

## Grand Puba

### "Keep It Movin"

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f/ Khadijah Mohammed, Lord Jamar, Sadat X

[Khadijah Mohammed & (Grand Puba)]

Oh (Yeah) ooh ooh ooh ooh  
(Come on) come on (Uh) ooh ooh  
(Grand Puba, huh) ooh (Lord Jamar huh) ooh  
(Khadijah huh) ooh ooh (Daty X)

[Chorus: Khadijah]

How far would you still feel me if I didn't make these hits  
Couldn't get you what you're used to sipping Cris and taking trips  
Would you still be in my corner or be on some other shit  
But if so, then I don't need you so let's keep it moving bitch

[Grand Puba]

Uh, everything love long as paper keep stackin'  
Kisses and hugs on some lovie dove shit  
Niggas on the grind cause we keep you smilin'  
Paper get low you get on some other shit  
I know ya whole style, whole style  
Ya got a lot of bullshit behind that smile  
Ya main concern is bling, mink, and crocodile  
No love for niggas who don't make the paper pile  
I feel ya, feel ya  
Style been all good from the giddy up, from giddy up  
Nights on the town used to live it up, used live it up  
Joints blaze in the trunk used to beat it up, used to beat it up  
Wrappin' hundred dollars bills in my homeless cup  
Next day 5th Ave. shoppin' Gucci bag coppin'  
Paper stopped droppin' attitudes started flip-floppin'  
No worry bounce the bird in a hurry  
Little did she know my setback was temporary

[Chorus]

[Sadat X]

We can play home

As long as you can play with the dome  
A cold killer, drink a cold can of Miller  
Turn me off black than a Mike J. thriller  
Now we all alone, body is bomb  
Ass much fatter, what the fuck is the matter  
Always talkin' shit about all of these niggas  
All these niggas tryin' to seize these figures  
Ridin' in the two-seater, ridin' with the heater  
If I meet her tonight, can I beat  
Do it taste sweet, would I really eat...Bon appetite  
Is it facts or fake  
Me and old girl could always swing  
But why every time got to be on me  
Cause y'all bitches know that shit is free  
Now I'm back in the streets before 10:30  
Gotta take a shower, can't leave my dick dirty

[Chorus]

[Lord Jamar]

Now when a nigga had money, you was there  
Funny how every time I turned around, you was there  
When it was time to get your hair, your nails and your gear  
But at my court date, you failed to appear  
For my case on appeals, it took over a year  
In that time, a nigga didn't see nor hear  
Got to the point, there was no respect at all  
I was shocked when you did not collect my call  
Spent nights in my cell just beatin' my dick  
Thinkin' bout, how we used to fuck and shit  
I took you out, bought cha' ass a bunch of shit  
When I get out  
I'm gonna fuckin' punch this bitch right in her mouth  
Cause she don't understand the rules  
You don't bite the man that dipped your hand in jewels  
You were there when I bought the rock that blinded you  
Now a nigga locked and I can't find you

[Chorus]

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