

Gotta Be... Movin' On Up

P.M. Dawn

We be movin' on up, (la,la,la,la,la) to the eastside
where I can do my bid in a fat ass crib in the sky
We be movin' on up, (la,la,la,la,la) to the eastside
And it looks like we're gonna get some cream from the pie
Right, right

Got to take some time to clear my mind
Don't want to think about the problems
Want to leave the west head up to the east side
The way is block I need to get by
Now life is a rocky road, on my shoulders got to bear the load
And if I'm wrong I'm letting you know to throw the negative
thoughts overboard

Hey mamma dry your teary eyes cause,
I'm a do what I can do so we can get right by and-
If I fall down I'm a get on up and make another try
Up top I'm a find a place ain't gonna stop until,
I see the pretty smile on your face
So now you know, we be, we be, we be...

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You ain't fresh uh, uh, nah baby
Everybody wanna be a superstar baby
I ain't get the dough to act like I'm better than you
I just got things to do, oh lala, oui oui, freak, freak
you say you want trendy, you say you want sheek
and honey dips, Rubbing on your money clip
Hanging on your place, Boardwalk and park place
Acting all new look at you how you're living
Meanwhile your style is played out like racism
Me I'm fresh out of love, it's quite tragic
When all they want to do is inspect my gadget
and change a superman to Clark Kent
All for the sake of fake amusement
She said "What do you consider fun?"
You can get it, get it (consider yourself done)

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Being trying these rocky roads for so long
Still I can hold on
I'm trying to make that door to move on
Papa told me to stay strong
Time has come to make that change
Here comes the sun, there goes the rain
Take that first step to tomorrow
Life may bring you joy or sorrow

Now I'm dottin' my i's and I'm crossin' my t's
I'm movin' up and takin' care of my biz

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