Make A Move

Quarashi

I come runnin when the beat starts.
Ya'll kick it to me.
Spitting out lyrics like a cross dressing dope fiend.
I'm working in, I'm working hard for the best of it.
Beating just the best of them but I want to get the rest of them.
I'm wrecking it. (Yeah!)
I fuck it up for the next of kin.
I'm kicking back with a blunt and a glass of gin.
You can't control me, I'm the mother fucking man.
Why do I claim these things because I can.
Break it down to basics, Ya'll see me lifted.
Elevated, sage-like, lovesome and gifted.
Strikingly original, a pioneer, a visionary.
When it comes to sex I'm a man on a missionary.
Springing like a jackknife, quick to the rescue.
You want to test me, you fucking made me.
So make your move son, don't keep me waiting.
Better do it now or do you want to keep on hating.[Chorus]
Booya! (I rock it hard, I rock it best)
Booya! (Friday Night and break the test)
Booya! (Shake that ass and shake your breasts)
I guess those are the things that make me blessed!I don't wander distorted turn the other cheek and just grudge.
I'll put you in order and drown your grin in the mud.
And I don't quit while winning I'll give you twice the amount.
And the shit you deposit when you open up my account.
So step aside cause I'll come running like a freak and.
Catch ya walking funny on the sunny side of the street man.
You're gonna get me arrested ain't that some shit.
You hear stories the molest me and test them grits.
Don't you know what they call me cause I ain't tall.
I gotta pack something to make the other guy look small and like.
Do something stupid and bring a sharp toothbrush.
Race around the city and get your whole crew crushed.New coat of paint on, we're still the same.
Mother Fucker that are always on top in this game.
Cause we got the craziest, fucked up individuals.
Rock steady crew, break some backs honey with you all.
This is how it's gonna be, this is how it works.
Gonna ride, gonna drink, gonna fuck till it hurts yo.
Freaks to the left of me, suckers to the right.

If you want a little taste, you can have what is left of me.
Swing my bat, catch the ball running.
I got it working cause it's you I'm always gunning.
I'm wicked, wild, fucked and crazy.
Full of shit, distracted and hazy.
I said my piece, now go forth and multiply.
Tear me down, disown me, well you can try.
Indestructible and baby that's a fact um.
You want a sample right straight up in your rectum.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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