

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