

## Move

Speed

Who's running straight  
When the path is skewed  
I kept on trippin' up  
And you kept on barking still  
Hard truth when we live on this rock  
Not every cunts gonna be like you

Fuck your vice I know my route  
We did our time the waiting's thru  
You have the choice you gotta move  
Your chance is up now, we write the rules

Big boys gotta be better  
Clue up, stop acting a fool  
Weak fuck with a bigoted view  
When you judge the fighting few  
Be warned of who you bite into

I know my route  
The waiting's thru  
Your chance is up we write the rules

Deep in the well of your head  
The mind has rotten thru  
Watch how we're running this shit

The fighting few  
Will make light work  
Of those caught standing still

Time is thru  
Show your teeth know that cowards lose  
Hard to kill, keep the speed up