

## Breakdown (Keep Moving)

Kardinal Offishall

I just started, just finished  
Lyrics complete the circle of a rap singer  
Combine with feeling mean and plus a reason  
And to rock it for the season  
And niggas on the lookout  
Take away your strips of General status, baddest  
Always move them anyways  
Creep only when I attack my rap squad are fake Gods  
Faker than their tongue, strung out  
From the tongue out bring out fraudulence  
To the audience 'cause they are conveyors of pestilence  
Maintenance is heaven sent (sense)  
The pretense, I blow up to create a science based on reliance  
In fact, you will agree, that it is to be a real emcee  
Such as he who's I, clear the third eye to reveal I  
I remain the high emcee, the Kardinal, Mr. Ritchie  
Niggas in control over and above thee  
Took the lyricy, for I will be the nigga to lead  
The sea of lost souls to see the light  
Forever in the night time  
Write rhymes, lock lines, lyrical stop signs  
Making mental envision the precision and quick to descend  
The decision, is yours I go on the drink Coors  
And rock encores for packed floors, yo  
We keep moving

Keep on moving (keep moving, don't stop (don't stop it))  
Keep rocking (keep rocking y'all)  
Keep on moving (keep moving, don't stop (don't stop it))  
Keep rocking (keep rocking y'all)

On some new stuff  
The native son like Richard Pryor  
'Cause we move ta, your expeditions must be tight  
I light a torch and look at a tunnel  
'Cause brothers are after what they can see  
So when I make your moves, yo they be after me  
And my entourage, will flexes connects your mind  
With a cause, some will kill for a yard  
Hard is the state of my people nowadays  
Slinging rock can change a man's mind many ways  
When are you seen as a dollar for a killing  
Killing for a dollar is as easy as the rhyme scheme of Top Billin'  
Making a million itch, a billion itch  
Where niggas they be building itch, to chill and itch  
For the future, the new world order  
I'm showing you that I will be ordering itch  
Inside the new world, doing what I got to do to make Brown for my seeds  
I will bleed before a man tries to make a step outta me  
Function on higher levels like a Shoalin Priest on Hydro  
I can see time flies yo  
So when we making moves, you either with me  
Yo what skills you lack so weak niggas step back and keep moving

In the midst like Betty Crocker, once said by God's son  
Twice spoken by Kardinal, ooh, check how I flow  
So many niggas up inside the Circle without purpose, singing with the F  
To the train trying to fat up their purses  
Prophecy disperses like some oil inside of water  
Niggas prepare of the slaughter, overseen like a father  
?????? like a white collar crime  
Up in the blue collar world  
That's why I wear a mandarin to avoid the sin  
Niggas of the F.O.S., we the monopoly  
The Trivial Pursuit of making loot, they never stopping me  
But one day I will make a G, times I buy another G  
Mr. Super road in life, manager troop  
Back with the Figures Of...  
I'm hailing up the fifty herbs, stale in the house  
And some people think it's shitty that I rock and it's a pity  
You know the busi-  
ness, while I'm riding in my auto breathing L and drinking Guinness  
Keep moving

I got honeys in the room getting it on  
And they ain't leaving 'til six in the morning  
T-dot O-dot  
Feel it, uh  
Here we here we here we go