

# What's the Move (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

## Young Thug

[Intro: Young Thug]

(BL\$\$D)

I just let lil' mama suck me up, girl  
Bitch tryna drive in a Rolls Royce?or?the bus, girl?  
I?jumped off the porch and went?straight up, girl (Straight up, girl)  
You can leave your town and head to another world[Pre-Chorus: Young Thug]

What the move?

I'm tired of eyein' you

I'm tired of spyin' on you

'Til the pain last too

I made it rain on you

When it was hard to maintain too

I was playin' games with you

Like you could never play games too, woah (Yeah)

[Chorus: Young Thug]

You just gotta tell me what you want (Tell me what you want)

Louis Vuitton, diamonds, keep calm (Okay)

All you do is point at what you want (Point it out)

Crystal cut pointers in the charm, c'mon (Oh yeah)

Thirty-five dollars for a duff' (For a duff')

Nigga tryna buy the cash cost (Woo)

Percy Miller bracelet with the woes

Thirty-five dollars for a duff' (For a duff')

You make it twerk for me

You get a purse from me

Eighty thousand dollars for her Birkin

You get a verse for free

I make her worship me

Copy it in bursts for me

Turn to a P-I-M-P, I make her work for me

You don't want the bag, oh no, no, no

I make her drop it and pop it and work it on my nose

I make her shut up then suck it, she fuckin' at my shows, mmh

I make her shut up, she fuckin', she suckin' at my shows, ayy

[Verse 1: Lil Uzi Vert]

Drip, drip, no shoestring my sneaker, won't trip

My jeans is so tight they don't fit

Still walk around with a stick on my hip

VVS diamonds right behind my lip

Don't walk with less than fifty on my wrist

Diamonds so cold on my neck, it got me sick

Raf Simons, mix it up with the Rick

Flexin' on these haters who sent me 'my bad'  
Made it from the soil, made it from the Rex  
Richer than your first, richer than your last  
LUV, know I got swag  
Pop a rubber band, pop another Xan'  
I groove around, party pack my hand  
I'm seeing double lookin' through my lens  
Tell me what you want, I just want your friend[Chorus: Young Thug]  
You just gotta tell me what you want (Tell me what you want)  
Louis Vuitton, diamonds, keep calm (Okay)  
All you do is point at what you want (Point it out)  
Crystal cut pointers in the charm, c'mon (Oh yeah)  
Thirty-five dollars for a duff' (For a duff')  
Nigga tryna buy the cash cost (Woo)  
Percy Miller bracelet with the woes  
Thirty-five dollars for a duff' (For a duff')  
You make it twerk for me  
You get a purse from me  
Eighty thousand dollars for her Birkin  
You get a verse for free  
I make her worship me  
Copy it in bursts for me  
Turn to a P-I-M-P, I make her work for me  
You don't want the bag, oh no, no, no  
I make her drop it and pop it and work it on my nose  
I make her shut up then suck it, she fuckin' at my shows, mmh  
I make her shut up, she fuckin', she suckin' at my shows, ayy[Verse 2: Young Thug]  
Diamonds, they drip down my wrist  
Let's get it, fuck all the skits, woo  
Left wrist sittin' on a brick (Left wrist)  
Bitch have it locked like a pick (Sheesh)  
Fittz Park, came for the shit  
Grab a AK for the wrist  
Gorilla, rockin' Bape on a bitch  
Potential court case on a bitch (Bitch)  
We livin' state to state on a bitch (We livin' state to state, yeah)  
We never ever play with the bitch (We never ever play, no)  
Do everything the same on a bitch (Never tell the difference)  
We known to pick the brains of a bitch (Big bag)  
I throw the big B's on a bitch  
I got a few C's on a bitch (Got slatt)  
I'm in another league on a bitch  
My diamond 'bout to ski on a bitch (Woo)[Pre-Chorus: Young Thug]  
What's the move?  
I'm tired of eyein' you (Oh, yeah)  
I was tired of spyin' on you  
'Til the pain last too (Yeah)  
Make it rain on you (Make it rain, rain)  
It was hard to maintain too, ooh (It was hard to maintain)

I was playin' games with you  
Like you couldn't play games too, hey, okay [Chorus: Young Thug]  
You just gotta tell me what you want (Tell me what you want)  
Louis Vuitton, diamonds, keep calm (Okay)  
All you do is point at what you want (Point it out)  
Crystal cut pointers in the charm, c'mon (Oh yeah)  
Thirty-five dollars for a duff' (For a duff')  
Nigga tryna buy the cash cost (Woo)  
Percy Miller bracelet with the woes  
Thirty-five dollars for a duff' (For a duff')  
You make it twerk for me  
You get a purse from me  
Eighty thousand dollars for her Birkin  
You get a verse for free  
I make her worship me  
Copy it in bursts for me  
Turn to a P-I-M-P, I make her work for me  
You don't want the bag, oh no, no, no  
I make her drop it and pop it and work it on my nose  
I make her shut up then suck it, she fuckin' at my shows, mmh  
I make her shut up, she fuckin', she suckin' at my shows, ayy

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>