

**3LW F/ Lil' Wayne****"K.I.M"**

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[Chorus: Tek (Steele)]

When the booms bye close (yo we got to Keep It Movin)  
When your shorties act up (aiyo, we got to Keep It  
Movin)  
When the spilly get hot (straight up, we got to Keep It  
Movin)  
When shit just don't stop (yo, son, yo we just got to  
Keep It Movin)

[Steele]

Whose that knockin at my door?  
Hope it's a friend of me, cuz we at war wit the enemy  
We keep eyes out for spies, out in our cipher  
All man trifler, if I'mma take a life, then I'ma die of lifer  
Unless I control the stress, ease off roll off the set, get  
wit Tek  
Walk around again wit Mr. Brown and his Jamaican  
friend  
Never to sleep again, unless I want my life to end

[Tek]

Take a rest blood, let me take watch of the battlefield  
Mr. Ripper MP, do these'll kill  
Any and every enemy befriended we  
Don't believe the forefront of the industry  
Cuz your man makes the brain feel soothin  
Constant elevation, so we gotta Keep It Movin

[Chorus: Steele (Tek)]

Now when ya set gets hot (we got to Keep It Movin)  
And when it's time to get dough (we got to Keep It  
Movin)  
It's time to big up the spot, kid (so let's get it movin)  
Gotta let these heads know (time to get it movin)

[Steele]

From dusk to dawn, I get it on wit the world  
I face drama that trace from me, back to my momma  
So to be a man, the plan is to never sit  
Where I lay my head to rest, at night, less my guns  
right

Under my pillow or right near me  
Nightmares don't scare me, but what happens at night,  
got me leary  
So fear me, cuz I'm like the ones that truce  
Wit somethin in the mid section for protection  
I reckon you, take a second or two  
To recollect for a few, while I connect wit my crew  
And Keep It Movin, and get rocks to bill  
Blocks to seal, dome, ya big up cops to kill

[Chorus: Tek (Steele)]

When we on to the con game (yo, it's got to Keep It  
Movin)  
When it's cee-lo, bank is low (we got to Keep It Movin)  
When the dough run out (straight up, we got to Keep It  
Movin)  
When the stash is gone (aiyo, we got to Keep It Movin)

[Tek]

We comin through, all you hear is ten boots stompin  
Got you shittin in you're drawers, just starin, lookin,  
watchin  
What's our next move? Hope it's not in you direction  
Cuz you know you're fucked up and left home without  
connection  
Coward ass niggas want beef wit the ruckus in us  
Pawn box that ass, and shift ya back to ya sender  
It's all about reality  
Now follow me, into the thoughts of a high mad man  
Knuckles all swollen, blood drippin from my hand  
Kinda lost it for a sec, cuz I snap now and then  
Every since the beast threw his glock to my chin  
Now I'm livin wit the grudge for the fuzz  
Pullin off the buds on the corner wit a group of hooded  
thugs  
Whose the herb of the day? Don't hate and pay to the  
cause  
That keeps us off all day, I rip the pocket, O.G.C. did  
the shootin  
This milli's gettin blown, so we got to Keep It Movin

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