

Marchin'

Corbin Bleu

Ha!

Uh!

Oh!

Woo!

Ha come on!

This one here ah cheeta

I'm talking on the meda

I'm throwing on my sneeka's

'Cause it's hot!

It's like I caught ah fever

And I'm ready to burn

I gotta get up on my feet

'Cause I'm marching

To the beat of my own drum

I'm banging 'til the job gets done

'Cause I'm marching

To the beat of my own drum

My rhythm makes the crowd go dumb

Dum dum dum.. dum.. dum da dum dum.. dum

It's like ah snagrum kind of

My feet are speaking rhythm

And not fooling withem

I could keep it moving

Can you keep up with me?

'Cause when I set the tempo

Can you play at my speed?

'Cause I'm marching

To the beat of my own drum

I'm banging 'til the job gets done

'Cause I'm marching

To the beat of my own drum

My rhythm makes the crowd go dumb

Dum dum dum.. dum.. dum da dum dum.. dum

I'm marching to the beat

So fast so you can't see my feet

I becha at the edge of your seats

I'm marching to the beat

Do fast so you can't see my feet

I becha at the edge of your seats

Marching

Oh

Ya

Can you feel it?

Marching yo

To the beat on my own drum

My rhythm makes the crowd go

'Cause I'm marching

To the beat of my own drum

I'm banging 'til the job gets done

'Cause I'm marching

To the beat of my own drum

My rhythm makes the crowd go dum