

Kj-52**"Keep It Moving"**Visit "[Keep It Moving](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo
Yo, is this mic on?
Someone turn my mic on, man
Stop playin', man, turn my mic on
Yo, is this mic..
Yo, is this...
Yo

Is this mic on? Grip it like a python
Blow up like pipe bombs or even planet Krypton
I'll grab a napkin if it's all I gots to write on
I hittin' ya so hard ya feel it in ya protons
Hold on
Nah son, now ya dead wrong
I'm hittin' ya dead on, now, it seems that ya read it
wrong
The cross that He bled on is all that I flips on
And every mic I grip on, that's the mic that I rip on
I got more lines than girls gettin' hit on
I'm stayin' calm
I'm writing these rhymes like Davidic psalms
And if you cut me now, I'll probably bleed some Krylon
But Christ has got me transformed like Decepticons
I'm pressin' on, I'll make ya feel it in ya chest and arms
Grabbin' ya palms and makin' hits like Mafia Dons
The blood now got me covered like some napalm
My word is born now so what's your crew waitin' on?
My sin is gone, swingin' swords like Voltron
And I can go on, like sentences that run on
About my God who from now to the eons
He's runnin' things no matter what planet you be on

From the L.A. to the NYC
Dirty South and all points in between
All my peoples, worldwide, keep it movin'
It ain't where you're from or where you're at
It's where you're goin'

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I'm grabbin' pens, open up the folders
I got my pages through Motorola Boost slaves like a
soldier
You couldn't move the crowd with dynamite and a
bulldozer
I'm lettin' Jehovah rock it like a boulder
It's showin' love from the younger to the older
So hard knocks keep them blocks in the holsters
So come on over 'cause nobody gets the cold shoulder
Now it's my God who awoke me from the coma
Now, to me, MC means the Microphone Controller
I'm stayin' in this syllabus with the verbs like the
Knowda
We hold it down, now, from here to Arizona
Just keep it movin' now in case we never told ya

I'm a speak this, so hate me now if you want to
But it'll be kinda hard to do when still claim to follow
Christ too
I'm a mosey on in like this very track's tempo
And mosey on back like word is heard from the demo
It's mighty hard when it's not that fast, enough timin'
On hearin' from a label after showcasin' ya best
rhymin'
Sending them an envelope with a note attached to the
cassette sayin'
"It's our new stuff, kinda rough and ain't been mixed
yet"
But stay anxious for Nathan, take some time to bill
'Cause they automatically up the ante when ya on the
playin' field
So come closer to the speaker, because y'all don't
wanna miss this
I reckon I rank real high on the Enemy's out-to-get list
An extra expose, exposin' all the creeps
Did you catch the taped series on how they told ya to
pull the sheets?
'Cause a lot of us is Christians sleepin' with the
opposition
Then we snappin' under pressure, leavin' funky
dispositions
We supposed to speak bold but then we fold 'til it hurts
And this life requires passion set to action through the
works
It's how we do, you know how we do

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