

Talib Kweli & Hi Tek

"Move Something"

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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 ??? broad who actin' stuck up
Or some ignorant cut mutha fucker shootin the club up
We gonna make ya'll feel this
Break your spirit if you think that realness word
We bringin it bringin it from the new millenuim to way
after that
I call these cats Renolds cuz 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]

(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

Instra, funda, dentra

Extra Extra large like the borough of brooklyn the
residential

?extra-stencial? this specialist

Like sly stone wit my poem and fly song

Ride along capture live and die strong word

We gonna rock till nothing else matters

You catch bodies, we catch exelent 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)

Move Somethin' (move somthin)

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