Movin' In Your Chucks

Xzibit

Mov-mov-movin' in your Chucks
We come through extra whylin'
Y'all love it, who don't like sex and violence?
She got a camera phone, send a picture and a text
Fiends want dough, tricks want sex
Bitches want dick, pimps want a grip
Motherfuckers wanna know when you gon' slip
Man, you rich, you still kick it in the hood?
Sellin' coke and fuckin' bitches real good?
Don't let 'em fool ya, these bitches ain't innocent
They'll change the game and make the gangsters start pimpin' women
He don't want her, she's just a decoy
You gotta use her, you know hoes love the d-boy
So let 'em do ya, put them hookers to work
He want to save the hoe, so he took her to church
Bitches slangin', lootin', hookin', recruitin'
Work the credit cards, stealin', cookin' and shootin'
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
Beotch, mov-mov-movin' in your Chucks
Have you ever seen fluent flow?
Well, this is how you do it though
Man, I don't give a fuck
Fuck it, how I ride, slide in the bucket
Trip, I told this nigga to hold his bitch
Come equipped but don't trip, nigga mold his bitch
The bitch bomb, I think he in possession of mine
'Cause the bitch is tryin' to put my dick on top of her mind
I'm too G'd up to play games with bustaz
Got somethin' to start trippin' niggaz lanes and bustin'
I'm Gotti, motherfucker, Chucks and T's
Nickels and semi-automatic ninas and beams
I don't really give a fuck about your hood, my nigga

I'm just tryin' to make all bad good, my nigga
Got gators for the pimpin', Chucks on the daily
I ain't trippin' off these busta niggaz, bitches gotta pay me
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
Yeah, beotch
Always poppin' that shit like you want to
But you don't say a fuckin' thing when I come through
I call the shot, somebody gon' touch you
But you ain't even half a fag, nigga, fuck you
Always talkin 'bout what a nigga gon' do
But you a hoe, so nobody don't believe you
Lightin' it up for the world to see
The return of Mr. X to the Z, damn
To my niggaz in them Cadillacs, swingin' that battle axe
A million dollars every 90 days, imagine that
My habitat is black, ramsacked with heavy gats
Hit a nigga so hard that his head gon' touch his back
Dog, set it off, motherfuck them haters
I keep it pimpin' for my paper in my now or later
Made my mark for my spark, terror tear you apart
You better have you some heart, comin' out here after dark
If you gon' start, you must finish, nigga, handle yo' business
Because you spoke like a menace, you got sent off to the dentist
I don't be goin' back and forth like full court tennis
We gon' handle what we gon' handle, have you walkin' in sandals
In a hospital robe, back of your body exposed
I stay in militant mode, I staple holes to your clothes
Because it's one for the hustle, two for transition
For my brothers in position still cookin' in the kitchen
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators

And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
To all my pimps, sli-sli-slidin' in your gators
And all my gangsters, movin' movin' in your Chucks
Beotch, mov-mov-movin' in your Chucks
Gators, gators

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/