

# Wanna Move

## Mark Mansion, Linus K

ATL, Georgia to New York City  
Kings have arrived, fuck with me now  
Let's rock, let's rock, don't stop, let's rock  
Let's rock, let's rock, don't stop, let's rock  
Let's rock, let's rock, don't stop, let's rock  
Let's rock, let's rock, don't stop, let's rock  
Hey, forever I'm on the grind  
My mind is already made up  
Sippin' the finest wine  
It's private jets to Jamaica  
Everyday that I wake up  
I look up at Christ and thank Him  
Therefore He lifteths me up  
So I don't see no haters  
Well, let me get this shit in order, I got somethin' for you  
You ever seen a black man walk on water?  
Nigga, talk shit and I'ma try to ignore ya  
Get disrespectful, I'ma have to come for ya  
But keep it gangsta wit me, now don't go get ya lawyer  
'Coz my combo quick and they comin' like De La Hoya  
Watch ya ass in the streets 'coz they will come for ya  
Chairman on the board, won't accept nothin' shorter  
Don't you wanna move?  
Don't this make you wanna groove?  
Let the feelin' get to you  
And let us get you high on music, on music  
Come enjoy the fride  
Don't you wanna move?  
Don't this make you wanna groove?  
Let the feelin' get to you  
And let us get you high on music, on music  
Come enjoy the ride  
Need I remind y'all I started from the bottom  
But I'm destined for the top  
And I ain't stoppin' 'til I got 'em  
Call me clumsy for the weight  
I'm droppin' records but they break  
And still standin' like the fuse on my cannon  
Blowin' weight, kid

Top shelf, you gotta reach high to be the best  
I'm like Hennessey and coke, XO and nothin' less  
I'm the nigga, the B I G, I know you know the rest  
Suppose I was to told ya no, I ain't gon' rest  
I'ma bang on and make this music that we sang on  
A skunk pussy nigga always got my stank on  
Hang on, you wasn't shit before we came on  
You know you lame, homes, you do the same song  
Over and over again, you buy the game, homes  
Nigga, you don't want none  
Zero, ziltch, nada, [Incomprehensible]  
That shut this through the [Incomprehensible]  
Now blow out ya candles, you do or ya don't, son  
Don't you wanna move?  
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Blowin' weight, kid  
Here we go back again, makin' the beat go  
Bump, bump, bump, bump, bump, bump up in ya back so hard  
Why do niggas act so hard?  
I don't give a damn about a broad  
I ain't gotta floss in the fast lane  
Ride right past lames, I'm in the ATL, flyin' down cascade  
Still gettin' money, ain't nothin' changed, man  
Spent a couple mil' just to make my chain blang  
Nigga, you don't want none  
Zero, ziltch, nada, [Incomprehensible]  
That shut this through the [Incomprehensible]  
Now blow out ya candles, you do or ya don't, son  
Don't you wanna move?  
Don't this make you wanna groove?  
Let the feelin' get to you

And let us get you high on music, on music

Come enjoy the ride

I feel high on the music

I feel I might lose it

It's talkin' through the melody

I can hear it tellin' me to move

I feel high on the music

I feel I might lose it

It's talkin' through the melody

I can hear it tellin' me to move

Are you ready to press play?

Are you ready to press play?

Nah, they ain't ready

They don't believe me yet, baby

Y'all don't believe me yet?

Lyrics provided by

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