

Florian Eyring

"One False Move"

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Badung Bang

(CHORUS)

Ren your dangerous, you know you bat like a week
Ren your dangerous gun shots from Juagardonlee
Dangerous, me know you bat like a week
Ren your dangerous, gun shots from Juagardonlee

[MC Ren]

Move, now let me fall into the groove
Breakin' niggaz off but I break 'em off smooth
Used to try to pimp, but the ho's got old
A nigga can't remember how much dope that I sold
In my youth, the shit is the truth, go to jail for the proof
Niggaz makin' records sellin' two copies
Tryin' to fuck with me because your rap's sloppy
Now back in your cage your wings are short
You tall, dirty motherfuckers dig the basketball courts
I can tear ya ass up in a rhyme
But I won't mention your name, 'cause that's a waste of
my time
So I call my niggaz, Chip and Dollar Bill
Scoop up to the hill when we move in for the kill
Never retreat you dirty nigga take a seat
Big motherfuckin' feet, with your wack assed beats
So train "What up?" cut 'em with the shape
Make the nigga walk the plank, the dirty nigga always
stank
Nigga better raise like the Titanic
Ain't from Atlantic, but I'll make your ass panic
And that's only one step, pride is kept
A glass of piss weigh as much as your rep
Nigga your through

One false move and a motherfucka's dead
>From one Nine millimeter shot to the head
One false move and a motherfucka's dead
>From one Nine millimeter shot to the head

(CHORUS)

[Da Konvicted Felon]

Quad is kept, I step
With the nine millimeter come
Complicated with the gat to the back of the devil's head
Then I pull the trigger till he dead
Red rum, all I can see when I close my eyes at night
Dreamin' of vision of murderers comin' with butt, while
Satan's out to fight
I ain't rappin' to tight
You're fuckin' with a motherfuckin' madman
That don't take shit from a redneck chick
You can put your mouth up my steel dick
And suck until I pull my trigger come, ejaculate my gun
What'll be done, when I be makin' your blood run
Into the stretch
And motherfuck that white trigger that got his fuckin'
ass beat
Many be pussy poppin' can't attail for that knee
But not so many as I gave so much a buck, buck from
me
Buck, but it gets it up, I'm tryin' to defend my own skin
>From a nigga who loves crackers, so come and ya
jack 'em
Sleep with the enemy and get treated as such
The convicted followed no bust, and lust for you
To make that one false move

One false move and a motherfucka's dead
>From one nine millimeter shot to the head
One false move and a motherfucka's dead
>From one nine millimeter shot to the head

But if every nigga grabbed a nine
And started shootin' motherfucker's it would put 'em in
line(2x)

[Dollar Bill]

I was never the one to run with the pack
But was the mastermind for settin' up the jack
So if they every saw my beamin' it wasn't from crack
I musta been beamin' them grubs to hit the sack
And let me remember the days of way back
When everybody was homies and no one played that
Rockin' 'em, sockin' 'em, knockin' 'em out the box now
tell me what's up
Look at me wrong fool, you get tossed up
I mean fucked up, you lucked up
I didn't come out a long time ago, with the fast or the
slow flow
And callin' me wack, no that's a no no
The style just so wild, while your style just so-so

Nasty, they can't pass me, it's too fast see
Niggaz that blast fast I don't let 'em blast me
Usin' my mind like a nine millimeter to abuse
So don't make one false move

One false move and a motherfucka's dead
>From one nine millimeter shot to the head
One false move and a motherfucka's dead
>From one nine millimeter shot to the head

(CHORUS)

Many more will laugh and suffer, many more will laugh
and die
One false move, and it's an eye for an eye

(CHORUS)

"Yeah, I'm ready to die today"(repeat out)

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