

# Moor Gang (feat. Jarv Dee)

## Nacho Picasso

B-A-Y-B Moor Gang  
Four chains, war games  
We whore dames, whores came with horns  
And that came straight from Jorge  
Poor thing, high self-esteem  
But we more vain  
Guess it's just a Moor thang, huh?

[Nacho Picasso]  
I got an odd flow  
One that the gods quote  
I got a long stroke  
Right down your broad's throat  
High octane  
NOS up the nostrils  
Dirty roscoes  
Tossed out of Tahoes  
To Lake Tahoe to talk with the cabo  
Listening to the O'Jay's in O.J.'s Bronco  
Moor Gang movement, we move like the Mongols  
Guerillas in the mist, take a left at the Congo  
Put me in the sleeper, won't loosen up my stronghold  
Take the case to triall, I'mma beat the bitch like bongos  
You went the wrong way, capish compadre?  
I'm a giant, Goliath, Andre  
Dirty clothes, washing money like laundry  
And DeAndre will kidnap your madre  
I'm up early, eye boogers, the bad breath  
Open up the blinds, +Blue Sky Black Death+

[HOOK (x2)]

[Jarv Dee]  
B-A-Y-B Moor Gang  
How could you ignore game  
You're a no-go to her but to her we are a sure thang  
Square biz for you but to us she does that war thang  
Ask you for space but chop me down up on the moon, man  
Yes I'm that Kid, Cudi

All up in the pussy but I'm looking for the money  
Push her out the van, she hit the floor running  
Tell her bring it back cause the bear needs honey  
Tell her serve it up cause the staircase funny  
I'mma tell her make it rain if the forecast sunny  
She can do it all, sit, stand or crawl  
Ain't nothing that she won't do for me  
She said money make her cum but I said this game gon' make you run  
And if your friends want to join, then pass the baton  
This relay needs to be won  
Got a pack of them Flo Jo's  
In a two-door with Nacho  
They three deep in my backseat  
Where the room for your main honcho, huh  
I'm popping p's telling them get my pesos pronto  
Upgraded to a truck and sell 'em out the back like they tacos  
I'll put your dame up in the rain I'm that cold  
Put her on the track and never go back, Marion Jones

[HOOK (x2)]

[Nacho Picasso]

The gods don't favor you, they hate me too  
But homey, I'mma pray for you  
I be swagged out constantly, smokin' like Constantine  
SB's, Levi's, tats and a concert tee  
Ain't no one the boss of me  
That's my philosophy  
Even in an X-hat  
Ain't nobody crossin' me  
I'm smokin' awesome green, mouth full of Boston Beans  
??? a fiend, head full of rotten things  
All the drugs I've abused and I'm still not amused  
Put in a bullet in a muse and refused all they views  
Got a chip on my shoulder and something to prove  
Life's a bitch, I'm a loner with nothing to lose  
Takin' girls by the two, so I don't have to choose  
Big butts and boobs, blunts and booze  
Watching Ninja Turtles II: Secret of the Ooze  
With my Steven Urkel frames and my custom-made shoes

[HOOK (x2)]

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