

Sadat X "Move On"

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F/ Diamond (D.I.T.C.), Shawn Black

[Sadat X, Diamond, Shawn Black talking]
Check it, check it, check it the new reign
Yeah, Wild Cowboys, 1-2-1-2 yeah
Diamond D, D-I-T-C, the Crates
Brand Nubian still up in here, no question
I'm Shawn Black, so stop asking me questions

[Verse 1]

This solo thing I'm doin' here is real to me
The most serious thing in my life, I can say up to this
point
My reputation is at stake, this where the men are mad
Separate me from the sons put me with the big guns
My energy now radiates from leads, grow trees
I'm every time like crime on frustrated black men
Hey you and ya buddy, y'all both need to study
That my past records shows my pros is untraceable
Flows will lace that ass, full fold in and
I'm nice now, five years ago way back in the beginning
When I was runnin' in back yards
While people was playin' cards
And eatin' barbecue, I'm one of the only few
Sayin' take that pork off ya motherfuckin' fork
Then they would front and cut out the mic
And I'd be out on my bike
Now Lil' Mo was there, Marvin Spark was there
This is in the eighties now, the start of my long career

[Hook]

Move on, black man, move on
Move on, black man, move on
New year, same game, same shit goes on
New year, same game, same shit goes on

[Verse 2]

We was young cats playin' Latin quarters
We was playin' roof top, yeah don't stop
And I was there at Union Square when KRS-One did his
thing
So y'all know what I'm bringin' to this ball game

I got stacks of rhymes and papers and notes
Lil' phrases written and my catchiest quotes
I free them Hattians off them boats and give em' the
finest ocean liners
I hate brothers that's walkin' but mentally in recliners
Hey who's that behind with the plastic and them
scanners
In the year 2000 will ya be on ya manners
In concentration camps, wet floors and cold
And population control keeps ya welfare comin'
No more big fams, Uncle Sam damns
And this MC Big Brother want the platinum
At your expense, niggas ain't been heard from since
I walk light and carry the big stick
Give out my views to blacks and Jews and whoever
choose to get hit
With my shit I'm like the snowball effect
And y'all should all stand erect when I pass
Corporal with the ranch groove style, leadin' profile
First leave the whole crowd thirsty and wet
Wild Cowboys leadin' New York and that's my set
I'm down with Lil' L and my man Akinyele
I love her but I can't stand her mother
Me and her brother ain't had the blessings to lead
Kind of hard that I'm the G-O-D

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Yeah my rent is due and the phone bill too
Long distance is dead, got to see ConAir
All of these bills is risin' in my head
But wait I got the child support
Got the car note as the after thought
Got the school loan then after college that was blown
Did I forget with my car a lot of tickets I owe
Now niggas hate, my youth it constantly grows
Always need clothes, hey that's how it goes
Word, and my wife, I gotta keep my home life in tact
Some of her friends try to end me then try to act
friendly
That's that bullshit, yo now that's that bullshit
Now my crew all money and I'm tellin' em' to hang on
I'm tryin' to hang but sometimes that don't be workin'
Nigas talkin' about gettin' a package and goin' down
South and murkin'
In Carolinas or to VA with the stash spot
Tryin' to hit the jackpot, tryin' to hit the jackpot

[Sadat X, Diamond (D.I.T.C.), Shawn Black ad-libs]

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