

## DJ Envy & Red Cafe f/ Styles P, Uncle Murda "Move Like a G"

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[Intro: Red Cafe]

Yeah! Shakedown! The Co-Op!

[Chorus: Red Cafe]

Move like a G supposed to, lame niggas don't hear me  
Fo' life I'm a be a soldier, stack chips on the daily  
Shorty get low on the flo', hands in the air right near  
me  
And when we come around, through yo' town, it's goin  
down, goin down

[Verse 1: Red Cafe]

Yeah! Been toatin (Yeah!)  
Hot! Cafe! Been smokin  
Knee deep in that water, been soakin  
Like my team be off Ex they been rollin  
Your jewels is wet, mine been frozen  
What I be sailin big look, Atlantic Ocean  
Niggas speak my name like I wouldn't toast him  
Got my dick in his mouth, been chokin  
They love my style yep, I own them  
Do the shit for rap, I been holdin  
I be nice to y'all niggas when R goes in  
Cafe, wake 'em up, when they dozin  
You a gangsta huh? Led it golden  
Nigga fuck the rap, let the fo' fo' ring!  
The boss is back, tell 'em I just flown in  
And I'm glidin bitch look, G folds in (What else?)

[Chorus: Red Cafe]

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[Verse 2: Styles P]

Move like a G supposed to  
The toaster will hit him in his face while he drink his  
Mamasa

Tell us who's close to that? The ghost is back  
Shotty on the shoulder strapped hauntin niggas  
And I don't fuck around when the four in niggas  
I'm a ground ball, yeah I be tauntin niggas  
I'm a shoot 'em up, stomp 'em out, Yonkers nigga  
And anybody I beef with I conquer nigga  
Quick fast on him if he got cash on him  
Got a young bot that's thirsty to blast on him  
Old school P got his gloves and his mask on him  
I don't need a gun give him somethin to smash on him  
You got a little hawk I see somethin to slash  
I'm a be his teacher yeah if he got his math  
I got ideas big plans drive in the big van  
Want him in your town is I be big man, what

[Chorus: Red Cafe]

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[Verse 3: Uncle Murda]

I got the whole B.K. pickin they llamas up (BANG!!!)  
They like it's on, Murda throwin the diamond up (I'm  
throwin it up!!!)  
Don't ask me if I'm beefin with them little guys (Don't  
ask me that!)  
That's old news I got a bigger fish to fry  
R.O.C. still runnin this rap shit  
Everybody done fell off I don't know what happened  
I'm G.M.G. and R.O.C.  
Can't front I got New York hittin back the police  
Look you don't need drugs my music get you higher  
I make you feel Marlo from The Wire  
Get all your goons get your guns and go fire  
Make all them other dudes who be hustlin retire  
It's gettin hot, summertime comin up  
Murda got a record deal these niggas done fucked up  
I'm a boost the crime rate (WHAT!)  
So if you don't really want beef with me, you better stay  
out my way

[Chorus: Red Cafe]

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[Outro: DJ Envy]

DJ Envy! Red Cafe! The Co-Op! Move like a G!

We doin that spot you keep that two two under your  
socks

We movin like a G! The Co-Op! It's The Co-Op!!!

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