

# Move It Over Here

Shyheim

That's a big bad motherfucka comin your way

One two one two one two one two

(Hey yo Shyheim wassup baby

There be a lot of shorties out here rockin the mic

For like one or two singles but they don't keep comin at em baby

You got to come non-stop like consecutive blows to the head dome

Gotta keep em movin non-stop, gotta keep em movin, that's all I got to tell you

Just keep em movin)

Hey yo what's goin on

Nowadays brothers keep testin me

Tryin to get me open and take out the best of me

They pull up rough, get snuffed, and then bust

When I kick that old underground funk stuff

That's comin atcha, better run from the rapture

Before I gat'cha I'm buckin shots atcha

Buck-buck-buck means you punks better duck

Kid you're outta luck, try to flip you get stuck

By the Wu-Tang sword, oh lord you shoulda bucked south

I'm spittin out on brothers straight from my mouth

You just been ripped now watch your blood drip

Right down your lip and then I'm ghost in my whip

Take a sip I'm the candyman, I got sweets

For all the sweet MCs that fake funk in the streets

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

Gotta move it over here

(Yo keep em movin Shy)

Gotta move it over here

(Gots to keep em movin baby)

Gotta move it over here

(Non-stop, non-stop like this)

Gotta move it over here

(Yo I said I wasn't gonna say no more but I got a little bit more to say)

Gotta move it over here

(Shyheim you gotta keep em movin baby gotta keep em movin)

Gotta move it over here

(They can't fuck with you)

Up comes a shorty, sneaky one

Armed with the loaded gun, shit's on lock til I'm done

Bad little bastard I'm a rugged child classic

How could you ask it when you know that I rips it

Check how the Shy flips his tongue like a pro

Fifteen years old with nuff skills to flow

Props, damn right kid, you know I got lots

If rockin hip-hop was a crime call the cops

Become a wanted man who was forced to be a fugitive

A shorty outta Shaolin Isle with somethin new to give

You want to hear it? It goes a little somethin like this

The Wu-Tang click is comin thick

If I must be the setter then I'ma have to set it

Forget it, that's your last buck don't even bet it

If it's rough then it's right and I'm never goin left

I'm not a comedy but my jams pack mad def

My napsack's full with mad goodies  
My click keeps a low profile with black hoodies  
You want to see me flop, well how can you figure  
Cause bein rough and rugged's doin well for a nigga

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo over here Shy)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo move em over here Shy)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo I don't care where you move em just keep em movin)  
Gotta move it over here  
(That's all I want you to do baby, hah)

Back in the flesh it's the want to get buckwild  
From Staten Isle it's the return of the rugged child  
I'm no pimp but I walk with a slick limp  
And I catch a dunk off the funk like Shawn Kemp  
I be the beat of the rugged rhyme freaker  
To blow out your speaker, got more soul than sneakers  
I swing the parties with the tunes that I hit, many bit  
But then I zipped up that lip quick  
I keep it smashed when they dash for my cash they get blast  
And slapped on that ass real fast  
I'm supposed to be the best when they flex  
Don't get vexed, just put that mess right to rest  
I'm an enemy cause my style is not public  
Don't dub it cause my flow is masteredly rugged

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo when I hear this jam right here I know Shy is tellin me keep em movin)  
Gotta move it over here  
(That means if I gotta pull a biscuit out your head and tell you)  
Gotta move it over here  
(To get off the wall that's what I'ma tell ya)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Cause he's comin hardcore for ya, unh unh)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo keep em movin Shy)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo like over here Shy)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo, yo keep em movin Shy)  
Gotta move it over here  
(Yo keep em movin yo, yo keep em movin)