

# I'm Makin Moves

Petey Pablo

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Started in the streets  
Came from the Gutter  
Little drug dealer making plenty of money  
Started selling dime's  
Then I moved up  
Started pushing twenty's cause ten's just wasn't enough  
Dabbled that a few years  
Had a lot a fun  
Switched up the game  
Left the petty shit alone  
Time to get this major paper that I really want  
Took off my [?]  
Put on a suit and let's roll  
Time to get it cracking somewhere I ain't known  
Ninety-five North, maybe Baltimore  
Got a bid  
Did a 1985, 86, Michael Jackson back slid in the same shit again  
Cause the city was a lot bigger  
Made me a lot richer  
Then I got "locked up"  
And went to prison  
Stayed in there a few years  
And made my decision  
When I get out I'm on a mission

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Music was my first high  
Sung in the Church Choir  
Before I could even speak, I learned how to harmonize  
Watching the other guys  
With passion in my eyes  
Wondering how mine gonna sound  
When mine come out  
Then I opened my mouth, something spilled out  
Then I looked around, I done drew a crowd  
Everybody bobbing they head, baby I'm throwing down  
Oh yeah, it's on now  
The way I'm going now  
No looking back for me I got up out my Ma's house  
And a few cars just in case we wanna ball out  
Cruise around the world till the gas run out  
Hit the station automatic window never rolled down  
We don't pump gas no more  
Tell them to come out  
Take this hundred dollar, fill it up if you don't mind  
Right back on the road hitting cruise control  
Heading right back to wherever I was going

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