

Styles Of Beyond "Muuvon"

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Gotta be patient, gotta be calm
Just keep pacin' and muuvon

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Yo gimme some a that, some a what?
Some a 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 conscious

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

Just keep pacin' and muuvon
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 kaboom
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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Yo, I grab the rhythm by the waist and shake my own
sound
Droppin' it with [unverified] but my actions tango
Feelin' the melodic remedy of an narcotic
Dance floor cuisine wanna get you got it

My [unverified] 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 and take an Advil
(Bitch)

It's a plan
Yo man, you goin' out or what?
Yeah, give me five minutes
And I'll meet you in the truck

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