

Street Dogs

"Nobody Moves"

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Tired, broke and winded
We get low percentage
So, I'm so committed
And I'm so commended
But when I say it's to the death
That's open ended
I might never die
Til bosses is crooked and ended
I might never rhyme unless I put Oakland
In it
I might never sleep til this flyer's wrote
And printed
This may not be spoken proper
I'm smiling holding choppers
Foot on the coppers
In the photo finish

Nobody moves til we say go
Nobody moves til we say go
Nobody moves til we say go
Nobody moves til we say go

(Go!)
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(Go! Go!)
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(Go! Go!)

In a coat of linen
Not just quotin Lenin
Strike a blow and hit em
Like cobras totin venom
I'm your co-defendant
This system's broke and bended
Them millionaires on TV
That's a token image
Plus they're owned and rented

The most we get is a car with spokes
And tinted
Let's get loc'd and win it
We can slow their business
Til their dough diminish
When they meet these demands
We'll be foldin spinach
Nobody moves til we say go
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