

## Move That Dope

Waka Flocka Flame

Bricksquad move that dope, Bricksquad move that dope  
Ey move that dope, ey move that dope  
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Waka Flocka Flame

In a trapping hall of fame  
I'm a balla hall of league man  
I'm calling shots, you calling names  
I've been rich, homie, some type of way  
I'm stove top, y'all microwave  
Take my time, so respect the grind  
You've seen the threats, my set'll ride  
Their song pies like a bakery nigga  
You telling lies, you faking nigga  
I'm getting love, you hatin nigga  
I've seen your shows, their faking nigga  
When you get real, you get the best deals  
I run way though, treadmill  
But yell a bitch and I'm fast wheel, and all my published checks ill  
So I burn and chill, and burn and will  
And I can give a fuck of somebody's feeling  
I got work to play  
I got worth a play  
Hustle nigga, you gonna learn today  
I'm an underpaid, don't turn away  
When I talk to you or the burner spray  
Let's box it out, ill beat your ass  
I see the snakes, I like the grass  
What chu' know about flipping bricks?  
Cut the thangs in to chicken strips  
Hit the strip, stack the cash, count the money, do the math  
I'm going back to the trap  
I'm too real, too cool for rap  
I'm going back to the trap  
I'm too real, too cool for rap

[Hook]