

# Movas & Shakers

## Inspectah Deck

This goes out to all my niggas  
Spendin' they last on gas, grass and ass  
And to all my ladies playin' in bars free drinks  
And shit push it up, push it up

Keep on, ya don't stop, if ya don't stop maybe ya won't stop  
If ya won't stop maybe ya can't stop  
So keep on, keep on an on ya keep on  
Ya don't stop, if ya don't stop maybe ya won't stop  
If ya won't stop than ya can't stop, so keep on, keep on an on

Rebellious I, felonas city slicker  
Real nigga hit ya district with the impact of a twista  
Now clear the zone, rhyme down the phone lines and toss motor homes  
My poems were found next to dinosaur bones

Perform by the elders before the kings thrown  
This style has no origin or birth date  
And scientists research can not calculate  
The great mind skatin' through space and time

Vibratin' through the bass lines that stun man kind  
Reclined in the leather seat the cassette blasts  
Vocals that smash out the bullet proof glass  
Rippin' through your 15's like Wolverine

Sick with the lyric there be no vaccine  
You attach with the tractor beam, rap fiend  
And all heads who feel it lick off a magazine

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We trip the light, ride to the rhythm's of the night  
Skin tight honeys show me love at first sight  
Work light crazy legs nonstop body drop  
My hip hop drop you to your knees in shock

Watch for the spot rushers, slang hustler  
Lackluster skills, solute the drill instructor  
Yes yes ya'll I heard the 'S.O.S.' call  
I N S to the rescue about to bless ya'll

Got 'em brawlin' in the mess hall and the dance hall  
They ants ya'll and I remain to stand tall  
Can't fall, son'll restore like Michael Jackson off the wall  
Singin' life ain't so bad at all

When ya livin' it we all deserve the finer things  
Like foreign cars fancy clothes and diamond rings  
My exotic dancers keep shakin' ya thing  
To my niggas on the streets that's soon to be king

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If ya won't stop than ya can't stop, so keep on, keep on an on

Keep on keep on an on  
Last call for alcohol bartender two kahlua's and milk  
With crushed ice in the blender  
What up love? Let's jelly off the dance floor  
Before ya man come lookin' for points he can't score

More than you bargained for ,deserve an encore  
Putt 'em down, you put ?em up till ya sore  
Motion picture thoughts project in wide screens  
Laced off the lime green, duckin' high beams

Swift sword, making fetti out the billboard  
Rap pro, throwin' up bombs like Jeff Joard  
Catch me next tour feel free to explore  
Don't sweat me at the door like we met before

Tryin' to dick ride, I'm inside where the chicks hide  
Quick slide move, we lootin' the spy  
Quick slide move, we lootin' the spy

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