

# Make a Move

## Joey Negro

I'm back, nigga  
I'm a G-Unit nigga, that means I don't play by the rules  
But I could make you move  
Buy a quarter mil on jewels so I ride around wit the ooze  
And that'll make 'em move  
Ma, is you staying or coming? Make up your mind  
My lifestyles to fast to take my time  
I got to get in position to make her mind  
'Cause I ain't leaving the club with out my nine  
You know I got my nine  
Think twice 'fore you cross that line  
You needed must've lost your mind  
Thinking you can off my shine  
Shorty got it shaking, I'm waiting to take her home  
It's hot as hell in here and I'm thinking of patron  
I know a couple different ways I can make her moan  
When I'm done wit her, she'll want to take a nigga to Rome  
Give me a hour, I'll have her blowing up my phone  
Like a stem to a stone and she won't leave me alone  
Million dollar nigga, I get it and show off  
Hit the dolga give me a minute wit your boss  
I'll fold you, New York fitted and gold cross  
To the Rover, holster, over the shoulder  
I'm the sickest thing spitting in a while  
Your plane ain't the same, it's different when I fly  
South side playa, play around and get popped  
24 hour stake out on your nigga block  
Don't get your views confused wit hip hop  
'Fore you wind up on the news, now watch the hook drop  
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You needed must've lost your mind  
Thinking you can off my shine  
Yeah, from what I hear, niggaz don't like me  
It's funny, they want to be just like me  
They bummy, it's jealousy more than likely  
The money, done made a nigga all icey  
4 figure ring, that boy doing his thing  
VVS bling, my chain long as a swing  
Boulevard King, but known in Beijing  
Fully prepared for whatever the drama may bring  
69 scrapper wit the up and down pumps  
Murder is forever, don't fuck around once  
Bottle after bottle, I down 'em until I'm drunk  
If you ain't chipped in, don't come round my blunt  
Grimy and gritty, New York City's top gun  
First nigga act up, gets a hot one  
BPV, the bottom to top dun  
I get there, I gets it, I'm done, one  
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Thinking you can off my shine  
I don't know 'bout you but I'm doing it for the Q  
Wood brand new, size 22 shoe  
Use your money, don't let your money use you  
I got crews view, you know the usual  
My life's beautiful, my pockets full of bread  
Get out of pocket, I'll play soccer wit your head  
And that girl ain't your girl, know the difference boy  
Pussy kill more niggaz than a liquor store  
I left something on her when I seen her  
She was rubbing it in like Noxzema  
She real cute, big titties and hips  
And she pretty convincing a video vixen  
If you looking for a mack, I fit the description  
Chicks see him, take pictures and kiss him  
Back block nigga, I get it and I'm good

I'm hood, living life like you should  
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You needed must've lost your mind  
Thinking you can off my shine  
N.Y, New York that is  
Y'all know the name  
I handle my biz, kid

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