

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Movin' On Up"

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Yeah... yeah, many more good years to come
Hard times in the ghetto
Coming up as a young shorty
As a young shorty, my pops always told me
You gotta eat man, kept it real
In the field, you know the deal

We'll get by, we'll either do or die
Hit you with the truth, no lie
Move on up, trynna to survive

I push with the force of M.C.'s, we cold crush
Manage to rush, shift through the game, splitters of
paintbrush
Drop a dime, yo, that ain't us
The coppers are lyin', greener than mean
For this bing is a must, trust
When I spit it, it's gun bust, dangerous
Hit you, split you, with the angel dust
Plus, how many m.c.'s must get done?
Before somebody says; you can't beat the Sunn
Number one in my own circle, boy, don't make me hurt
Turn your dome purple, light up that purple urkel
Party over here, party over here, braids in my hair
Chain on my neck, watching the ladies stare
They call me Sunzini, gold genie, human machinery
Hype on the scenary, fly as a Lamborghini
Ain't no stoppin' me now, stoppin' me how?
A lion on the prowl, father of many styles, now

Pardon me kids, it's a must that I handle my biz
To keep the heat where I gotta eat, you know what it is
Do what I did, slid through the games with jewels, the
Wu
S to the K, Brooklyn Zu, the Two
G-O-D-Z, I-N-C, I achieve multiple bands, like Cosby and
Winfrey
I lay it down for my family tree
Like Sammy Davis and the Rat Park, flippin' in threes
Got 'em askin, who is he?
It's Sunzini, Big P, from the BK, NYC

Within, introducing, born again losing
And you could see me face to face, it's no illusion
My whole click stay producing, and I'ma stay 52
And pursuin', through the city of ruin
Gritty to the grains, sustain, know what I'm doing
You losing, cruisin' for a bruisin', you got the crowd
booing

Serious time, curious mind, delirious crime of cosmo
guns
It's armored body, small chasing white lines
Did it from the grind, focus on the right signs
Soldier physic, unique, like the rarest mines
Zini at his prime, never catch me dropping dime
The honey berries, necessary with a twist of lime
I'm quick to spit a rhyme, any place, any time
Thoroughbred, known, grown and I gets mine
Genuine like fine furs and leathers, in the end
We gotta get it together, you know the kiss be the
treasure
Shine through extreme measure, the team mega
Cheddar, burning that O.G., Jack Herra
Serious talk, I'm deli as a Newport
Check out my melody, Brooklyn, New York
Do my damn thing, get it? Spit flames
On any terrain, worldwide, we campaign

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