

DMX, Make A Move (Last Man Standing)

[Cutmaster C]

New DMX! It's called "Make A Move"!

[DMX]

Some moves hustlers gots to make.
And if you fake, you a snake.
(I gots to make a move and make it soon
I gots to take a block and make it boom)
Let me holla at y'all

It's two o'clock and I'm just about to hit the street
Til I knock off this rock I don't get to eat
Sometimes that's like that's the only reason why I hustle
Step on toes, strongarm and show a lil' muscle
Ain't no real dough, that's why a nigga feel so frustrated
I hate it, seein mad niggaz that made it
And I'm robbin cats just as broke as myself
Livin foul and ain't lookin out for my health, where's the wealth?
Not in New York, cause niggaz talk about goin out of state
Money got an eighth, comin back, hot with a lot of weight
Where's my plate? I'm hungry too
So I'ma do like hungry do, and get a hungry crew
Niggaz that ain't never had, and doin bad
Won't be bad to get up off that stoop lookin sad
Grab your bags, it's about to go down
We goin to this hicktown, let's get the lowdown, on how they get down

[Chorus - DMX]

I gots to make a move and make it soon (uh-huh!)
I gots to take a block and make it boom (c'mon!)
I gots to make a move and make it soon (what?)
I gots to take a block and make it boom (c'mon?)

[DMX]

I gots to make a move and make it soon
Room
Found somethin that could be somethin if I pump it up
This kid Black is the only thing that like a ... it up
The purple top ?thirty-five smalls a ring of games?
but I'ma crush him with the black 40 double-L's
I send my peeps back up top, and come back
we chop up rock, by midnight, we open up shop
It's four in the mornin, we on the block creepin
Killin the cash, while yo' ass is sleepin
Look here, I'm what they call a true hustler
cause nigga if I ain't know you since I was like six
then I don't trust ya
And we'll bust ya over somethin petty like a few dollars
Put somethin hot up in that ass and watch you holla (Ahhhhh!)
You think I'm here for the flow? I want the dough flow
and get the po'-po', keep a fo'-fo'

[Chorus]

[DMX]

I spend my money my peeps cause they get me rich
and a honey ain't doin nothin but makin me trick
We all family now, and we stand strong
Thirty niggaz on six blocks, makin the cash long
It's all good, because niggaz gettin what they been wantin
and we see the same thing, other New York niggaz frontin
Stick up kids huntin, but I ain't got no love for em
I keep the burner and the duster with the glove for em
Them mother... knockers come at us and chop us

and I know they, really tryin to stop us and wanna drop us
So we pump, from the alley and the last house we use as a cash house
It's holdin em strong, it's a stash house
I got runners that work for twelve hour shifts
and when them niggaz keep they count correct, I don't riff
But I ain't tryin to hear that ... took your pack ...
Ain't tryin to hear jack..., dirty black...
I ain't a greedy, all I want is a five year run
If I don't make it, then ... let me die near a gun
Got bitches to transport without an escort
I'm makin moves from D.C. up to Westport
Local police ain't a problem cause they don't even stress us
It be them ATF that have you under pressure
Just so you know, ain't gon' never put my glock down (why?)
Cause I'm a hustler, and I'm holdin my block down

[Chorus]x2

Ye-yeah! Ye-yeah! Much love! New York, New York! Haha!
Top Dawg!