

She Moves

"Swing It Over Here"

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"Kick it over here baby pop!"

Chorus: Murray, Sermon, others

[KM] Swing it over here!
[all] Yo swing it over here!
[KM] Swing it over here!
[all] C'mon swing it over here!
[KM] Y'all swing it over here!
[all] Yo swing it over here!
[KM] Come swing it over here!
[Red] Yo, swing it over there!

Verse One: Keith Murray

My rap style is swift like boom bips
so come get a whip, and a bump, it's rough
Crews couldn't hold it in handcuffs
The ordeal is that I'm raw ill on the mic
Switchin my styles up like a transvestite (word)
I think of competition as ?? and
Keith Murray is the vocabulary champ
?Come in against deep notable to breach lines?
I'll make you make the same mistake twice three or
four times
and nobody got a style like this
You could say, I got my thinking cap on backwards
I'll demolish the retarded smartest rap artists
regardless, tryin to scream the hardest
I fuck your head up like amphetamines with L.O.D.
Then bend you out of shape like a master Yogi
I put my head through your chest, just to see
who's next in line, just to get wrecked
I makes contact, bust the interlude
I take my skills to another level like qualudes
And you couldn't hear me out; cause the type of shit
I converse about'll drag your brain in the
slaughterhouse

Chorus: change to [all] throughout

Verse Two: Erick Sermon

Cling cling, somebody tell me something
Why I got more props than Don King without bouncing
boxing rings?
ding ding I be the flyest guy you ever sawr on the
microphone
Rip the shit to pieces, so leave me alone
Check me out, the way I freak the mode
The active half flippin shit so split 'fore I explode -
BOOM!
So umm, pay attention, before I put you and your crew
on suspension
for being closed minded to my invention
Yo, I rock on reel when I record oh my lord
The world full of jackers so I keep my shit stored
When I rock the microphone I rock it right
and keep it hardcore and more blacker than Wesley
Snipes
To my crew there's no match
You want more funk then here's another batch, yo I

Chorus: [all] throughout

"The Redman that's what they call me" --> EPMD's
'Headbanger' (repeat 3X)
[ED] Oh no, here comes the Funkadelic Redman

Verse Three: Redman

Aoowwwwhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh my goodness! Could
this be
the funk that I was stretching out my lungs
Funkadelic sums up *nasal inhale* I clear the mucus
Stick tissue up my nose to stop the snot from makin
spots
To be or not I still give niggaz polka dots for plots
Now Richard Dawson had a survey sayin that I was
awesome
Throw on your Walkmans while I pour the funk sauce in
your coffins
WAKE UP! While the blunt's laced up just to pick the
pace up
My style's freaky, nasty like ?Seka? pussy papers
when I raped her, you don't know check the four-uno-
uno you know
That funk mixture that gets your body, holy like
scriptures
Now right about now I'm settin off a bomb to blow the
Empire
to ashes -- cause my shit's more raw than niggaz

stashes

Massive funk, swingin bangin bent up while I fucked ya
I'm rough enough ta, fuck up another white man's
trucker

Redman's evil like the board of ouiji, niggaz could
smoke

a whole pound of weed and couldn't see me off the TV!

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