

Moving

Bugzy Malone

It comes a point in life when you gotta learn to keep it moving
And what I mean about that is, you can't look at a problem
You gotta look through a problem
You see the minute you stop, you're dying
And the minute you understand that
Well, then you can start to live Nobody's doing this for me
Not even behind closed doors
Nobody's stopping this army
Because that's gonna start wars
I hear they wanna know my story
But they don't wanna know yours
That's 'cause I made music to make me feel good
Not to go on tours
But I hear that my tours just been booked
And I'm gonna make dough
I've never had money in the bank
Now I'm looking at a screen just watching it grow
Along with my confidence
'Cause these days I walk with a toxic glow
I remember the days
When I couldn't come out my house 'cause I felt so low
But wait, I was sitting on the 142
Or was it the 143?
Looking at my Sony Ericsson walkman phone
Nobody rang me
Then I look at my Nokia
'Cause you know they say I make money on the streets
But when you're in a bad place you don't wanna show face
And you don't wanna make P
So I just make music
Ask Ali Kareem I was a studio freak
I fell asleep on the sofa
And I drifted into the deepest sleep
I dreamed that I was in solitary confinement
And I was back in Stoke Heath
That's where I met failure
And it's also where I nearly left my dreams But I kept it moving
I kept on trying but I just kept losing
More time I'll be in my Beamer cruising

Sometimes I drop the top
Just to remind myself that I'm on top
Just to remind myself that I gotta keep it moving
(Swear down, swear down)
I kept on trying but I just kept losing
(Swear down, swear down)
More time I'll be in my Beamer cruising
(Swear down, swear down)
Sometimes I drop the top
(Swear down)
Just to remind myself that I'm on top
(Swear down)
Just to remind myself that I gotta keep it moving
(Swear down)Swear down
It's like man wanna see me slow down
Its like they wanna see my break down
Like an old Vauxhall with a rattling sound
But there's no way that I'm gonna turn round
More to the point do they think I'm a clown?
Do they think that I made all of this money on the road
To keep walking round my hometown?
As if I don't wanna see the rest of the world
As if I wanna see my brother get killed
As if I didn't keep couple of toasters around me
Just in case some asked to get grilled
I think they forget that I come from a place so bad
That people rarely escape
And the way that I broke the mould
I swear I'm like Superman with no cape
You're looking at a walking legend
And that's mad 'cause they just don't know it yet
I saw my mum breakdown through owing debt
'Til the point that my head was going west
But when I seen my uncle drop the top on that Beamer
I was so impressed
That I hit the road with no regrets
And I, had to do loads of CS
'Cause I was a persistent young offender
I hit the road on my own agenda
Nobody could tell me what to do
'Cause if I got grounded, I'd jump out the window
Heard that my dad could ride a Ninja
So I started riding
I was brought up on loads of lies

I thought my little sister's dad was mine

Songwriters

AARON DAVIES, CRAIG SAICH, NATHAN COSGROVE Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>