

## Michael Stanley Band

### "Moving Through the Streets"

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I'm from the family Sick Symphonies underground  
crowds are into me  
Got out the industry 'cause the label became my  
enemy  
It wasn't meant to be the machine was just trying to  
censor me  
Didn't do it for Sony so they ended up releasing me  
Independent no longer locked down for an infinity  
So my vicinity remains true to my identity  
Sick Jacken exploiting the sound verbal attacking ear  
drums  
From where you're standing you'll catch the rapping  
Music Of The Mask infiltrate past blast out your loud  
speaker  
Haters get ass we get the last laugh like Bloodstone  
Look at the picture tell me what's wrong  
Earthquake weather turned LA into a flood zone  
We dry it up come with the raw when we transmit the  
rhyme network  
Psycho Realm that's my conecta

Sick fucks backing the music with drugs  
And now we're taking over the scene we're straight  
thugs  
Hit the exit move the package as we get it  
Sick dogs push in the gates and invade it  
Moving the revolution through using  
All kinds of musical forms of confusion  
You win the area battle raw fusion  
And fights that light up the night and spell ruin  
For street teams caught in youth groups of two's and  
three's  
Means they're shooting soldiers into the county

Radio alerting the streets reach those available  
Decide which way to go and which not we move  
unfadable  
Unbreakable underground sounds will be invading you  
There's nothing you could do we're breaking through

We move through kingdoms of violent silent weapons

Employ those firing  
We're dying  
While the puppet master's jerking strings smiling we're  
fighting  
In the street ring not even defying the plan  
They set the money bait and we're biting  
We document images on song using vocal print  
On how you get prepared to go to war against the  
monument  
It's always been and will always be crooked  
government  
Controlling the streets running shit while we're gunning  
it  
Die on it bleed with more numbers than we succeed  
Statistics recording the growth of the bad seed  
Moving through streets packing my piece watching for  
peace disruption  
And the corruption on the police don't cease  
Is there an ending before decease?  
Or is death the only exit buried and then released?

Moving through streets we see enemy forces  
We drop multi bombs and then flee  
All competition will reach defeat  
And targets in my mission will die technically  
Physically bringing you storm it's on  
'Til the end of the war has been won you've been  
warned  
Swarm with the strength of destructive psyclones  
And police crews get introduced to straight harm  
Abused 'cause you want me to lose  
They're to protect and serve but never to follow the  
rules  
Street soldiers refuse  
We come in the midst of hate with the fate then you're  
through

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