

Rolling Stones

"Keep it Movin'"

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[Khadijah Mohammed & (Grand Puba)]
Oh (Yeah) ooh ooh ooh ooh
(Come on) come on (Uh) ooh ooh
(Grand Puba, huh) ooh (Lord Jamar huh) ooh
(Khadijah huh) ooh ooh (Daty X)

[Chorus: Khadijah]
How far would you still feel me if I didn't make these
hits
Couldn't get you what you're used to sipping Cris and
taking trips
Would you still be in my corner or be on some other shit
But if so, then I don't need you so let's keep it moving
bitch

[Grand Puba]
Uh, everything love long as paper keep stackin'
Kisses and hugs on some lovie dove shit
Niggas on the grind cause we keep you smilin'
Paper get low you get on some other shit
I know ya whole style, whole style
Ya got a lot of bullshit behind that smile
Ya main concern is bling, mink, and crocodile
No love for niggas who don't make the paper pile
I feel ya, feel ya
Style been all good from the giddy up, from giddy up
Nights on the town used to live it up, used live it up
Joints blaze in the trunk used to beat it up, used to beat
it up
Wrappin' hundred dollars bills in my homeless cup
Next day 5th Ave. shoppin' Gucci bag coppin'
Paper stopped droppin' attitudes started flip-floppin'
No worry bounce the bird in a hurry
Little did she know my setback was temporary

[Chorus]

[Sadat X]
We can play home
As long as you can play with the dome
A cold killer, drink a cold can of Miller

Turn me off black than a Mike J. thriller
Now we all alone, body is bomb
Ass much fatter, what the fuck is the matter
Always talkin' shit about all of these niggas
All these niggas tryin' to seize these figures
Ridin' in the two-seater, ridin' with the heater
If I meet her tonight, can I beat
Do it taste sweet, would I really eat...Bon appetite
Is it facts or fake
Me and old girl could always swing
But why every time got to be on me
Cause y'all bitches know that shit is free
Now I'm back in the streets before 10:30
Gotta take a shower, can't leave my dick dirty

[Chorus]

[Lord Jamar]

Now when a nigga had money, you was there
Funny how every time I turned around, you was there
When it was time to get your hair, your nails and your
gear
But at my court date, you failed to appear
For my case on appeals, it took over a year
In that time, a nigga didn't see nor hear
Got to the point, there was no respect at all
I was shocked when you did not collect my call
Spent nights in my cell just beatin' my dick
Thinkin' bout, how we used to fuck and shit
I took you out, bought cha' ass a bunch of shit
When I get out
I'm gonna fuckin' punch this bitch right in her mouth
Cause she don't understand the rules
You don't bite the man that dipped your hand in jewels
You were there when I bought the rock that blinded you
Now a nigga locked and I can't find you

[Chorus]

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