

Talib Kweli, Move Somethin'

Typed by: guru_afa@hotmail.com

[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 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]

(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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