

## Primal "Power Moves"

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[South Park Mexican:]

Yo, yo. It's all about these Power Moves, right?

It's all about these Power Moves.

Yo, think you understand what I'm sayin'

Uh.

I need to relax & take a 48 hour cruise,

Power Moves: I'm sorry but you cowards lose.

Shout the news, we done paid our dues.

It's not how I can, it's how I choose.

The South done rule,

Came up, out the blue.

I show haters hell & buy 'em flowers too.

If I was you, I wouldn't leave from around your crew

They wouldn't find you 'til the year 2002.

I be countin' loot

Climbin' like a mountain boo

In the land where dope fiends play the glass flutes.

Off in the night, at the scene stackin' green.

While most men sleep we're servin' fiend after fiend.

'86 breakin' bricks.

Got hoes takin' tricks.

Makin' hits, while I'm at Denny's eatin' steak & grits.

Bring the noise to you boys, feel my Hillwood Opera.

Cause ain't no stoppin' a muthafuckin' conqueror.

[Chorus]

Power Moves.

Power Moves.

Power Moves.

Power Moves.

[Bushwick:] [\*laughing\*] Hey yo!

"Hey yo we got your turn over here, right?"

"We got my homey T, SPM in here"

[Bushwick:]

Now it's all about team work

There's enough to feed all on God's green earth.

I reverse the game not me first.

Niggas try to act killer but I seen worse.

Feet first so get a taste of our de-sert eagle.

Wet T-shirts. I hurt people.  
Eagle trip talkin' shit be irrelevant. [big laugh]  
You like the smell of shit you lack street elegance.  
I push bricks  
Fuck hoes under the cushions.  
If there's only 1 bitch, I bet she's suckin' 2 dicks.  
SPM & Bushwick: true top fillas,  
Mexican assassin & me, Jamaican killer.  
Power's the act performin' e-ffective progress.  
Remember that when you see our 600 topless.  
3rd coast, H-Town to 3rd Texamin  
You got 3 wishes muthafuckers make the best of it.

[Chorus:]  
Power Moves.  
Power Moves.  
Power Moves.  
Power Moves.

[Bushwick:] You wanna diss a Mexican? Fuck with us  
cause...

[South Park Mexican:]  
Call me Papa Trump, or Daddy Mack-10  
Back when I took cities like, Cracklin'.  
The clash of the Titans, passin' my writin'  
Boys On Tha Cut goin' faster than lightnin'.  
My yellow hood's right past the woods  
So every full moon I dance with wolves.  
Used to fool with crack, now I'm through with that,  
I just opened up the SPM School of Rap.  
Jump for joy H-Town, the south takin' over  
Like when they mixed weed with a cup of bakin' soda,  
Playin' poker  
Breakin' boulders  
Shake your shoulders  
Make you haters know this that your silly game is bogus  
Can't control us  
We stay ferocious  
But lay the lowest, blaze a forest  
My brain's in orbit  
& they adore us  
Great performance  
I'm playin' organs  
& pray the lord-es  
Kickin' like Bruce, takin' all this  
Now bring the Chorus.

[Chorus]  
Power Moves.  
Power Moves.

Power Moves.

Power Moves.

[Bushwick:] Hey! Y'all thought I was gone, right?

[\*laughs\*]

I wanna say wussup to my muthafuckin' homies

From L.A. to New York, to the Midwest, to the

Durdysouth.

You know what I'm sayin'?

Keep it real, keep it real, keep it real [\*fades out\*]

Talkin' about that Power Moves. [starting after "L.A."],

Talkin' about that Power Moves.

Talkin' about that Power Moves.

Power Moves.

Hey!

Power Moves.

Power Moves.

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