

Written by N-A-M-E-S
Produced by Shidy Beats

Official Lyric Sheet

Verse 1

I be up late...
Thinking of ways to move.
On replay, like a DJ that plays the groove.
Peep the rule.
Either you'll get erased or move.
You're too relaxed.
You would have to get chased to move.
I keep it trill, like a dealer with base to move.
Noticeable, like evictions, with days to move.
I got scores.
I got licks.
I got plays to move.
Hundreds, Fifties, Dubs, Dimes, Nicks, Tre's to move.
Handle the twists and the turns of this maze to prove I am the truth,
like when jewels get appraised, approved, set and sold.
Dry, hot, wet and cold... seasons repeat and repeat, while we getting old.
Important things people often forget when told.
When they neglect to respect...we must check the bold.
By those we don't see... remotely, we get controlled.
Gotta get green, like the bread.
Gotta get the mold...

Chorus

So I be up late...
Thinking of ways to move.
It costs to stop or pause, but it pays to move.
Time flies.
Never know how your days 'll move.
That's why I do move sharp, like a razor move.

Chorus
(Continued)

And I be up late thinking of ways to move.
It costs to stop or pause, but it pays to move.
Time flies.
Never know how your days 'll move.
That's why I do move sharp, like a razor move.

Verse 2

And I be up late thinking of ways to move...
At the speed of light.
Bright, like a laser.
You've never experienced something so serious.
Clearly, it's shocking you, just like a taser you can hear racin' through your ear.
Take some nuclear waste in a case and keep it in case one of you come near.
You can take some sewage.
Here...say it's a souvenir, like the spot on a map that displays the "You are here" sign.
We move and we're fine.
We stop and get sick.
We move when we're trying to cop and flip quick.
Keep moving.
Yeah, grind and grab... for a feather in the wind.
For forever and again.
We love beginnings but no one was ever in to the end.
853 Elsmere.
Tenement windows.
Bullet holes.
Incinerator filled to the brim.
We always say we're gonna move and end up chillin' again.

Chorus

So I be up late thinking of ways to move.
It costs to stop or pause, but it pays to move.
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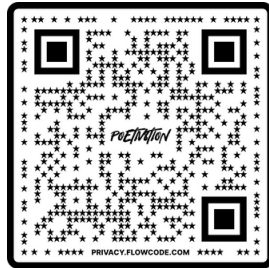
Verse 3

And I be up late...Thinking of ways to move.
This music is exclusive.
It's N-A-M-E-S approved,
And I get down, like I'm Brown-to-the-James.
The new villain in Gotham.
I got them amazed.
The "Ooohs!" and "Aaahs!" is Super-Sized
And they make some new rumors to say in the news, just in case they're true,
but if they knew everything that it takes to do the things you do...
Then the shrinks would toast drinks to you.
You gotta move and be glued to the paper.
Chase it 'til you catch it and stretch it and make mistakes and get it back.
If you slack, you're a straight disgrace...
Another washed up, wiped out, waste of space.
The stairs work.
Elevator is broke and stuck... It doesn't move, and the door barely opens up.
The stairs work.
Elevator is broke and stuck... It doesn't move, and the door barely opens up.

Thanks for Reading
"MOVE"

The Official Lyric Sheet
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Studio Album From

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