

Red Cafe, Move Out

(feat. Freeway)

[Verse 1: Red Cafe]

GUESS who stepped in the motha fuckin door!
Who? R.C. I break laws and make laws
You do WHAT? Break jaws and take yours
I got heart that somethin y'all couldn't pay for
Got paper, money forever green
Glock .20 spittin a hundred and seventeen
Who gonna stop money, the homies forever scream
Never gonna happen, all go out clappin
Ay yo, R-Dot sling hard rock yay yo
I'm bout payroll
Hoes, love them niggas that game tight
Trust me, I'm gon' be drillin the same night
that I peeps her, R play with more keys than Alicia
With the poppies I got credit like Visa
I breathe ether, make you fools believers
R Dot Brooklyn bangin a team leader

[Chorus]

[Red Cafe]

Y'all niggas industry, my niggas in these streets
We get money endlessly
Bitch niggas don't blend with me
Real niggas move in with me
Now move out

[Red Cafe & Freeway]

Y'all niggas industry, my niggas in these streets
We get money endlessly
Bitch niggas don't blend with me
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[Verse 2: Freeway]

Guess who STEPPED in this mother fucka
Need no intro, entro TECHS in the mother fucka
Free-way, your man and his gat
I cock slugs back rip through your vest
The block run that handle the glock
and die one day pray with the Lord
Scream gun play but run to the cops
When I'm in the room your bitch cater to boss
Rap Prince Nasir slip hook and a block
You wanna BET my team flow better than y'all
Ghetto nigga get head in a drought
Free a Smith & Wesson metal nigga throw lead at your pops
Plus y'all niggas industy
My niggas in the streets
We dump heat, circle the block
Let the mack squirt on whoever act first
Let your Ac hurt, truck in the shop
Listen y'all niggas into rap and don't get interviews

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Red Cafe]

This the block where niggas run lights
Every night, gun fights
Niggas scream fuck the cops, you better come right
Crack is slung, coke is snorted
And everybody know everybody and they support it
Streets is infested, I can't lie
I'm in the street well invested, nothin I can't buy

And I mean nothin, I can buy your life
Nigga you ain't nothin, go ahead sip somethin
You little punk don't tempt me
I made sure I left my car trunk empty
Just so you know I'm only here to claim the king of the throne
Whether it takes a mic fight or swingin the chrome
I need it, and I'ma bring it till its brought, believe it
Plus I know you ain't got no iron cause you anemic
Hold up, I don't think you heard me
You ain't got no iron cause you anemic

[Chorus]

[Outro: Red Cafe]

I gave everybody ample opportunity to get money with me
Now you gonna watch me eat from the sidelines nigga
Lets do it

crbt2('Red Cafe','Move Out')

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