

The Bass and the Movement

Atmosphere

And we know how to make some music
And the music ain't supposed to stand still
And little bit of, you know little bits of Negro?
Into the music isn't enough
Music is all consuming, let me tell you...

You should have stuck with the original plan: To be a little man
Should have kept it simple, before the shit hit the fan
Give the kid a nipple cause he sucks
Take the microphone from his fist he doesn't know how to clutch
You wanna treat it like a playground?
Well we can joke about your take down
And let your pride get hurt when I tug on your skirt
Like "Shut the fuck up! Professionals are tryin' to work."
And to the people that don't feel us: Fuck em'
Don't need em', can't see em', never leave em', never loved em'
Stuff em' full of dick till the hole rips
And let em' know that's what they get for that ho shit
"Ooh my goodness, Slug went up and flipped his style
I haven't really heard a mac like this in a while"
Bullshit! Still broke and I still fake the smile
Go ahead and download my dick to a file
Yo, you heard Slug sing his songs about women
Like he must be a weak link, I know I can fuck with em'
For those who wanna ride, come on, climb aboard
I'ma be an asshole for as long as I'm exhorted
You either call my bluff or turn the volume up
And make noise for the women that swallow stuff
And put your hands up if you feel the music
Cause all that matters is "The Bass and the Movement"

I have a friend here who needs to put the brakes on. He's getting old.
And if he could put the brakes on time, he'd be coo'
The brakes...the brakes...the brakes...the brakes...

Step, step, step, step, step, step off
You know you gotta get lost because you know your soft
Huh huh step, step, step, step, step, stepped on
Is all you gunna get when you try to test the Sean
You need to park that bitch and get a starter kit
You might as well hire me to come write your shit

At least then nobody'll know who you bit
It won't hurt so much when they don't like your shit
Silly buddy in a puddle of beer
Quit steppin' in my cum and get your gum out your ear
"I heard your new song son, yo this your year"
Why don't you run along and tell your girl to bring it here
You got no balance, combined with no talent
Disgraceful, you can catch a face full of phallice
Color me callused on a retribution tangent
How'd the love die!? How'd the hell you lose the magic?
These cats is lazy, layin' down on the job
I call Musab, this whole playground'll get robbed
Those your props? Gimme that.
Your girl? Gimme that.
A three pack of Jimmy hats

I show you who the skinny mack
You can keep the change. Hit me back when you're stable
If she give good brains she can play with the halo
"Don't worry you're in good hands, I'm a good man.
Misunderstood? Nah, just sick of the program."
I only speak to put(?) ammonia in the bleach
An orphanage, I'm here to get a portion of the piece
So play the leach: Suck me dry
Dot your "T's", cross your eyes
And blow me counterclockwise
So either call my bluff, or turn the volume up
And make noise for the women that swallow stuff
And put your hands up if you feel the music
Cause all that matters is "The Bass and Movement"
I'll keep this brief, I just wanna say peace
And be quiet if you love the police
Now put your hands up if you feel the music
Cause all that matters is "The Bass and Movement"
So either call my bluff, or turn the volume up
And make noise for the women that swallow stuff
And put your hands up if you feel the music
Cause all that matters is "The Bass and Movement"
From the top of Fiji, to the bottom of Christina Ricci
Big ups if you bought my CD
Now put your hands up if you feel the music
Cause all that matters is "The Bass and Movement"