

Talib Kweli "Move Somethin'"

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[Talib Kweli]

C'mon c'mon ya ya ya ya ya
Get 'em up, get 'em up what
Get 'em up, get 'em up what
Get 'em up, get 'em up what
Yo, yo, yo
What's with the melodrama?
Fella's wanna hover in my cypher like a helicopter
Like it's a special honor
The stealth bomba, gem droppa
Make the ghetto holla, Inter-Conta-Nental
Takin you high like sky divers
When we spark with live wires
Original, cavemen quest for my fire
Express my desire to drop this new shit
These record executives keep tellin me y'all stupid
Now if they right, Shut The Fuck Up!
Revolutionaries throw your guns up
Whether you a bourgeois broad who actin stuck up
Or some ignorant thug motherfucker shootin the club
up
We gonna make y'all feel this, break y'all spirit
If y'all fake that realness, word we bringin it
Ringin it in from the new millenuim to way after that
I call these cats Reynolds 'cause they plastic wrap

[Chorus]

Kill all the yappin lets make it happen
You cats ain't real, you just a re-enactment
Better yet, dramatization
Soon as the director say action you start fakin
I start breakin
The whole joint start shakin
This ain't the time or place for you to prove something
Cut the stargazin' yo, move somethin'!

[woman's voice and Talib Kweli]

Move Somethin' (move somthin)
Move Somethin' (move somthin)
Move Somethin' (move somthin)
Move Somethin' (move somthin)

[Talib Kweli]

(Word.. alright bring it back to the top)

To be continued...

Lets see what's next up on the menu run up in you

Lyrics that be fuckin with you

In the mental, pick any mental - instru, funda, detri

Extra Extra large like the borough of brooklyn the residential

Exi-stential-ist specialist

Like Sly Stone wit my poem and fly song

Ride along with cats who live great and die strong, word

We gonna rock till nothin else matters

Y'all catch bodies, we catch excellent cadavers

Your next of kin an' shatter stories splattered in the tabloids

Erase your trace like your cotton mouth and we peppermint altoids

Step in the high reppin the spot called flatbush

Whether rappers or actors you still feel the gat bust

The abstract then becomes the reality

Alcoholics like to call it the moment of clarity

[Chorus]

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[woman's voice and Talib Kweli]

Move Somethin' (move somthin)

Move Somethin' (move somthin)

Move Somethin' (move somthin)

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