

## Poor Old Lu

### "Nobody Move"

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Watch me, who but Wise Intelligent come with style  
How rough and ready I get  
Please baby baby baby please let me talk this  
None cannot walk this, spark off the darkness  
Run, pick a punk, come test me or something  
No fronting, I'll bust him, not bluffing or nothing  
Just because I'm deadly no you can't test me  
Or the Father Shaheed, or the ??? MC Freed  
Bo can't you see a teacher yard in, play me  
Close I beg you niggas pardon, brawling  
Who, what, when, why, how and where can we get it on  
I've got enough styles and I've come to set it off  
PRT posse we get max amount of live and  
Check the track I'm riding, New Jersey driving  
Sliding in a ya house I've come to wreck that  
Show me respect, black  
We cash with checks and things  
Ras clots make way for the Nazarite  
Born as an Israelite, change a Judah height screaming  
Dreaming, just because you sleeping  
I've come to wake ya, but don't make me sneak ya,  
faggot  
Knowledge I teach it, giving it just like it is  
And boy you come again, dam none can trouble we  
Lord is effect coming to wreck and do work so  
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt

Nobody move, nobody gets hurt! (Repeat 8x)

Yes the, style makes a bit of differ  
Hush Mr. Petty Nigga, Wise is talking  
Make way for this, the new stylee  
Black God body, easy daddy  
I'm gonna be giving the rhythm that's ripping the roof  
Off of ya house and projects be bouncing, shit Wise  
Intelligent  
You've got the rhymes and you've got the styles then  
Pass off the blunt cause I'm champion  
And PRT be teaching keeping ghetto people smiling  
Pro-black and wilding, piling food stamps  
Ever the voice and ??? spread the word

This wisdom I gives them comes straight from the curb  
It's rough and ready to be  
Nah nope nah, none can not touch me  
Spark up your blunts and trick up your stunts  
But don't come amongst my godly circumference  
Baby baby you may let me get your head straight  
Walk with the God's eyes, watch as I demonstrate  
There's more to this brother than hotties and hooters  
Ain't no other people like the black tribe of Judah  
Lord is effect come to wreck and do work so  
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt

Nobody move, nobody gets hurt! (Repeat 8x)

Don't test a teacher that be swolled and  
Got soul control and  
Stay out my way when I'm holding  
This is a project produced protect the ghetto kids  
Under the sewer lid starving  
Pardon me the way I talk this  
Watch the black artist, poor but I'm all that I tell ya  
Hell yeah, I'm about to tear this out ya hair kid  
Pro-black shampoo I suggest you  
Don't fuck with me Mr. Wise when bustas realizing  
I am unfit to be trying  
I'm out to end a kid's career  
So bring all your people, ??? and let me free ya, mind  
Where went the black nationality?  
Some call it a casualty, I call it conspiracy  
Listen the, knowlege your pops teacher calling  
Who got the props? That's who teacher's robbing  
Aw man hush cause God is talking  
We run this block, stop no keep walking  
Now who got the balls for some battling  
Speaking of the battling, it's about time for some  
tussling  
Take two of these and call me like right in the morn  
Bout when the herb man is hustling  
Lord is effect come to wreck and do work so  
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt  
Lord is effect come to wreck and do work so  
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt

Nobody move, nobody gets hurt! (Repeat 8x)

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