

# Move

CunninLynguists

Hell, so many of my peoples on bail  
return ticket given first step out the jail  
return to that living that'll leave em in the shell  
they throwing up walls since conception in cells  
providing for theyselves before they hit the 9th grade  
living on blocks not cooled by nightshade  
get Bramstoked off coke and fight day  
rope-a-dope till night falls then ice faith  
its hard to keep your head up when a nigga's brain's heavy  
in that rain steady cookin tryin to get those thangs ready  
same face copping either clocking on your bread or  
watching for the cops fiends coppin for the feds  
we minstrels, living in the cycle like ovaries  
and the hood's fertile ground to birth disorderlies  
this nation got my patience in restraints  
its a warzone, boondock saints inside tanks  
feel your blood pressure rise, your heartbeat jump  
feel it move when everbodys feet stomp  
this shit can move mountains we can make the surf break  
make the earth shake, till the earth quakes

X2

streets hide teeth under gumbottomed feet  
washed up dreams flood the drains underneath  
over cane niggas slain laying under wreath  
from belly of a mother to the belly of a beast  
feast, let the jury say amen  
12 at the table like christ came in  
released when hell has ice yay thin  
and satan takes forsaken souls ice skatin  
little ghetto boys on the block waitin  
for the same f\*\*kers cuffin em to bring the weight in  
inflate prison rates cuz the state raised them  
sit them in a cinder block state playpen  
fate of a section 8 case stay grim  
so the guns stay toted and the clips stay loaded  
bait for the prey when the big rims spin  
so the hunted lose focus and the beast stay bloated  
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