

# Move Ahead

## DJ Muggs

Intro:Real skills, bronx styles, cypress ave meets cypress hill  
Real hip-hop, bounce to this shit motherfuckers, read em!

You know what's up, shrap!  
Commisioner gordon rock on  
Tony touch y'all rock on  
Kid capri yeah rock on

Dj kenny coffin yo rock onVerse 1:In 199-sess, krs is in his peak-in

You are weak-in and collapse like mike, collect the beacon  
You talk more ish than a cellullar

You can't last, just call me enema  
Cos I give that ass-troid, heaven and mergatroid  
I'm that six, umm, microphone-holdin humanoid  
Pyschological like sigmund freud

But I get annoyed cos these rappers have no brain  
These hardcore rappers crack me up like cocaine

They got no skill or game  
They sellin that commercial let me say it  
"ask for minoxidil with rogaine"  
True skills I will explain

The teacher breaks this whole shit down plainChorus:West coast beef must dead, no-ho-ho

East coast beef must dead, no-ho-ho  
Time for us to move ahead, no-ho-ho

B-boy hip-hop is dead, no

We must move ahead (x8)Verse 2:People always say when they see us, teach us

So we move by the inch, teachin only some of it, believe us

Hustlas and players and hos will never leave us

They been around since mary magdalene and jesus  
Run wit it, pimps and players run the government

We been raised on a tonne of it that's why we're lovin it

Bein a player is cool when you a kid

Until you get sent up for a eight year bid

Now you use and abuse and serve like hell

Til one day you are found face down upon the ground

Two shots to the dome, we need to switch quick

Dyin over what you players, I think, call a bitch

I'm not a player hater cos I hate no one

But when you start destroyin hip-hop, you gots ta go, son

Government attack one who's brainwashed

Government attack two who is, yes, brain rinsed

Government attack three is for you and me  
To constantly dream about the lex with bulletproof tints  
It's pointless to think I'm knockin ya  
If you a pimp, be a pimp, I'll be a philosopher  
So the....ChorusVerse 3: Y-yes are the intelligent, we descend on every establishment  
In the east or west, microphone grabbin it  
Chess-to-chess, lyrical confrontation is dope  
For the hip-hop nation, yet our hope, your scope  
Is broader than who can kill who and who got the biggest crew?  
That's why black people cannot seem to break thru  
It's like crabs in a pot when one crab reaches the top  
Other crabs wish to pull down and blood (bloods)  
I'm not understandin what's all the fuss  
Hip-hop belongs to all of us  
The east created it, the west decorated it  
Learn the lesson, the unified picture is black expression  
When black expression heights itself  
It becomes black digression leadin to depression in health  
Now question these ideas today  
If hip-hop was destroyed could we blame the cia  
Or the fbi, you'd be a motherfuckin lie-  
-er, li-ar, pants on fire-er  
Conspiracy theories are contrise or we keep them on the shelf  
We got no one to blame but ourselves  
So....ChorusWe must move ahead (x8)  
All beef is dead!

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