

# You Gotta Move

## Fabrizio Poggi, Chicken Mambo

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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