

Movin On Up

The Pietasters

Walking down the street with a bottle of gin Double
vision crossing, now my head full of sin Stumbling
along watch the car lights pass I wish I got the number
of the girl in class Cool malt liquor is the fuel of
life, drowns the sorrow, pain and strife All I'll have
to serve is a big red bowl, Swimming in toilet pee in
your pool.

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vision crossing, now my head full of sin Stumbling
along watch the car lights pass I wish I got the number
of the girl in class Blood clots, seed like, mouse in
traps Scurry for the cover before the attacks Movin' up
on you tonight When the fist start a flying I'll be
feeling alright

(chorus: 'Cause I'm bigger than you and I'm badder than
you Bigger than you, and I'm badder than you Bigger
than you, and I'm badder than you And I'll beat you
down like George beat Weezie)

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(chorus) x2