

## Israel Kamakawiwo'ole "Movin' On Up"

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Yeah... yeah, many more good years to come  
Hard times in the ghetto  
Coming up as a young shorty  
As a young shorty, my pops always told me  
You gotta eat man, kept it real  
In the field, you know the deal

We'll get by, we'll either do or die  
Hit you with the truth, no lie  
Move on up, trynna to survive

I push with the force of M.C.'s, we cold crush  
Manage to rush, shift through the game, splitters of  
paintbrush  
Drop a dime, yo, that ain't us  
The coppers are lyin', greener than mean  
For this bing is a must, trust  
When I spit it, it's gun bust, dangerous  
Hit you, split you, with the angel dust  
Plus, how many m.c.'s must get done?  
Before somebody says; you can't beat the Sunn  
Number one in my own circle, boy, don't make me hurt  
Turn your dome purple, light up that purple urkel  
Party over here, party over here, braids in my hair  
Chain on my neck, watching the ladies stare  
They call me Sunzini, gold genie, human machinery  
Hype on the scenary, fly as a Lamborghini  
Ain't no stoppin' me now, stoppin' me how?  
A lion on the prowl, father of many styles, now

Pardon me kids, it's a must that I handle my biz  
To keep the heat where I gotta eat, you know what it is  
Do what I did, slid through the games with jewels, the  
Wu  
S to the K, Brooklyn Zu, the Two  
G-O-D-Z, I-N-C, I achieve multiple bands, like Cosby and  
Winfrey  
I lay it down for my family tree  
Like Sammy Davis and the Rat Park, flippin' in threes  
Got 'em askin, who is he?  
It's Sunzini, Big P, from the BK, NYC

Within, introducing, born again losing  
And you could see me face to face, it's no illusion  
My whole click stay producing, and I'ma stay 52  
And pursuin', through the city of ruin  
Gritty to the grains, sustain, know what I'm doing  
You losing, cruisin' for a bruisin', you got the crowd  
booing

Serious time, curious mind, delirious crime of cosmo  
guns  
It's armored body, small chasing white lines  
Did it from the grind, focus on the right signs  
Soldier physic, unique, like the rarest mines  
Zini at his prime, never catch me dropping dime  
The honey berries, necessary with a twist of lime  
I'm quick to spit a rhyme, any place, any time  
Thoroughbred, known, grown and I gets mine  
Genuine like fine furs and leathers, in the end  
We gotta get it together, you know the kiss be the  
treasure  
Shine through extreme measure, the team mega  
Cheddar, burning that O.G., Jack Herra  
Serious talk, I'm deli as a Newport  
Check out my melody, Brooklyn, New York  
Do my damn thing, get it? Spit flames  
On any terrain, worldwide, we campaign

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