You gotta move

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You gotta move, you gotta move
You gotta move, you gotta move
Oh, when my God gets ready
You gotta move, you gotta move
You may be high, you may be low
You may be rich yeah, you may be poor
Brother when the Lord get ready
You gotta move, you gotta move
Yes
You may be old, you may be young
You may be weak, maybe high-strung
Brother when the good Lord get ready
You gotta move, you gotta move
You see dat woman who walks the street
You see dat cop man who walks his beat
But when the Lord gets ready
You gotta move, you gotta move, you got to, yeah
Yeah I was hangin' with the Devil when we made a pact
I'm drinkin' welfare whiskey smokin' food stamp crack
It was one part sour, two parts sweet
Three parts strong and four parts weak
I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself
Than to be crowded on a velvet cushion
You may be bad, you cannot see
You may be deaf, it's all meant to be
Now when the Lord get ready
You gotta move, you gotta move
You gotta move, you gotta move
You gotta move, you got to know
When the good get ready
You gotta move, you gotta, you gotta move
You gotta move, you gotta move
You gotta move, you gotta move
You gotta move, you gotta move
You gotta, you gotta, you gotta move

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