

Mr. 3-2, Move Around

(*talking*)

Move around, be bout your way
Do some'ing, beat your feet baby get on
Do some'ing, you wait for me get you some currency
Huh 2-G, go down huh, look feel it

(Mr. 3-2)

Baby beat your feet, I ain't even trying to hear it
Move around or be down, I need no interference
Move around, I got things to do people to see
Plans in motion, keeping my hands on currency
Move around, cause it ain't gon fall out the sky
Cats is caught up, playing the game too fly
Move around, bumping with all that procrastination
Trying to get over, with all that lame conversation
Bouncing and shaking, you gotta give me some space
New era bringing terror, we dropping it in your face
Move around feel it now, I got everybody tweaking
Catch the five going live, and worldwide we got em peeping
Roaching and leaching, you trying to scheme on a plot
I'ma let you have it, with the automatic glock
You better get out, if you know what's good for ya
Be on your way, cause I don't really love ya

(Hook - 2x)

Move around, if you ain't talking bout nothing
Move around, all up in my face with that fronting
Move around, be bout your issue or bump it down
Get in where you fit in, or get left behind

(Mr. 3-2)

The spot done got hot, so I gotta move around
Relocate, can't be in the wrong place at the wrong time
Move around, city to city state to state
I got bidness to tend to, and money to make
Move around, handle what and do what you do
Don't be bringing that bullshit, round Mr. 3-2
Who is you, I suggest you turn in another direction
Go on with that plexing, scratch out and get to stepping
Move around it go down, we got it crunk with no stopping
You think, I don't know some kinda way them people watching
Paper's the only option, put it all on the line
Gotta hold to a nine, so it's best you move around
On the next thang smoking, no joking I'ma shake ya
On the flip taking trips, to Cancun and Jamaica
Take a word of advice, be ready to make a track
So never get too comfortable, or live a bit relax

(Hook - 2x)

(Mr. 3-2)

Move around get gone, pass on by
Give a playa room, taking the piece of the pie
Move around I'm gritty and known, for boss hogging
F-150 Harley Davidson, screens hauling
Move around, quick fast and leaving no traces
Stacking big faces, on my notations
Papers get cruel, and moves are made
By the big ol' boss, G.O.V. I'm Kool-Aid
Move around, the game's begun and I'm on it
Starving and I'm hungry, deleting all opponents
I want it it's mine, gotta have it by all means
Leaning off coedine, my pockets addicted to green
Move around, I'm feeling me on how I grew up

Turn out by this game, now I'm screwed up
For life forever, that's how it go down
And if you really sick, come on and move around

(Hook - 2x)