

# Grits, Make Room

[Intro]

That's when you know a group is hip  
Is when your parents say  
What is it with the hippy, hip, hip, hippy glows?  
And you can't understand a word they are sayin'

Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Back on up, back on up, oh yeah, back on up  
Oh yeah, back on up

[Chorus]

Make room, 'cause we about to start swelling  
Catching attitude, get buck sweat it up  
And really lose cool, its what we been commissioned to do  
So back on up and give me room, we gotta keep makin' moves

[Grits]

My long range aim is dedicated to change  
Persist to twist brains with rhymes, only God can explain  
Attain divine intervention if your attentions arrested  
Imprisoned and in position to listen to lessons given

[Grits]

Gotta make moves steadily, heavily bruising these dudes  
We got the gift, but abuse tools misleading these youths see  
My birthright is light in the darkness of night  
To lead the lost paying the price of sacrificing my life

[Grits]

I've been sittin' and contemplating waiting anxiously peeking  
Perception of these releases embracing the deeper reasons  
Of timing and perfect season believing this thing is bigger  
Than faces and sound scan reaching for the completion

[Grits]

Of purpose in promised land watchin' behind the curtain  
For certain the game is hurtin' looking for some solution  
Searchin' for revolution like music is the conclusion  
Refusing to look at life a livion for forward movement

[Chorus x2]

[Bridge]

Move cowards, move all you cowards move  
Move cowards, move all you cowards move  
Move cowards, move all you cowards move  
He scared, she scared and if you scared then move

[Grits]

Oh God, don't let me act up I feel a fit comin' on  
My conniption's, my conviction's reaction to what's goin' on  
My rebuttal's far from subtle, take you there just like a shuttle  
Gather round the huddle embrace the pace  
I spit at give it a kiss and cuddle

[Grits]

Boy what's that there you sayin'?  
I'm taight like the shorts that men look gay in  
Oh Lordy, you don' said too much  
My slightest touch is a cobra clutch

[Grits]

Let it be known, we are the epitomy of strange and bizarre  
Swichin' up and change our repertoire, come discover who we are  
Wreaking havoc on Satan's mavericks through a labyrinth  
filled with Nooks and crannies, an elite group called the factors

[Grits]

We like the X-Men so uncanny, imagine looking  
Up seeing the plastered ceiling cracking, it ain't because  
We broke, we lost our minds for God provoked and crazy actin'

[Chorus x4]

[Outro]

The beat is so crazy