

# The Perceptionists, Let's Move

Um, um, woo, DAMN! WOO!

Yo, yo

[Chorus 1 - Akrobatik]

Let me some heads noddin, fists pumpin, feet stompin

Ass shakin, necks breakin, earthquakin - LET'S MOVE!

Fuck a battle, we got nothin to prove - LET'S MOVE!

Fakts One supply the people with the groove - LET'S MOVE!

[Mr. Lif]

Hard tracks, remind me of blacks with scarred backs

These are facts, drownin in the swamp like Artacks (uh huh)

Boston to Fear Facts, chill, watch Miramax

flicks, then I start to get sick, hail drop (uh huh)

Take 39, like the "Hail Bop";

Four teachers, one male cop

Then the atmosphere will get real hot (uh huh)

[Akrobatik]

My flow is like torrential downpours, makin steel rot

We pros, who's credentials drown yours, on the real blocks (uh huh)

It's not coincidental, that we cause some real spots

Appeal, god dammnit, never take it for granted (uh huh)

Write a memo and hand it to your receptionist

The game's about to change, here come The Perceptionists (uh huh)

[Mr. Lif] (Akrobatik)

I'm a genie, the next time you see me is ouija

It's easy, I'm foldin this dimension and breeze it (uh huh)

Invent horizon miles, been at Dyson

M. Tyson, M. Bison, the components for

(Two black orators) (uh huh)

Of the year

(Yeah, hear the masters of the hemisphere)

Universe

(Pumpin knowledge through the verse) (uh huh)

Intensity

(Adrenaline, hip hop's propellin through my melon and)

(GENTLEMEN BEHOLD!)

Live on David Letterman (uh huh)

Your sold on the brother's whole song (uh)

You want to hear another verse? Everybody cool, ola! (uh huh)

[Chorus 2 - Akrobatik]

Let me some heads noddin, fists pumpin, feet stompin

Ass shakin, necks breakin, earthquakin - LET'S MOVE!

Fuck a battle, we got nothin to prove - LET'S MOVE!

Perceptionists provide the people with the groove - LET'S MOVE!

(Let's move, let's move, let's move ...)

[Mr. Lif] (Akrobatik)

We want to show you what oppression is

So we'll speak in jail sentences

Three to five (twenty-five to life) (uh huh)

Mega trife, use a mega knife

to slice through the afterlife

So spill (so ill), so chill (so we'll) (uh huh)

Take you a rhyme adventure, mind dimentia, time to venture

[Akrobatik] (Mr. Lif)

Time to enter with the prime inventors

of a solid center, the contential champions are stompin in your campin and

We positively lampin in your SPOT (YOUR BOOTED!) (uh huh)

Raise The Perceptionists flag, twenty-one guns saluted

Everyone's lungs polluted

Women and young included (uh huh)

[Mr. Lif]

Computers are ones recruited

Look how the hung maneuvered

[Akrobatik]

Strange fruit used to swing from the Southern trees (uh huh)

Now there's only leaves and those who laid the path are lovin these  
[Mr. Lif]  
Discoveries and the brother's free  
Others beggin please, for some empathy, enemy, there's no remedy  
[Akrobatik]  
We cookin up that hot shit  
[Mr. Lif]  
But not sharin the recipe  
[Chorus 2] - 2X