

Youngbloodz, Thangs Movin' Slow

Yeah, Attic Crew, Attic Crew and Cooley C my nigga
Yeah, yeah, my nigga, its Attic Crew and Cooley C my nigga
Yeah, Youngbloodz, Youngbloodz and Cooley C my nigga
Um, Mark Twayne

Now it's time to let y'all nigga know about me
Oh I can get mo money, mo money, don't come to me
And everything I say that be on the blow
Rap for the love of money, stack it up once mo'
Going once, going twice, got the O for the LOW
Got my cheese in the soil, tryin' to make my flow grow
Hell no, never fall off

Slip pimpin', you can get it hard or get it soft
All day, round the clock tryin' to get it in
I ain't worried bout' the rich, cause I'm in the wind
All I got is my folks, Lord forgive me for my sins
And if this ain't for me, please make me thank again
Gotta get my shit right, tight like these gurls draws
Let me recognize the game, and all the flaws
While I'm out here, please let me come up
And watch my every step so I don't have to duck
Never wanted this, damn how a nigga stuck?
Hit me on the hill nigga, I'm a' sack it up
Rabbit on my head all day for good luck
On the hustle everyday, but who really gives a fuck
hook

So what you got, when you ain't got nothing to show
Thangs movin' slow, can't get your hands on no blow
Ain't got no flow, naw, need some quick cash
If hustlin' is the answer nigga, get up off your ass
I walk about the crib, with my mind on the dough
Been hustlin' these verses, ain't got a damn thang to show
I keep my head up, because I feel it's bout to pop
Done heard about a deal going down at the dock
Critics say it don't stop, til' you get it and it's gone
It's all about the fett', set it off, get it crunk
You catch me on the corner, I'll be buddy with the sacks
Off in the studio it be Twayne with the tracks
Fire, fire, like that dope gettin' smoked everyday
Got a call from my source, he on the way with the Iell' (yeah)
Coming in from overseas, bout' 82 ki's
Not a word to be said, everybody hit your knees, lets leave
Get the cheese, make away with the blow
Slip in the door, right before we do the show
Mr. Dope Man, your looking kinda sick
Thangs movin' slow now that you ain't got shit
hook

So what you got now, you out of luck
Sellin' your soul to the devil, just to make a quicker buck
But for what, you took a chance, recieving half of some blow
And pushing them quarter ki's underground to keep the flow
It's toe to toe, we can take it to the deepest of the seas
And anybody else who wanna bite, then try a piece
Of these Youngbloodz, bustin' 30 slugs, so just perhaps
You crawlin' out of a shell
Finding ways up out these traps
Like craps, you out to gamble, losing everything you own
And still like to pretend as if this game gonna keep em' known
And do know, you in a ball of burning hell
So might as well take a ride on the weed into the A-T-L
And niggas swear we outdone and out-gunned
So what's the first attempt when they got you on the run
With fun, they shootin' tons of shots, so whose to blame
Nobody but yourself as you hold inside the pain
hook

