Move On (feat. Kevin Gates)

Wiz Khalifa

[Intro: Kevin Gates]
Man I ain't encourage my brother to do nothin' fucked up. Man say bitch, my money retarded, if the bitch don't fuck with her she ain't blessed, bitch[Pre-Hook: Kevin Gates]
Saw her on the dance floor poppin'
Hold up, stop talkin' to me, tryna see that ass bop
She a big booty star on the dance floor boppin'
Hold up, stop talkin' to me tryna see that ass wobble[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]
I'm rich, we're both grown
Gotta mail me your boyfriend at home
Too high, I'm too gone
If she don't ride with the kid, I move on
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with[Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa]
I ain't really playing with you, don't know your name
I'm just tryna do some things to ya
Take ya home, let you rep Taylor Gang
Let you roll up a plane
Let you bring your homegirls
Let my boys run a train
I'mma real ass nigga outta Pittsburgh
She don't fuck, I don't deal with her, know ya heard
Good dick what I slang, I don't even run game
I've been learned my lane, hoes fuckin' up for fame
Hop in my ride then I go front backside
To the side got my money, she love that
Rollin' weed up first class
Taylor Gang nigga all about his cash
Smackin' lil mama on the ass[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]
I'm rich, we're both grown
Gotta mail me your boyfriend at home
Too high, I'm too gone
If she don't ride with the kid, I move on
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with[Verse 2: Kevin Gates]
I done threw a ring around my dick and my finger, ya digg?
I done threw some bling around my grill and my pinky, ya digg?
Your girl end up leavin' with me, you ain't a freak, where your friend?
Gates slang, I'm gonna throw that meat in her stomach for real
Audi, Mustang, Duli Truck, I just wrecked that Chevelle

Flipped it with my wife the other night, give a fuck can you tell?
Kevin it's your pipe, well out in public won't notice she yell
Kept that on the tuck, no recognition, I'm touchin' them bells
Give them to myself off the truck or they come in the mail
Big booty somethin' on the dance floor poppin'
Hold up stop talkin' to me tryna see that ass wobble
Big money pocket, got the lumps
Kevin got dollars[Hook: Wiz Khalifa]
I'm rich, we're both grown
Gotta mail me your boyfriend at home
Too high, I'm too gone
If she don't ride with the kid, I move on
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with
I'm just tryna find someone I can leave with

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/