

Evil Lyrics by Dark Funeral

"Don't Move"

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(JT)

Figga-nometry.

(Mac Mall)

Yea, yea, yea, yea.

It's yo folks Mac Mall ???

Always keep my shit mayne. Ya know?!

We through here.

Yea, yea!

Where it's at nigga?

Verse 1 *(Mac Mall)*

I'm a cut throat nigga

I told her, gone off that Nitro

go mani on yo block makin ??? sleep wit the lights on

Mr. Vicious down to do wrong

wit a pack of savage niggas that'll come an get ya

outta ya jones

damn them squares ain't safe

got him for the briefcase

a big face

and I was bare faced

I know ya hate the taste of my name in yo mouth

you know what I'm bout

quick to test yo d-boy clout an leave ya laid out

busta I never liked ya keep a thousand yards stiff

when I'm mashin by, ya pussy posse ain't gon' appear

like if I hopped out, told ya to run yo shit playa

we both know that the moss will leave yo ass dead

I run the hood like a jungle

king of the beast

head hunters after me, I make 'em all bleed

fuck the rollas man, they betta not run up on my plot

cuz I won't dump until I drop my semi on cops

blowin my top

lettin loose like a nut

should all the stoppers bag me up that's how ya bring

the funk

so when ya see me comin, folks ya betta watch ya shit
I start to mobbin in this BITCH! MUTHA FUCKA!

Chorus *(Mac Mall)*

You know I want it nigga
I know you got it nigga
when you see me pull out my heat, juss come up out it
nigga.
You know I want it nigga
I know you got it nigga
when you see me pull out my heat, juss come up out it
nigga.
Don't flinch.
Don't Move.
Don't break.
My bottle will make ya body shake sucka.
Don't flinch.
Don't Move.
Don't break.
Or today is gon' be your last day.
(Wha?)
(Wha?)
(Wha?)

Verse 2 *(JT Tha Bigga Figga)*

As I rumble through the clothes in yo dresser
hopin I catch ya
wit a bundle of bread cut him up an get him for his vest
an his pistol
an his sacks
stuff my pockets
out the back
an I'm off to the track
4-5 an a vest an I'm all in black
an i got me a gat
cuz you know an I know that war field
that broke niggas provoke niggas
an dumb niggas gon' go there
but oh well
it's all official, comin to get ya
niggas wit dope sells
an if you wonder we gon' split ya
niggas wit mo mail
this Cali livin' ain't no jokin
paper chasin on my hustle to the day I go broke
satisfied wit my riches
never that I keep it goin wit my
cut him all in the back of a bucket we blowin
test the nuts of these ridas

man it's on, on sight
got my pistol in my pocket an I'm ready to strike
we foldin 'em up like blankets
tuck 'em away like Ben Franklin's
on a day-to-day basis, different places an leave 'em
stankin.
Don't Move nigga.

Chorus *(JT Tha Bigga Figga)* 2x

You know I want it nigga
I know you got it nigga
when you see me pull out my heat, juss come up out it
nigga.
You know I want it nigga
I know you got it nigga
when you see me pull out my heat, juss come up out it
nigga.
Don't flinch.
Don't Move.
Don't break.
My bottle will make ya body shake sucka.
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Don't Move.
Don't break.
Or today is gon' be your last day.

(JT talking)

Figga-nometry!
The young Mac Meez.
5-Tre-5, GLP, ya understand me?
Get Low, Young Black Brotha (YBB) colabortion.
9-9.
Doin' it live.
Movie and soundtrack beware of those nigga.
JT Tha Bigga Figga an Mac Mall puttin it down, sewin up
this independent Bay
Area nigga.
Takin it world wide.
Ya understand me boi?!
Uh.
Yea, yea, yea!

(Chorus)

You know I want it nigga
I know you got it nigga
when you see me pull out my heat, juss come up out it
nigga.
You know I want it nigga

I know you got it nigga
when you see me pull out my heat, juss come up out it
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Don't flinch.
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