Your Move

Blackalicious

You got to groove, freeze, stand still, move
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Huffin' and puffin', this track is bumpin'
Discussion on how we crushin' and snuffin'
The one's that bluffin', it's nothin' and while they lunchin'
We bustin' to get you, up in the club
And we keep you wantin' and dubbin'
Dig it like somethin' you puffin' on
Fill it up in your stomach to your astonishment, on a mission
The marvelous, star venous, verbal novelist, killin' 'em softly
Offin' them, often they in a coffin' we drillin' them, taunt 'em
All in the tournament, in the bottomless pit again
Pardon me but this art is like the parliament rockets parkin'
All on yo' gardens and lawns just like potholes, conically stompin'
Up on a mission of dominance, solid flawless, so obvious
Callin' y'all to the ball to get off the wall, everybody yes
'Cause you got to groove, freeze, stand still, move
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I've been to Africa, Brazil, everywhere across the America's
Canada, France, Italy, Copenhagen, Australia
Everywhere, every time, every audience, mass hysteria
Some rappers make good records but live they are a failiya
Mailin' your area, special delivery carrier
Tearin' the various barriers, till everyone's everyone
Whether you're heavy or Libra, or Aries, or Lebanese
Vegetarian, Ebony, Ivory, seventeen or ninety three

I don't care if you're arrogant or inherit inheritance
From yo' parent's parent and did didn't share it with ne'er nigga
Prepare if you dare, to get yo' hands in the air
It's a rare form, Mary?ll shake her derriere wit' cha
Bear witness to snare kicks that tear and rip
Through the blarin' speaker woofers that pummel into the air
Hit cha, it's there wit' cha, yo' cares lifted, don't stare driftin'
The air's shiftin' slightly, so come into the lair, get some

Party people, you are now being rocked by the sounds
Of Chief Xcel and Gift of Gab, Blackalicious
We're here to take you higher, y'all
And I want everybody from side, to side in the front and the back
Everybody in the buildin', make some noise
Jumpin', and movin', and dancin', and sweatin', and shoutin'
And grindin', and bobbin', and weavin', we takin' you outta yo' mind
And the science applyin' this, high in the sky in this pilots
Flyin' this, dilate iris, wireless mics, the fire is bright, retire
I'm sire you're squire and dire straits
Admirin' higher intelligence, dialect science
I elect myself Viace Prez, I'll belt
Rappers that lie to get by
And get fried and left by their self scientists
Thrive when this guy is lit, try and spit fire with my intent
I invent sciences, try the best with no side effects
Buy a vest or be lyin' in rest, tryin' to test
The eyes in the eyes of the vibrant lion with iron tiger fists
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