

# Move Bitch (feat. Mystikal & I

Ludacris

Move bitch, get out the way  
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Move bitch, get out the way  
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 drankin' and bustin' two  
And I been thankin' of bustin' you  
Upside ya motherfuckin' forehead  
And if your friends jump in, "Oh girl", they'll be mo' dead  
Causin' confusion, Disturbing The Peace  
It's not an illusion, we running the streets  
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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Move bitch, get out the way  
Get out the way bitch, get out the way 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, true true  
Hold up wait up, shorty  
"Oh whats up, get my dick sucked, what are you doin'?"  
Side linin' my fuckin' business  
Tryin' to get my baby child support soon

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  
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Move bitch, get out the way  
Get out the way bitch, get out the way Too bad I'm on the right track  
Beef, got the right mack  
Hit the trunk, grab the pump pump, 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 pills cause we popping tonight,  
Beat the shit outta security for stoppin' tha 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 niggas  
We on the dance floor, throwin' bows, beatin' up niggas  
I'm from the D.E.C., tryin' 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 your 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 Move bitch, get out the way  
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Songwriters

JONATHAN SMITH, BOBBY SANDIMANIE, MICHAEL TYLER, CRAIG STEPHEN LAWSON,  
CHRISTOPHER BRIDGES Published by

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