either that or move on...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: royce da 5'9"]

My rhymes reflection is scarface an prem's soul  
Before jordan was wearin' four five  
I just look like this I just seemed old  
But I had to bleed the blood of a dirty motherfucker  
To suffer clean clothes an touch what a king holds  
The real estate market is harsh everything goes  
From folds to who u was doin' everything for  
But I cut 'em off an move on to the new checks  
New friends chasin' my new endz with new threats  
Watchin' my dreams fold like a stack of bills  
In the pocket of who ain't tryin' to push up daffodils  
But we the super group u could'nthandle this shit  
If u were standin' before us carryin' the pooper scoop  
U dealt with shady shit? I dealt with shady's shit  
But I'm the only one can trully say I dealt with shady's  
shit

I mean that with all respect to paul an sheck  
But ryan an marshall is all u get  
My flows superb I luv pauly rosenberg  
What I say in a track those just words  
Baby boy forgive me I'm just street  
Cause I can change into anything niggas want me to be  
Like mystique I don't gotta dig deep  
To realize slim baught big proof a big jeep  
Because he deserved it  
How can I mourn the same way shady did  
Over him when he knew him when he attended  
osbourne  
Marshall I'm sorry I knew it went left  
I ain't into fuckin' my family like incest  
If u remember ice used to be my lifes interest  
Tell hailie my wife just had a princess  
Since I made up with em there's nothin' else  
That I can move on from so who wants some  
Like a jar of grey poupon  
U have to ask anybody in any car  
Want it or move on...

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: crooked I]

When fans picture my interviews  
They think I'm in a swimmin' pool  
With women who've been abused  
So they turn into strippers  
Makin they livin' in the nude  
One in the middle blowin' my inner tube  
While the interviewers gettin ridiculed  
Is this your vision cool

Let me give u a little jewel  
Any dude who wanna sit n my tennis shoes is missin  
screwz  
Don't get it misconstrued  
Don't get tha shit confused  
I'm 2 seconds from prison food I'm a different dude  
Pistol in my reach man  
Still in long beach man  
Hoping if my grind don't help me get out my speech  
can  
I been in the streets longer than yao mings wingspan  
U can be mtv I'll be cspan  
I deal with politics bandanas and hollow tips  
Half u rappers follow this  
Role models can swallow dick  
Was stressed out over cashflow  
Hiphop used 2 console my soul  
Now it's a bunch of assholes  
Rap about and dance while I'm targeting cops  
Spit sum shit 4 oscar grant hit tha seargent with shots  
Make him a ghost like he part of tha lox  
I won't stop recordin' till I'm makin songs harder than  
pac's  
If it don't happen at least a nyggah know he right there  
Every memory under my dodger hats a nightmare  
As a kid I had 2 steal breakfast  
An now tha best question u have 2 ask me  
Is this a real necklace  
Wheres ya beat from dre ya feature from cube  
These things leave people confused  
Cause they know I leave speakers abused I eat tha eq's  
I eat thru tha beat what's tha secret I think it's tha shoes  
Out in cali nyggahs blaze an stress  
Waitin' on detox 2 save tha west  
Even if tha shit is dope  
It ain't givin u nyggahs hope  
Unless your signatures wrote on tha check from  
interscope... nope

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