

Artist: mmo

Title: Keep it movin'

download from: <http://www.lyricsdisc.com>

feat. Champ, Ill Knob & J-Boo

[Chorus: Champ]

Playas keep it movin', waste no time, waste no time
Keep it movin', baby, movin' all night

[Ill Knob]

You, shorty's ride the shaft, Knob-a-ra ain't for bluffin'
I ain't had enough of nothin', so what you buffin'
I stay drinkin', breath stinkin', fuck all that fantasy
Half is Alaze, the other half is Hennessy
You feelin' me, I'm feelin' you too
You got stash and pizzazz, baby, and I bet your flavor's raspberry
Let's take it back to the telly, so you can feel the raspberry jelly
As I rub it on your belly, exotica, erotica, who's a sapricotica?
Shottin' your, everything I want, is what you got in your

[Trigg'nomm]

If I tell you I don't love you, then you catch a fit
If I tell you I still love you, then you wanna get lick
Trigg'nomm, donna don, twelve twat like batons
Move smooth like the Fonz, stay focused
Life's ferocious, at times I feel hopeless
Through the power you judge, keep a black man nourished
Worth more than treasures, and all forms of pleasures
Drastic measures, wish you had that, stay clever
You here to legalize loyalty, whatever, man
I'm feelin' you, eye to eye, sizin' up the real in you
Reign bring pain, no gain if I ain't healin' you
Flame it on the ill in you, claim me when you stealin' you
It's your world, ma, it's the mentals I want
Wish you had that, I wanna head hunt, protect ya

[Champ]

Now ya'll can tell me, who's the mack of all on
The Champion, lay back to the mats and the front
This ill thug, like the flip shit wherever I be
For the Boogie Down Bronx to the Q.B.C.
To the red light, to the green light, to the 1, 2, 3
Like S.W.V., get you weak in the knees
I'm on a roll, out for the kill, make you jump like Dru Hill
Touch me, if you want, never, you locked up
You need a fist, get bruised, and black and blue'd the fuck up
You need to touch up, follow my team and get lead to blow the fuck up
Blow the fuck up, blow the fuck up

[Chorus: Champ]

Playas keep it movin', waste no time, waste no time
Keep it movin', baby, movin' all night
Playas keep it groovin', waste no time, groove it right
Keep it grovin', ladies, groove it all night

[Itchy Finga-Sha]

Shorty plump plump, with the biggie rump rump
Make the infer wanna hit me, huh, huh, huh
Exchange friction, conversation got her drawers up
You pussy fuck 'em, she was hold when he was knowin'
Uncomfortable dims, get my props up to the ceiling
Exchange combo's, and oh what a feeling
Too late you can't escape the wait, available for the weak or great
Collect some inner strength, next round, another four left
Status is me on defense, I guess that's just my sequence
Quick shift by, and four gas V.I.P.
Six feet to R.I.P., rollin' wit The Massive
The Massive, The Massive, The Massive, what, what

[J-Boo]

Who keeps it hot, who keeps it locked
Who blowin' spots, since the red bees blastin' through your block
Got you, pressure risin', body leakin'
My team is shitty, I got you stinkin', no time for blinkin'
Cash Rules, that's why I got fools to pack tools
Diamond jewels, or brown star quality shoes
I'm makin' moves on 'em, a platinum team gettin' ruled on 'em
Protect Ya Neck, Massive style, spit and drool on 'em
Drop a stool on 'em, what

[Naisha]

Once again up and bang this, nothin' changes
Feet or hands to the world, with my language
We be on a rapper famous, ill brothers givin' brain damage
Hittin' horror, be with slammin' harder than a hammer
Jump on rope, plus I slam you, with my boxing
I be rockin', pro girls stomp it

Always under siege, swingin' for a hip hopper
Then I bring 'em on top, so you know my shit is proper
Hit you like that lah, have you open like an opera
All ya'll fake rappers after '98, I stop you
Drop you, darkness like Outer Limits
To defeat the devil, cause he wasn't on my level, lyrically

[Chorus 2X]