

Talib Kweli & Hi Tek "Move Somethin'"

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C'mon, c'mon

Now, get 'em up, get 'em up, what?

Get 'em up, get 'em up, what?

Get 'em up, get 'em up, what?

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, intercontinental

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 millennium to way after that

I call these cats Reynolds 'cuz they plastic wrap

Kill all the yappin', let's make it happen

You cats ain't real, y'all 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 somethin'

Cut the stargazin', yo, move somethin'

Move somethin', move somethin'

Move somethin', move somethin'

To be continued
Let's 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, fundas, detri

Extra, extra large like the borough of Brooklyn
The residential, existentialist, specialist
Like Sly Stone wit my poem an' fly song
Ride along with cats who live great an' 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 an' 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

Kill all the yappin', let's make it happen
You cats ain't real, y'all just a re-enactment
Better yet, dramatization
Soon as the director say, "Action", you
start fakin'

I start breakin'
The whole joint start shakin'
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Cut the stargazin', yo, move somethin'

Move somethin', move somethin'
Move somethin', move somethin'

Word, Flatbush, Brownsville
[Incomprehensible] niggas, move somethin'
CHI and West Side niggas, move somethin'
Cincinatti in the house, you got to move somethin'
My niggas in the dirty South got to move somethin'

The South Bronx, 125, nigga, move somethin'
[Incomprehensible] make it live, nigga, move
somethin'
Miami all the way to Philly got to move somethin'
Chicago an' the Brick City got to move somethin'
My soul rebels in the Brook' got to move somethin'

