

# Move!

Public Enemy

Signed, sealed, delivered I be yours  
I pour it on the breaks  
Till it break laws  
Givin' the gabbin'  
So the brothers be havin' it  
Or else the five fingers of dope'll  
Be grabbin' it

Wit' no complaints  
Givin' uppin' I ain't  
On the mike  
Like Karl Malone in the paint  
Why rip a rapper  
When he flow like water  
I rather rush a television reporter

The frauds that tried to front  
Watch ya back  
Stop pullin' those lil' stunts  
Assault and battery  
'Cause I snatched the battery  
Off his back the TV pack

Why pop the rhyme  
On a rhymer when I kick it  
I rather spend my time, spittin' on a bigot  
Who pumped the pimp  
That fed the fiends  
He got jumped by the brothers in Ft. Green

They slapped the mack  
That kept us back  
Sucker suckin' the hood like drack  
So if ya draggin' us down  
Wit' the wack attitude  
Get up, lookout, get out the way  
Move! Move!  
Get out the way  
Move! Move!

One, two, three, four

Signed, sealed  
Definition of a set-up  
Pourin' it on and won't let up  
'Cause F A L L I N  
Never applied  
To this brother that tried

To let you know  
The folk of the American joke  
That kept us broke  
Now I'm ready to rap  
Strong fax I swing  
Like Bo Jax  
I'm never calm on a bomb track

60 percent three fifths  
Constituted  
Huh prostituted  
Why I'm mad  
'Cause it's written on the paper  
Right now  
Muther fucker bow

Kicked the lyric about  
The tricks  
Of the trade and the money made  
Who got the money betcha bottom  
Dollar bill  
Gonna find  
Some rich ol' bloodline

But the blood is in the mud  
Take the whack an attack it  
Like a skud  
To the patriotic hater  
That got paid off my people  
I'm rude  
Lookout, get out the way  
Move! Move!  
Get out the way  
Move! Move!

Now we gonna count the time again  
Ya baby c'mon count it down  
One, two, three  
Come on four  
Terminator  
Now now now now now

Signed  
An what I'm gettin' is mine  
I bring the noise  
To town  
So let's get down  
I cranked the beats  
Tearin' up the street  
And the park  
An it ain't Mozart

Jack movin' out  
'Cause the black movin' in  
And it's old  
I said it in  
Who stole the soul?  
But 92 bring  
An attitude  
That say I don't give a  
Dame  
About the old way

This is a new day  
Tell Jack stay in the back  
And all the other  
Suckers  
That don't matter  
You got  
Somethin' to prove

Scatter  
Get out the way  
Move!  
That's right, get out the way  
Move! Move!  
Get out the way, come on  
Move!

One more time we gonna count it down  
One, yo baby two  
Help me out come on three  
That's how we are gonna break it down come on four  
Break down, come on  
Now now now now now now now now