

Bargain Music

"Movin On Up"

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Ya we're movin on up, (to the east side)
To the east side. (east side, east side)
To a deluxe apartment in the sky. (east side, east side)
Ya we're movin on up, (moving slow)
To the east side.
We finally got a piece of the pie. (finally got a piece)

Fish don't fry in the kitchen;
Beans don't burn on the grill.
Took a whole lotta tryin',
Just to get up that hill.
Now we're up in the big leagues,
It's my turn at bat. (my turn at bat)
As long as we live, it's you and me baby,
There ain't nothin wrong with that.

Ya we're movin on up,
To the east side. (to the east side)
To a deluxe apartment in the sky.
Ya we're movin on up, (we're movin all the way up)
About twenty orazaba star (to where? orazaba, what)
We finally got a piece of the pie. (finally got a piece,
I've been wanting for the longest)
Here we go Dave Williams

Whole life is blurry, why should I worry about the life on
the street
Whole life so blurry, why should I worry about the life
on the street
Whole life so blurry, why should I worry about the life
on the street
Whole life is blurry, how can I worry about the life on
the street

We movin on up like georgian weezy
While eating all this fish they just sent me
Interrupted by neighbors but check it out cause it's mr
bentley
How do you feel now, living in a deluxe home, a spot of
your own, make it a spot for
I'm hypnotized can't seem to get it out of my melon
mind

As I attempt to blow up this ganja I see time ahead in
bed so swiftly
How did they make it as big hippies
Then we get drunk off a bottle of whiskey
Hitting this wino running out holding vinyls

Ya we're movin on up,
To the east side. (to the east side, movin far into the
east side)
To a deluxe apartment in the sky.
Ya we're movin on up, (we moving slowly baby)
To the east side. (to the east side)
We finally got a piece of the pie. (it wasn't cherry pie
either)

Fish don't fry in the kitchen;
Beans don't burn on the grill.
Took a whole lotta tryin',
Just to get up that hill.
Now we're up in the big leagues,

Frying that fish at the fireside
Sermon at church on riverside
We've doused our fire stones with bleach

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