

Move Bitch

Disturbing Tha Peace

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'ma 'bout 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 bustin' too
And I been thankin' of bustin' you
Upside ya motherfuckin' forehead
And if your friends jump in, "Oh gurl", they'll be mo' dead 'Causin' confusion, Disturbing Tha Peace
Since not into lution, we run in the streets-a
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 D.U.I., 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 [Unverified] 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 and 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 'em, true true Hold up, wait up, shorty
"Oh aw wazup? 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' T.V.'s and jewelry bitch, tell me that?
No, I ain't bitter, I don't give a fuck but I'ma tell you like this bitch
You better not walk in front of my tour bus Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch, get out the way
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Get out the way bitch, get out the way [Unverified] 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 'cause we robbin' tonight
Beat the shit outta of security for stoppin' 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', tryna to disrespect D.T.P.
And watch the bottles start flyin' from the V.I.P.
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, so
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