

Move Bitch

Ludacris

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 Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch get out the way
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 motherfucker forehead
And if your friends jump in, "Ohhh gurrlll", they'll be mo' dead
Causin' confusion, Disturbin Tha Peace
Since not into lution', we run in the streets
So bye-bye to all you groupies and golddiggers
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 Get out the way bitch get out
the way
Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch, get out the way BITCH!
Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch get out the way
BITCH!
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 fucking 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 wazzzup, get my dick sucked, what are yooou doin'?"
Sidelinin' my fucking bussiness Tryin' to get my paper, child support soon
Give me that truck and take that rental back
Who bought these fucking T.V.'s and jewelry bitches, 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
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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 peels cuz we robbin' tonight
Beat the shit outta 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 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 ho
All you faggot motherfucker make way for 2-0

So...

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

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