

Q-Tip

"Move"

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Here we come yo
Here we come
Here we come yo
Here we come
Here we come yo
Here we come
Here we come yo
Here we come
Here we come yo
Here we come
Here we come yo
Here we come

I'm just a brotherman descendant of the motherland
I fuck with blackberries and dimes and butter tens
Good on my right and trouble on my other hand
Life is a tight rope I'm dyin' the balance in
And by the end hopefully I be the balance-man
A simple dude who can exude the talents and
I am the captain of the hot blooded caravan
Spread in a different look to charred and battered
lands
It's outta function I see girls that can top it off
I hold mines while these cowboys pop it off
You just a movie-dude claimin' that you pop-soft
This shit's like cold grits without the hot sauce
This government seems to me like it's off course

Come on come on
Let's move and get down
{Like it's off course}
Come on come on
Let's move {This government} and get down
Come on come on
Let's move and get down
{Ride with me, come on}
Come on come on
Let's move and get down

Your dubious style may rock for right now
But in the long run, you really lost one

Jamaica, Queens-man land of the tossed gun
It's never easy police nah sees we
Go through the checkpoints birds flip to po nine
I got a bad bird nicknamed her sunshine
I treats her so kind sweetening her at nighttime
Into the right tunes we hit the right rhymes
I dig her fashion smash into my memory
And in the club shorty stays real into me
A humble dude and never will pretend to be
The type of artist that's desired for the industry
Came in this fucka me and I'm a leave me
And in the end B you would believe me that I'm a leave
me
So what's a industry if the listeners will always stand
beside me?

Come on come on
Let's move and get down
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