

Feldman Jack

"Movin' On"

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Yo we gonna do it now?

To get ahead, in life
I must avoid the rain, pain, and the strife
I have to keep (people) striving
I want to be among the young that are surviving
So I go and get a job and
Work amongst the jerks that I used to be robbing
My boss' name is Rick
The kind I used to vic on the ave with a stick
Now I'm taking orders
Dreaming about the days when I went to Latin Quarters
Me and my batallion
Scheming on the kid with the link and medallion
Rolling with the rush
Anyone that stepped in the way got crushed
But that was then, this is now
And I don't want to join my best friend
Cause he bit the dust
Went one-on-one with the kid and got bust
I can still see the blood
Pouring outta his head, red like a flood
I stayed up til dawn
Cause I knew, that it was time to move on

"Keep moving, keep moving on" "Moving
oooooooooon" (Repeat 4x)

Hot summer night
Rolling on the deuce just looking for a fight
Take a few flicks
As they walked past we harassed a few chicks
I snatch her by the arm
Her man's up the block so she screams in alarm
But we don't give a fuck
He's wearing pennyloafers so we know he's a duck
Try to play hero
And catch a bad one you nerd-looking zero
Pockets are bare
Stetsasonic and Dougie are up at Union Square
Let's take a ride

Even though that we know that we can't get inside
Standing out front
On the prowl, on the hunt
Who's it gonna be?
Some kid rolls up in a 300 E
Uh oh, time to wreck
Diamonds on his wrist, his fingers, and his neck
Sweat on my brow
I wish I knew then what I know right now
Cause now I'm reborn
And I know, that it's time to move on

"Keep moving, keep moving on" "Moving
ooooooooooooon" (Repeat 4x)

Here's the break
This is the break

My man Dre waves his fist
To the crew that means no assist
So he stepped
The kid was at the phone booth, yeah he slept
It was simple
Dre just hit him with a blow to the temple
Then he fell
The girls that were standing in line start to yell
The kid's out cold
Dre's kinda bold, he's putting on the gold
Then another yell
The crowd starts running and I wonder, "What the
hell?"
The kid on the floor (Watch your back!)
Came to now it's his turn to score
He had a gun
Pulled the trigger before Dre could run
Then he jumped in the Benz
And he jetted off, we had no wins
These days I think
As I hold the cup of success, Dre would never get a
drink
Cause that night a very clear picture was drawn
It was was tiiiime to move on

"Keep moving, keep moving on" "Moving
ooooooooooooon" (Repeat 4x)

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