

Supertramp

"Movin' Weight"

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Cam'ron:

(Chorus)

Why I feel like I'm losin' weight

Why I ain't got no money, less I'm movin' weight

Why my life depend on what I'mma do today

Why I can't move away

It's just you and me, without the scrutiny,

bitches screwin' me, 2 and 3 truenicies

4 shots, 1 toolie G, 1 uliogy

Make sure my mother and girl is smothered in pearls

Before a nigga under the world

When I was 10 got the truly dict, My uncle pulled me to the side

And he schooled me quick, told me son gooey- spit

You can't get paid in a earth this big, you worthless kid

Niggas don't deserve to live, go and get a

motherfucker

if he murder kids, bottle up carbohydrates and

preservatives

He got hit up that same night

Ever since my flow, my dough, and my hoe game been

tight

Puns of pearls, yo tounge will twirl, listen here

Booger bear, I'll have you up in hooker gear, I swear

I was doin', Lex persuin', niggas wired like Western

Union

Short like next to Ewing, head for truent, his set was

ruined

Phony checks was fluent, listen hear me out

I'm from a cocaine block, with some plain clothes cops

Where the sun don't rise, but the rain don't stop

The pain don't stop, but my reign don't stop

Ain't no lockouts, the game don't stop

Every month you change yo locks, change yo spots

Get a little smart, want to change yo rocks

Rearrange yo tops you got a gang of friends, money

You got Ben's arraign money, yeah Ben ?? money

But if I get knocked, I ain't got no bail

But I come on the weekend, from Pablo's jail

See I came a long way that's livin' the wrong way

That's sniffin' the po-na, that's sippin' the cog-na, hey
You wanna be a star, you have ya own day
>From where they play ball, drink and get buzzed
Reminisclin' on what a good kid he was
I don't know what happened, all he did is what he loved
That's when you opposin' me, killa get the rosary
Fuck this rap shit, I'll die for mine, motherfucker

Chorus(Prodigy):

Prodigy:

I'm around yall, it's goin' down yall
murder rap, clown niggas back down yall
Straight like that, yall niggas fuck around yo
Bandana P, blow thirds, the four take you on all fours
Thug shit, I keep a beamed out fifth
Is you fiend out bitch, catch a gleamed bullet
I live the street life ya heard, guns money and birds
Get dead armed and dead on ya jewels and pearls
Where I was placed, put between the wrong style thun
Capital P, you know whats the outcome
Bout some, but never put out the stout guns
Don't let ya mouth get you in some shit ya legs run
from
For all the killa's and the 100 dollar hoes
Who real ??? check me out though
The most ill, more drama than Denzel
More liver than the park fights at Sunny Carson
Me and Killa Cam, live at the carbon
it's crazy, niggas throwin' they shit
and niggaz flashin' crazy

Chorus(Cam'ron):

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