

Lil Jon, Move Bitch Feat Chyna Whyte, Three 6 M

Here we come - here we come hoe - here we come
Here we come hoe - here we come - here we come hoe - here we come
Here we come hoe - here we come - here we come hoe - here we come
Here we come hoe - here we come - here we come hoe - here we come

(Hook - 2x's)

Move bitch, get out the way hoe
Fuck that shit, get out the way hoe
Move bitch, get out the way hoe
Fuck that shit, get out the way hoe

(Lord Infamous)

Nigga Three Six Mafia burn inside the southern territorial
Leavin' a memorial page in editorial
When ? watch yo back go front ?? Scarecrow
Leave 'em stiff and froze my foes and hit 'em like Rose in China snow
Wanna see the costs of the bosses comin' to toss it
Ain't no losses, ain't no crosses, leave you dead in a closet
Family recked from yo death-death, from yo early death
Packin' some in jars, sendin' two off for the chef
Cause I melt them with medicine
I'm perscription called death when ?

(J-Bo)

Oh there she go, old triflin' bitch
Straight take a hoe nigga, always out to lick
And when shit is gettin' thick
Out the door she split
She straight slick
But I'm slicker than that bitch gon' get
So now move bitch, get out the way hoe and lay low
So say hoe, you just another stank hoe
Trickin' on the dance flo'
Lookin' kinda slutty though
I'm all about my money hoe when I bump on yo stereo
And everywhere I go, it's the same old shit
Jumpin' drawz just like a broad, so bitch fuck this now

(Hook)

(Sean Paul)

They know me from my Lac's and my creases, I'm Sean Paul (Sean Paul)
Slap the fuck out of each and all y'all (all y'all)
I done seen niggaz fall, I done seen niggaz ball
I done seen big girls shake with lil' bitty drawz (bitty drawz)
And uh, the other day this bitch got smacked in the jaw (in the jaw)
I done seen a whole lot, niggaz ain't seen what I saw (yeah)
I'm in it too deep, I could never come flaw (come flaw)
If ya talkin' bout that pistol my nigga you better draw
Okay, always sayin' shit that I mean
Pelle Pelle, A-Town nigga gotta come clean

(Gangsta Boo)

What's up motherfucka what's up
Time to get real crunk, time to tear the club up
All these sissy ass hoes talkin' shit about this lady
Why you tryin' to doubt me baby
I'm the shit, you can't fade me
Now look what done happened, we done hooked up with Eastside Boyz
Bringin' noise
Makin' moves like the fuckin' U-Haul boys
Gangsta Boo be groovin' always choosin', what's up with you nigga
Gangsta Boo be makin' nothin' but hits increase to bigger figures
Nigga don't play with the muthafuckin' don't play lady

On the way, God damn what you bitches say
Nigga

(Hook)

(Lil Jon)

Ah, Ah, Ahhhh-ha-ha-ha
We comin' through like the Rock bitch
Knock you out yo motherfuckin' socks bitch
Droppin' bows like nothin' wrong bitch
Bitch I'll break yo motherfuckin' nose bitch
Didn't we tell yo ass to move bitch
Now yo head busted ? two fuckin' bricks
So get yo fire and dip hoe
Cause a nigga gone off that Quevo
Why you still runnin' yo mouth bitch
You must've not known who you fuckin' with
We'll leave you dead in a fuckin' ditch
Cause we runnin' with the Three Triple Six
And them guns for them young hoes
We'll leave ya firm like a dildo
All my niggaz doin' Fed time
We'll leave yo belly filled with that iron

(Hook 2x's)

(Juicy J)

I'm lookin' for them big butts
Nothin but them quick sluts
Something kinda freaky like skinny hoe givin' up
Maybe a nigga'll take the camp
Probably let her ride my lap
Made playaz from the Memphis Tenn, bitch I'm on the map
I'm the kinda nigga bro' push a 450 hoe
Down the strip, Hennessy I sip on the low-low
Hit me on my ? horn
Can record, make a porn movie
Don't be choosy with this nigga Juicy
Ready to?

(Chyna Whyte)

What y'all know to be part of this
You gotta be on some heartless shit
And whether it's legal or dirty, I'ma ball regardless trick
And I don't give a fuck if you the tallest or the smallest bitch
Don't none of you hoes know about this order shit
Chyna Whyte I live that street life
And I ain't gon' be happy till I got my momma eatin' right
Still the one to grip that motherfuckin' heater tight
And I'm still tryin' to find a motherfuckin' key to life
Ya heard me

(Hook 2x's)

(DJ Paul)

I might not be the freshest nigga up in the club
But shoulda seen when I walked in the hoes said "What the fuck"
They saw me VIP in the VIP y'all
With these Rollies and the ? they be wonderin' "Who are y'all"
We be steppin' no less than 30 deep and thinkin' we some stars
My enterage spendin' no less than 80 G's on they cars
If I took you to my crib you probably wouldn't believe or think I'm liein'
Check my soundscan hoe, if I'm liein' or dyin'