

## Grits "Make Room"

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That's when you know a group is hip  
Is when your parents say  
What is it with the hippy, the hip, hip, hippy glows?  
And you can't understand a word they are sayin'

Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Oh yeah, back on up

Make room, 'cause we about to start swelling  
Catching attitude, get buck sweat it up  
And really lose cool, it's what we been commissioned  
to do  
So back on up and give me room, we gotta keep makin'  
moves

My long range aim is dedicated to change  
Persist to twist brains with rhymes, only God can  
explain  
Attain divine intervention if your attentions arrested  
Imprisoned and in position to listen to lessons given

Gotta make moves steadily, heavily bruising these  
dudes  
We got the gift, but abuse tools misleading these  
youths see  
My birthright is light in the darkness of night  
To lead the lost paying the price of sacrificing my life

I've been sittin' and contemplating waiting anxiously  
peeking  
Perception of these releases embracing the deeper  
reasons  
Of timing and perfect season believing this thing is  
bigger  
Than faces and sound scan reaching for the  
completion

Of purpose in promised land watchin' behind the  
curtain

For certain the game is hurtin' looking for some  
solution  
Searchin' for revolution like music is the conclusion  
Refusing to look at life a livin' for forward movement

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Move cowards, move all you cowards move  
Move cowards, move all you cowards move  
Move cowards, move all you cowards move  
He scared, she scared and if you scared then move

Oh God, don't let me act up, I feel a fit comin' on  
My conniption's, my conviction's reaction to what's  
goin' on  
My rebuttal's far from subtle, take you there just like a  
shuttle  
Gather round the huddle embrace the pace  
I spit at give it a kiss and cuddle

Boy what's that there you sayin'?  
I'm tight like the shorts that men look gay in  
Oh Lordy, you don' said too much  
My slightest touch is a cobra clutch

Let it be known, we are the epitomy of strange and  
bizarre  
Switchin' up and change our repertoire  
Come discover who we are, wreaking havoc on Satan's  
mavericks  
Through a labyrinth filled with nooks and crannies

An elite group called the factors  
We like the X-Men so uncanny, imagine looking  
Up seeing the plastered ceiling cracking, it ain't  
because  
We broke, we lost our minds for God provoked and  
crazy actin'

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The beat is so crazy

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