

# Move Bitch (feat. Ludacris, Mystikal & I-20)

## Disturbing tha Peace

Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way  
Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way  
Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way Oh no! The fight's out  
I'ma 'bout to punch yo lights out  
Get the fk back, guard ya grill  
There's somethin' wrong, we can't stay still I've been drinkin' and bustin' too  
And I been thankin' of bustin' you  
Upside ya motherfckin' forehead  
And if your friends jump in, "Oh gurl", they'll be mo' dead  
'Causin' confusion, Disturbing Tha Peace  
Since not into lution, we run in the streets-a  
So bye-bye to all you groupies and gold diggers  
Is there a bumper on your a? No n! I'm doin' a hundred on the highway  
So if you do the speed limit, get the fck outta my way  
I'm D.U.I., hardly ever caught sober  
And you about to get ran the fck over Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way  
Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way [Unverified: Here I come, here I go  
Uh oh! Don't jump bch, move  
You see them headlights? You hear that fkin' crowd?  
Start that godd show, I'm comin' through  
Hit the stage and knock the curtains down  
I fck the crowd up, that's what I do  
Young and successful, a P 6: 00 symbol  
The bches want me to fck 'em, true true Hold up, wait up, shorty  
"Oh aw wazup? Get my d sucked, what are you doin'?"  
Sidelinin' my fin' business  
Tryin' to get my paper, child support suin' Give me that truck and take that rental back  
Who bought these fckin' T.V.'s and jewelry bitch, tell me that?  
No, I ain't bitter, I don't give a fck but I'ma tell you like this bitch  
You better not walk in front of my tour bus Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way  
Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way 2-0, I'm on the right track, Beef, got the right mack  
Hit the trunk, grab the pump, punk I'll be right back  
We buyin' bars out, showin' scars out  
We heard there's hs out, so we brought the cars out Grab the peels 'cause we robbin' tonight

Beat the sht outta of security for stoppin' the fight  
I got a fifth of the Remy, fuck the Belve and Cris  
I'm sellin' sht up in the club like I work in the bchFk the dress codes, it's street clothes, we all  
street niaz  
We on the dance floor, throwin' bows, beatin' up nz  
I'm from the Dec', tryna to disrespect D.T.P.  
And watch the bottles start flyin' from the V.I.P.Fck this rap sht, we clap bch, two in ya body  
Grab ya 4, start a fight dog, ruin the party  
So move bch, get out the way  
All you foot motherfkers make way for 2-0, soMove bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way  
Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the wayMove bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way  
Move bch, get out the way  
Get out the way bch, get out the way  
Move bch get out the way stops.

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