

## **Made Men "Keep It Movin'"**

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We be the type that like to hang out  
(We like to hang out)  
We like to bang out  
(We like to bang out)  
And keep it movin'  
(We keep it movin' yo)

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It's all about money, weed, gunz and drugz  
Skins and thugz, fake pounds and hugs  
Fast cars, penthouse sweets, eatin' meat  
Top of the line, ginuwine, rythme over beats

Riddin' shotgun, S-class 3 thou Sedan  
Benzo, playin' Nintendo with my man  
Flosin', spittin' my game at the bar  
Tropical, kickin' tall, doll with a parasol

Street elegant with a relevant style  
Check the next chick, push a expo Eddie Bau  
Executive jet, first class, sip the moët  
Turn the hands back, three hours on the Rolex

East coast to west coast return to the future  
From Boston to Cali smokin' high times Buddah  
Ferrari-a, 5-5-0, Maranello, yo Lamborghini SV Coupe  
Deablo  
Pablo, show me the stash with the cash

Or I blast, stain your pro wood frame glass  
I'm prouder than four point zero, the pan or leer-o  
'Cause I can feel the heat Like De Nerio  
I'm sittin' in the lap of luxury

But I'm still spittin' caps for thugz  
Who be plusly livin comfortably

Cigar handlings be Cuban  
Made Men keep it movin', all the way to the conclusion

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Yo, drop the top on the whip  
Hit the strip load the clip just in case them hatters want  
trip  
Tryin' to keep a low profile like parole  
While I'm bumpin', Sony surround sound Makaveli

We urban Made Men, not Italian Gambino  
Keep blazed, cool Jesus, Ray Bantino  
Thug niggas elevatin' the art of livin' well  
What goods a millionaire mind locked in a prison cell

Keep it movin', you know the MO or catch a demo  
On how we flip up the whole fuckin' tempo  
Mansion up in the hills find a mountain off the main  
road  
You drape day, day you never wear the same clothes

Iced out medals, usually count fouls  
To a hundred, up all night gettin' blunted  
Roll around in a six hundred, on twenty inch nickel  
Got your wife all on my pickel

Backseat swingin' heps up in my jeep  
The watercraft do a world class cobra retreat  
That ocean reef, waterfront on the beach  
She wanna freak in a two piece smellin' on peach

Scuba divin' in the blue waters of Aruba  
Flowin' palaces off the coast of St. Lusia, strap with  
aluga  
Credibility street provin', that's why I got to keep it  
movin'

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