

## The Union

### "Move On"

Visit "[Move On](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

featuring Blaze, Sticky Fingaz, X-1

(Do you believe in God? '98 nigga)

[Sticky Fingaz]

I'm from New York nigga, the murder capital  
Come in my hood wearin the wrong shit, they might cap  
you

I'm a sinner, I hope God forgive me  
At the rate I'm goin now my moms'll probably out-live  
me

All my niggas is hardcore criminals  
All I got left is my word and my genitals  
I'm on some thug shit till I get cremated  
Me and Larry Davis probably related  
I hate the judge and can't stand the cops  
Wanna dump on them pigs till my hands get hot  
You wanna KILL ME? I ain't scared to get smoked  
I'll probably die laughin, cuz y'all niggas is jokes  
WHAT!

I wanna wrap my hands around your throat WHAT!  
I'll make Ted Bundy look like the pope  
I show no love cuz I ain't got no feelings  
You know the routine, reach for the ceiling  
And if not for you, do it for your child's sake, nigga  
I'll get you murdered then come to your wake  
I speak in four-letter words, my rhymes is curse  
Niggas ears gon' bleed when they hear this verse  
Holdin court in the streets, I ain't doin a bid  
I'd rather die, put that on my unborn kid  
There's two ways out the game, death or jail  
If there's a God, then WHY THE FUCK I'M LIVIN IN HELL?

Chorus

There's two ways out the game, death or jail  
If there's a God, then why He got us livin in hell (4x)

[X-1]

X-1'll blast five (BLAOW!) through the back of your neck  
Out your mouth, I'll bet that'll straighten you out  
Live shit is the realest shit of all subjects

And I love wreck, put the pressure on any suspect  
Life tactics is all I spit in my rap shit  
Most y'all cats is wack and need practice  
Get burned to ashes, spit on your casket  
It's mad sick, drastic, it don't get no harder than this  
Squeezin hard for the chips  
More bricks, the larger the wrist but that's the fun of it  
Every car hidden got a gun in it, I'm tryin to get mine  
Get out and run wit it, kid extort your block  
Unorthodox, this is all off the top  
X-1'll throw you off the docks  
And I done laid the best to rest over this music  
Half y'all niggas is S-O-S WHAT  
Stuck On Stupid

Chorus

[Blaze]

Slugs I send express, take it to your face and chest  
Digest gun smoke, don't provoke finger in trigger  
Been love sick, gat throw like ugly  
Mister thug clip, biggest the slugs hit  
One of you bugs better maintain  
I claim you got game, drown you in a lake of octane  
Never miss when I cock the four-fifth  
Stain your garments, hit any target  
>From New York to Cali, I leave you fucked up in a back  
alley  
Swell you up and bury your heart  
Shells won't stop fallin, once they start blocks spark  
It's trouble, rippin your parts, for your flesh bubble  
Hell cuddles my life line in this trife time  
Bust shots, live nines  
Drive mines crazy like V-J Day  
Live life the PJ way, it's D-Day  
When A & A sprays  
Travelin, like a heat-seekin javelin  
Blaze slays rivals when battlin

Chorus

Visit [The Union](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.