

## **Kidz In The Hall**

### **"Move On Up"**

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I got a Chi state of mind  
Heart of Marcus Garvey  
Body of a slave soul, African king  
That get up in the Egyptian scribe  
Each lyric I'm planting a seed  
To lead my tribe  
You can look into my eyes  
See the dream of Martin the fight of Malcolm  
Fists from Huey the other from Stokely  
With a Jack Johnston left hook if you want to provoke me  
Part knowledge, part common sense Cassius Clay  
confidence  
Preach black consciousness  
Fred Douglass desire, wittiness supplier  
Won't stop rocking till I retire  
To burn my kingdom you must use fire  
Fears of a nightmare never kept me from dreaming  
Tripping and falling, dog it never kept me from walking  
If I fall on deaf ears it won't keep me from talking  
The fuel to the fire leaves me steadily sparking

[Chorus]

We got the right to remain silent  
While they got the right to remain violent  
Right to remain tyrant  
Systems chews you up and spits you out like a stick of trident  
It don't matter if you Tookie or Kobe Bryant  
Clock strike 12, you just another nigga  
Every five minutes a brother pulling another trigga  
It hurts my heart, grown man statistics  
They life they risk it for cheese like a triscuit  
Fall off sorta like a bungee jump  
Dead or in jail no shock g sorta like Humpty hump  
It's a cold world but the blocks hot  
Kids ditching school for the school of hard knocks  
Voice high pitched  
They already pitched rocks  
Scary life, Hitchcock  
Sacks in their tube socks

No boy scouts for handling knots  
Swear to god we need a new eagle leading the flock

[Chorus]

Living my life like its golden  
Spitting my songs like they platinum  
Check my watch, time for some action  
Hood got us all divided sorta like fractions  
Let my words guide the picture like a closed caption  
Where I'm from niggaz had years full of rainy days  
Drink the whole 5th just to take the pain away  
The blocks like a cage self imposed  
Only windows of light are shooting j's and spitting flows  
But I will never ever tell another to try to be me  
But I'm sick of half the shit I see on tv  
Sambos, jezebels, porch monkey's trying to sell  
Propaganda to their own people still trapped in hell  
They don't see they blind till the fact that they blind  
Dismissing me as conscious  
I'm feeding they mind  
That's the reason I rhyme  
Revolution starts w/ individuals  
It ain't enough to sing eagle spirituals

[Chorus]

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