

## Masta Ace

### "Movin' on"

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Yo we gonna do it now?

To get ahead, in life  
I must avoid the rain, pain, and the strife  
I have to keep (people) striving  
I want to be among the young that are surviving  
So I go and get a job and  
Work amongst the jerks that I used to be robbing  
My boss? name is rick  
The kind I used to vic on the ave with a stick  
Now I?m taking orders  
Dreaming about the days when I went to latin quarters  
Me and my batallion  
Scheming on the kid with the link and medallion  
Rolling with the rush  
Anyone that stepped in the way got crushed  
But that was then, this is now  
And I don?t want to join my best friend  
Cause he bit the dust  
Went one-on-one with the kid and got bust  
I can still see the blood  
Pouring outta his head, red like a flood  
I stayed up til dawn  
Cause I knew, that it was time to move on

Keep moving, keep moving on moving oooooooooon  
(repeat 4x)

Hot summer night  
Rolling on the deuce just looking for a fight  
Take a few flicks  
As they walked past we harassed a few chicks  
I snatch her by the arm  
Her man?s up the block so she screams in alarm  
But we don?t give a fuck  
He?s wearing pennyloafers so we know he?s a duck  
Try to play hero  
And catch a bad one you nerd-looking zero  
Pockets are bare  
Stetsasonic and dougie are up at union square  
Let?s take a ride

Even though that we know that we can't get inside  
Standing out front  
On the prowl, on the hunt  
Who's it gonna be?  
Some kid rolls up in a 300 e  
Uh oh, time to wreck  
Diamonds on his wrist, his fingers, and his neck  
Sweat on my brow  
I wish I knew then what I know right now  
Cause now I'm reborn  
And I know, that it's time to move on

Keep moving, keep moving on moving oooooooooon  
(repeat 4x)

Here's the break  
This is the break

My man dre waves his fist  
To the crew that means no assist  
So he stepped  
The kid was at the phone booth, yeah he slept  
It was simple  
Dre just hit him with a blow to the temple  
Then he fell  
The girls that were standing in line start to yell  
The kid's out cold  
Dre's kinda bold, he's putting on the gold  
Then another yell  
The crowd starts running and I wonder, what the hell?  
The kid on the floor (watch your back!)  
Came to now it's his turn to score  
He had a gun  
Pulled the trigger before dre could run  
Then he jumped in the benz  
And he jetted off, we had no wins  
These days I think  
As I hold the cup of success, dre would never get a  
drink  
Cause that night a very clear picture was drawn  
It was was tiiiime to move on

Keep moving, keep moving on moving oooooooooon  
(repeat 4x)

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