

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)]