

Smif-N-Wessun "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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