

## Berry Chuck

### "Move It"

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Fifty-five Ford died right on the road  
Drove for the curb, raised up the hood  
Couldn't see nothing wrong, line o' cars long  
Traffic bogged down, tryin' to drive around  
Officer Lamar, walkin' toward the car:  
"Move it!", "Come along move it",  
"You cannot stop it here, now move it", "Move it"  
"Get out of there, move it"

Three and two the count, bases loaded down  
Slugger at the plate, known to hit 'em straight  
Tension from the fans, shoutin' in the stands  
Signal from the catch, pitcher's in the stretch  
Bat 'n' ball crack, pitcher's backin' back:  
"Move it!", "Move it!", "Get along, move it!"  
"The ball is droppin' past, now" "Move it!"  
"Let the ball, now, let's go home, now, move it!"

She drives a Mustang, she lets her hair hang  
She dresses like a fish, makes you look and wish  
Puts you in a trance, body built to dance  
Disco queen, twistin' in between  
Play a super song, watch her get it on  
Pretty, wow!  
"Get hip, move it!" "Move it"

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