

DMX, Make A Move (Original)

Ye-yeah. 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 crab 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 nigga? 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]
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?)

I gots to make a move and make it soon
Gots to take a block and make it boom
we comin through so make some room
Found somethin that could be somethin if I pump it up
This kid Black is the only thing that could fuck 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 two niggaz 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 hoe flow? I want the dough flow
and fuck the po'-po', nigga keep a fo'-fo'

[Chorus]
I spend my money on niggaz cause niggaz get me rich
and a bitch ain't doin shit but suckin my dick
Niggaz is family now, and we stand strong
Thirty niggaz on six blocks, makin the cash long
Shit is good, because niggaz gettin what they been wantin
and we see the same shit, 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 motherfuckin 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 nigga took your pack shit
Ain't tryin to hear jack shit, fuck the black bitch
I ain't a greedy nigga, all I want is a five year run
If I don't make it, then fuck it, 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 niggaz that have you under pressure
Just so you know, ain't gon' never put my glock down (why nigga?)
Cause I'm a hustlin motherfucker, and I'm holdin my block down

[Chorus]

Ye-yeah! Much love! New York, New York! Haha!
Top Dawg! Ruff Ryders Entertainment! Y.O.!!
Bronx! Haha!
Motherfuckin Dark Man! DMX the great!