

Move Bitch

Lil Jon The Eastside Boys

Move bitch, get out the way
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Get out the way bitch, get out the way Oh no! the fight's out
I'm about to punch yo, lights out
Get the fuck back, guard ya grill
There's somethin' wrong, we can't stay still
I've been drinkin' and buzzin' too
And I been thankin' of bustin' you
Upside ya motherfuckin' forehead
And if your friends jump in
"Oh girl", they'll be more dead Causin' confusion, disturbin' tha peace
Its not an illusion, we runnin' the streets
So bye-bye to all you groupies and gold diggers
Is there a bumper on your ass? No nigga
I'm doin' a hundred on the highway
So if you do the speed limit, get the fuck outta my way
I'm DUI, hardly ever caught sober
And you about to get ran the fuck over Move bitch, get out the way
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Get out the way bitch, get out the way Here I come, here I go
Uh oh! Don't jump bitch, move
You see them headlights? You hear that fuckin' crowd?
Start that goddamn show, I'm comin' through
Hit the stage, knock the curtains down
I fuck the crowd up, that's what I do
Young and successful, a sex symbol
The bitches want me to fuck them, true true Hold up, wait up, shorty
"Oh what's up? Get my dick sucked, what are you doin'?"
Sidelinin' my fuckin' business

Tryin to get my paper, child support suin'
Give me that truck and take that rental back
Who bought these fuckin' TV's and jewelry bitch, tell me that?
No, I ain't bitter, I don't give a fuck
But I'm a tell you like this bitch
You better not walk in front of my tour bus
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2-0, I'm on the right track
Beef, got the right mack
Hit the trunk, grab the pump, punk I'll be right back
We buyin' bars out, showin' scars out
We heard there's hoes out, so we brought the cars out
Grab the peels 'cuz we robbin' tonight
Beat the shit outta of security for stompin' the fight
I got a fifth of the Remy, fuck the Belve and Cris
I'm sellin' shit up in the club like I work in the bitch
Fuck the dress codes, it's street clothes, we all street niggaz
We on the dance floor, throwin' bows, beatin' up niggaz
I'm from the DEC, tryin' ta to disrespect DTP
And watch the bottles start flyin' from the VIP
Fuck this rap shit, we clap bitch, two in ya body
Grab ya four, start a fight dog, ruin the party
So move bitch, get out the way hoe
All you faggot motherfuckers make way for 2-0
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