

Epmd "Move On"

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Intro:

(laughing) yeah, coming to you like, yeah, you know
another one of those,
Flavorishis, mackadoshis, sour cream and onion type
flavor.

Redman:

I rule the world like kurtis blow with my afro blown
I'm torn out the frame, drunk style stagger like ned the
wino
For black albino, I'm like suicide on vinyl
The type of antidope shit you have to keep away from
my nose
And I'm the, bombest rhymer, check my steez
My vocals are like vaginas, wet an mc's when they open
My identities, blows facilities to ememies please test
these abilities
I'm rugged, I pack a 24 studded, karrot automatic, 45
nigga slugger
So ring thee alarm, when your tv is on, I react freakin'
to songs
When bitches see me perform, bitches say I strickly
brake vertibraes
Bones back, chinky eyed like japs I blow states off the
map
Just by eye contact

Hook:

Don't get it twisted and if you do, you best to move on
move on
"rock, rock on" - redman (x4)

Erick sermon:

Yeah, I shut down things for the moment, what?
Paying my dues for them fake ass crews (yeah)
Who be claimin' to be the shit y'all stop
Gimmicks, hard core lyrics for an image
I'm stompin' 'em the beast wompin' 'em
Brain damage is caused, girls drop they drawers to the
ground
I be's the effect like wrecks, rhyme skills be shooting
off like two black

Techs

Somebody stop me I'm smoking like mask
Shut your mouth, he's a bad, uh, like shaft

The e-double bring the dopest material, way out
cosmic type
Alcoholic whisky type funk for your sissys (word up)
Huh, I take it to the streets, if you can't run up on my
turf then get some

Cleats

I let one nigga slide in 93, but this year, he's fuckin'
history

Hook (x4)

Passion:

Strick nine rules the mind on the verge of destruction
Blood starts to boil like a lyrical combustion, eruption
Insane no pressure no pain, niggas falling off it's strain
to maintain

They be killing me, trying to preach to me, teach to me
I got a phd in funkology

You got your bachelors and your masters in the field of
dramatics

The lyrical are bringing the static from the attic, so
cock your automatics

I've had it up to here, you niggas are in danger
You better stand clear, no hugs no love and kiss
mainstream america

They just ain't ready for this, cause I'm nice as shit
Niggas be having fits, the squad of def be smacking
hits after hits

And what's goin' on in your mind I can feel it
Tremors in the body has caused for the healin'

Hook (x4)

Outro:

You know what I'm sayin'? things is hot in the tunnel out
in here you know

What I'm sayin'? ah, n-y-c streets is love, it's hot in the
summer, um,

Spring, winter and fall things are just lovely, sweet &
sour sauce. doin'

This y'all feel this. I feel you.

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