

# The Prodigy, Movin' Weight

(Cam'ron:)

(Chorus)

Why I feel like I'm losin' weight  
Why I ain't got no money, less I'm movin' weight  
Why my life depend on what I'mma do today  
Why I can't move away  
It's just you and me, without the scrutiny,  
bitches screwin' me, 2 and 3 truenicies  
4 shots, 1 toolie G, 1 uliogy  
Make sure my mother and girl is smothered in pearls  
Before a nigga under the world

When I was 10 got the truly dict, My uncle pulled me to the side  
And he schooled me quick, told me son gooey- spit  
You can't get paid in a earth this big, you worthless kid  
Niggas don't deserve to live, go and get a motherfucker  
if he murder kids, bottle up carbohydrates and preservatives  
He got hit up that same night  
Ever since my flow, my dough, and my hoe game been tight  
Puns of pearls, yo tounge will twirl, listen here  
Booger bear, I'll have you up in hooker gear, I swear  
I was doin', Lex persuin', niggas wired like Western Union  
Short like next to Ewing, head for truent, his set was ruined  
Phony checks was fluent, listen hear me out  
I'm from a cocaine block, with some plain clothes cops  
Where the sun don't rise, but the rain don't stop  
The pain don't stop, but my reign don't stop  
Ain't no lockouts, the game don't stop  
Every month you change yo locks, change yo spots  
Get a little smart, want to change yo rocks  
Rearrange yo tops you got a gang of friends, money  
You got Ben's arraign money, yeah Ben ?? money  
But if I get knocked, I ain't got no bail  
But I come on the weekend, from Pablo's jail  
See I came a long way that's livin' the wrong way  
That's sniffin' the po-na, that's sippin' the cog-na, hey  
You wanna be a star, you have ya own day  
From where they play ball, drink and get buzzed  
Reminiscin' on what a good kid he was  
I don't know what happened, all he did is what he loved  
That's when you opposin' me, killa get the rosary  
Fuck this rap shit, I'll die for mine, motherfucker

(Chorus(Prodigy):)

(Prodigy:)

I'm around yall, it's goin' down yall  
murder rap, clown niggas back down yall  
Straight like that, yall niggas fuck around yo  
Bandana P, blow thirds, the four take you on all fours  
Thug shit, I keep a beamed out fifth  
Is you fiend out bitch, catch a gleamed bullet  
I live the street life ya heard, guns money and birds  
Get dead armed and dead on ya jewels and pearls  
Where I was placed, put between the wrong style thun  
Capital P, you know whats the outcome  
Bout some, but never put out the stout guns  
Don't let ya mouth get you in some shit ya legs run from  
For all the killa's and the 100 dollar hoes  
Who real ??? check me out though  
The most ill, more drama than Denzel  
More liver than the park fights at Sunny Carson  
Me and Killa Cam, live at the carbon  
it's crazy, niggas throwin' they shit

and niggaz flashin' crazy

(Chorus(Cam'ron))