

Aeroplanitaliani

"You Gotta Move"

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You gotta move
You gotta move
You gotta move
You gotta move
Oh... when my God gets ready
You gotta move
You gotta move

You may be high
You may be low
You may be rich... yeah
You may be poor
But when the Lord get ready
You gotta move
You gotta move
Huh Huh... ooww...

Yes...

You may be old
You may be young
You may be weak
Maybe high-strung
But when the good Lord get ready
You gotta move
You gotta move

You see dat woman
Who walks the street
You see dat cop man
Who walks his beat
But when the Lord gets ready
You gotta move
You gotta move
You got to... ooww

Yeah I was hangin' with the Devil when we made a pact
I'm drinkin' welfare whiskey smokin' food stamp crack
It was one part sour... two parts sweet
Three parts strong... and four parts weak
I would rather sit on a pumpkin

And have it all to myself
Then to be crowded on a velvet cushion

You may be bad
You can not see
You may be deaf
It's all meant to be
Now when the Lord get ready
You gotta move
You gotta move
You gotta move
You gotta move
You gotta move
You got to know
When the good get ready
You gotta move
Huh huh... you gotta
You gotta move...

You gotta move
You gotta move...

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