

Styles

"Muuvon"

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Chorus: repeat 2X

Gotta be patient, gotta be calm
Just keep pacin, and move on

Verse One:

Yo gimme somma that - somma what? Somma that
over there, yeah who? Takbir
The one that makes you bump when it ain't hop enough
Don't trip, Tiger Legs, move your waist, put em up

With the bump and the Mickey's club, freakin Aeon Flux
in a black tux, so back up, Tiger Chan, damn
in the jam or in the flow, 90 degrees
with the Three's Company afro, crack the Newcastle

When it's down to the wire, and I'm ready to grab
Pissed off enough, with no other way to react
Another sense rap said to block the thought process
Dressin the bid on my concious

Complex, gotta ?, my game face, in the same place
Wore my hat back, Ryu on my nameplate
Never waste, valuable brainspace, or thang chase
Chill, with the battle drill, that'll kill ? space

Verse Two:

Just keep pacin, and move on..
With the time tickin deadlin waitin to sneak
I got a, million and one things to do in the week
With the time tickin deadlin waitin to sneak
I got a, million and one things to do in the week

Besides doin the freak, I'm two deep in the Jeep
with the junkyard crew, gettin somethin to eat
We lose sleep to pay dues, at two dollar venues
Ten dudes, one tomboy, with attitudes
that refuse to have fun, but I don't give a {fuck}
These sparks runnin through the hands, up for \$20

bucks

That's a little too much, to even toss in the back
especially when you broke, livin off the scratch
You see it all comes down to the love for music
Short fuse, determinin how well we use it

Guess who steps in the saloon with the platoon
of forty-five caliber bass cannon kabooms
Mechanical cartoon cocoons found to bust
to mute the crowd fuse the move ruins the crush

Plus detonator cordless mics are clutched
Fingertips tight around the invisible paintbrush
To the dawn of Egyptian musk, face the style
War trilogy way beyond "Spies Like Us" just

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Verse Three:

Yo, I grab the rhythm by the waist and shake my own
sound
Droppin it with ?, but my actions tango
Feelin the melodic remedy of an narcotic
Dancefloor cuisine wanna get - you got it
My ? allowed knows how we get down
to these audio effects burn a hole in the ground
With the time tickin deadlin waitin to sneak
I got a, million and one things to do in the week
With the time tickin deadlin waitin to sneak
I got a, million and one things to do in the week

Besides doin the freak, I got two in the Jeep
Half black Thai in the back Jew in the front seat
Pumpin loud beats, hit harder than concrete
Calm before tropical storm Chan can bomb peeps

What the plan - what the deal
If I can - then I will
Flowin like grass with the mass appeal
What the plan - I'ma chill
Why man, you feelin ill?
Stop actin like a {bitch} and take an Advil
It's a plan
Yo man, you goin out or what?
Yeah give me five minutes and I'll meet you in the truck

Chorus: repeat 4X

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