

Outlawz f/ Willie D "Move Something"

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[Intro: Willie D Talking] To the top, ha ha ha Cause you know that's where we're going with this shit, right? Question; what you think would happen?! If you put the realest niggaz down south, on a Mike Dean track With the realest niggaz from the West Coast! You will have, the Trigger Happy motherfucking Geto Boys Bringing the noise with the Outlawz All competitions is datable, cause our record is impeccable [Verse One: Willie D] Misery love company while these niggaz wanna see me fall My .44 Magnum make them crawl, fuck them all I don't need them, they die like mutts In the middle of the streets, with a slug in their guts These niggaz saying that I can't rap, now, look who bucked? A bunch of broke ass niggaz, who ain't got nothing I'm motivated, to get the cheese Rap shit played out, I'ma move to keys As simple as that.. [Chorus: EDI Amin] You better.. move something, if you want something Paper chasing, motivation, gets my money coming One in a million motherfuckers gonna make to where I made it Broken and activated, I can see that you hate it But hate on, and I'ma get my money right Play on, all day long, you need to get your game tight Later on, and I'ma get my money right Play on, all day long, you need to get your game tight [Verse Two: Castro] I just might pull a trive stuff That'll get my strike up, ride 'til I bite dust For all you livers; tough talk must want Put your beef on the street, put your feet on a creep Keep your hand on your heat A lot of big bros, snitch folks, holler out when they whistle We'll run that, bring some of that, why you ?? so pitiful? I know you call, play first, just in this role Now, I don't call with no punk that have me no love Where your hustle at? - ?? back and muscle right there So when you rumble back, every one stacking for real Leave my stacking to live, I'm just stacking some more You niggaz acting for real, ain't seen no drama before [Verse Three: Napoleon] Nigga, this shit definite, will retend your body You got no Oxygen to resole with this breath of your life I'll overcrossing it to the overdose The youngest body see sneaks on the westcoast There ain't no mummy strip us at divert coast I'm comatosed, funny making You got

the Acting Up, I'll get the Jaw Breaking I'm taking them,
this shit is in my plate You niggaz taking it, it's real
tonight Some roll around the block, and got in the fist
fight It's me, moves as Napoleon, we're known to dress
as real tight Spotting the realest killers niggaz when
'Pac got life Nigga, I'm telling you, you better take your
bat with your fate This shit is a prevalent And dead or
alive, this shit is inherits The Outlawz to the laws that's
begging to live some more [Chorus: EDI Amin] [Verse
Four: EDI Amin & Young Noble] Everyday, I hustle 'til I
bubble, struggle 'til I juggle So bitch you know, we don't
love you Fuck you!! - I don't trust you The game ain't
tight And then, you're walking around acting like the
game ain't right Complain, all day about how you can't
get paid Winding instead of grinding all day Man,
that's the wrong way Kingpin, on the good day The
scene's looking real lovely To keep the nigga hardly
looking buggie For me, you'll get the shit I don't owe
you nothing So miss with all that ethic paid story
walking The same shit happening often You caught up
slipping? Now you're sleeping in the coffin, while I'm
meeting at the office Don't call that's my fault That
you're laying on the asphalt Trying to take everything
I'm busting my ass for I know that's from my dreams,
demon cutting the scene I'm like a fiend, when it
comes to this shit Want anything, game tight, game
tight Outlaw all night, Outlawz, ugh [Chorus: EDI Amin]

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