

Freeway & Jake One f/ Birdman

"Follow My Moves"

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[Intro - Birdman - talking] Yeah nigga N-O, Philly (Philly)
You know? C-M-B, one hundred [Verse 1 - Freeway] I
was piss poor, water used to leak in my place First we
struggled, then we hustled 'til the paper got straight
Copped weight, plates got scrapped Then we chopped
it up and bagged the twelve twelves, five eights Twenty
four/seven on my Kane shit, +No Half-Steppin+ For
protection, kept a weapon on waist We grind hard, if we
happen to catch a charge Two lawyers, Frank Spina,
Lou Savino on the case They, spank that, then we
straight I'm a neighborhood legend, Benz wagon with
the hatchback That was way back, before the contract
My right hand had a red Ac' Legend And we stay
smokin reefer, havin marijuana sessions We had y'all
bitches gettin high, catchin contact Any problem with
you guys, nickel nine that Bring my hood everywhere
I'm at, I define reppin, yeah [Chorus - Freeway] We
from the bottom, now we shinin with jewels We keep on
grindin and we rhyme like we got something to prove
But don't follow me, follow my moves young'n Don't
follow me, follow my moves young'n [Birdman] Yeah,
we from the bottom and we grind with tools Make
money everyday, candy paint with jewels nigga Don't
follow me, follow my moves young'n Don't follow me,
follow my moves young'n [Verse 2 - Birdman] Fresh
paint, Pearl 40, honey racks on the Harley On the grind
every day, big mansions and Ferraris Uptown nigga,
where it all started Big money, big guns out the hallway
Hit the hood in something new, stuntin every day
Blowin purple haze, with a 100K With a hundred B's, all
stackin cheese Y-M, C-M-B With the Louis frames, with
the curtains back In the new Phantom, star light, laid
back Born rich, "Hood Rich", Cash Money, more shit
M.O.B., UPT, spent a mill' on some keys, candy leather
seats Project life, tats and fleets Hundred mill', it's
what we eat [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Freeway] Put up, shut
up, y'all niggaz run up Tag you with the burner for the
+ #1 Stunna+ Y'all niggaz never had flows like Freezer
Nigga please, you'll never have cheese like Baby Keys
to the Phantom, not the keys to the Mercedes "Last of
the Mohicans", I'll be sleepin with the cannon I wake

with it on and quake it on, whoever's drawn You play
with it on, I stay with it on Nigga try me, put the cannon
to his wig If he eatin, I am creepin, bring the cannon to
his crib No doubt, we will go on route We move out for
the money dummy, this is how we live This is Birdman
and Philly Free We are eatin, gettin money off of words
man Came a long way from flippin birds man If y'all
niggaz hatin, just let it be [Chorus]

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