

Blueprint

"Keep Movin'"

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[Chorus] Keep movin' [x16] [Verse One] I don't rush rhymes or count down the minutes my hands took Pushin' pens, perfectin' rap hooks My rap books Inspired by the spirit of Sam Cooke I know it's God's plan so I don't act shook What's that mean? It means that I can't be bought By an A&R tellin' me I can't be raw Forced to rhyme about a gold chain that hangs to the floor I plan to see more Than all of my fam's seen before I move on Mom's told me that she'd do it with style And travel the world if she never had a child And I had to smile and thank God that she did her thing As a caged bird, givin' her the gift to sing And a day that she hoped would bring A chance for one of her babies To grow up and spread those wings Cause now-a-days most broads can't hold their own Too dependent on a man and can't be alone The bedrooms the only place they're used to being grown So every month they got a different dude all up in they home Layin' up, watchin' TV, answerin' the phone Cookin' crack, smokin' weed, cleanin' out his chrome He tryin' to get money She's just a part of the plan A spot to lay low But she think she got her a man Ain't nothin' worse than a single mothers despair Hungry and scared Kids wishin' pops was there Every day it gets harder to bare She wonders if her kids would be better off in foster care But she holds on She's so strong Knowin' life goes on And gains strength from an old song on the radio [Chorus] [Verse Two] Back to reality Another gun shot, another casualty Down the block, crime scene surrounded by cops Apathetic, while the people stand around and watch She's in the window Wishin' that the violence would stop I'm on my way home from work gettin' off of the bus Saw the ambulance Figured that somebody got touched But I'm happy That it ain't nobody I love A fallen soldier in a street war that died over drugs It gotta be bad karma Cause last time I saw him he was alive Standin' on the very same corner Out to take what the streets had to offer Chest pokin' out as if he had body armor I guess not When it gets hot, you can get got And get left behind without your life in the same spot It's ill Could you imagine how it would feel To be

dead and not even know you just got killed Just a spirit
wondering if it's real Lookin' down at your own bloody
body while it lies that still It's time to build [Chorus]

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