

# Make A Move

DMX

Grrrrrrrrrrrr...Mmm...[Chorus: ]I gots to make a move and make it soon, uhh  
I gots to take a block and make it boom  
I take the car and hit it with this boom  
Now come on let's get that money!It's two o'clock and I'm just about to hit the street  
Til I knock off this rock, I don't get to eat  
Sometimes that's like that's the only reason why I hustle  
Step on toes strong arm and show a lil' muscle  
Ain't no real dough, that's why a nigga feel so frustrated  
I hate it, seein' crab niggaz that made it  
And I'm robbin' cats just as broke as myself  
Livin' foul and ain't lookin' out for my health, where's the wealth?Not in New York, cause niggaz talk about  
goin' out of state  
Money got an eighth, comin' back, hot with a lot of weight  
Where's my plate nigga? I'm hungry too  
So I'ma do like hungry do, and get a hungry crewNiggaz that ain't never had, and doin' bad  
Won't be bad to get up off that stoop lookin' sad  
Grab your bags, it's about to go down  
We goin' to this hicktown, let's get the lowdown, on how they get down[Chorus: Repeat 2X]I gots to make a  
move and make it soon  
Gots to take a block and make it boom  
We comin' through so make some room  
Found somethin' that could be somethin' if I pump it up  
This kid Black is the only thing that could fuck it up  
The purple top thirty-five smalls a ring of games?  
But I'ma crush him with the black 40 double-L'sI send two niggaz back up top, and come back  
We chop up rock, by midnight, we open up shop  
It's four in the mornin', we on the block creepin'  
Killin' the cash, while yo' ass is sleepin'Look here, I'm what they call a true hustler  
Cause nigga if I ain't know you since I was like six  
Then I don't trust ya  
And we'll bust ya over somethin' petty like a few dollars  
Put somethin' hot up in that ass and watch you holla  
You think I'm here for the hoe flow? I want the dough flow  
And fuck the po'-po', nigga keep a fo'-fo'[Chorus: Repeat 2X]I spend my money on niggaz cause niggaz get  
me rich  
And a bitch ain't doin' shit but suckin' my dick  
Niggaz is family now, and we stand strong  
Thirty niggaz on six blocks, makin' the cash longShit is good, because niggaz gettin' what they been wantin'  
And we see the same shit, other New York niggaz frontin'

Stick up kids huntin', but I ain't got no love for em  
I keep the burner and the duster with the glove for em Them motherfuckin' knockers come at us and chop us  
And I know they, really tryin' to stop us and want to drop us  
So we pump, from the alley and the last house we use as a cash house  
It's holdin' em strong, it's a stash house I got runners that work for twelve hour shifts  
And when them niggaz keep they count correct, I don't riff  
But I ain't tryin' to hear that nigga took your pack shit  
Ain't tryin' to hear jack shit, fuck the black bitch I ain't a greedy nigga, all I want is a five year run  
If I don't make it, then fuck it, let me die near a gun  
Got bitches to transport without an escort  
I'm makin' moves from D.C. up to Westport Local police ain't a problem cause they don't even stress us  
It be them ATF niggaz that have you under pressure  
Just so you know, ain't gon' never put my glock down (why nigga?)  
Cause I'm a hustlin' motherfucker, and I'm holdin' my block down [Chorus: Repeat 2X]

Songwriters

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