

# Reflection Eternal, Move Somethin'

C'mon c'mon ya ya ya ya ya

Yeah, now gettin 'em up, gettin 'em up what  
Gettin 'em up, gettin 'em up what  
Gettin 'em up, gettin 'em up what

Yo, yo, yo

What's with the melodrama?

Fella's wanna hover in my cypher like a helicopter like it's a special honor

The stealth bomba, gem droppa make the ghetto holla

Inter-conta-nental

Takin' you high like sky divers when we spark with live wires

Original cavemen quest for my fire

Express my desire to drop this new shit

These record executives keep tellin' me, y'all stupid

Now if they right, shut the fuck up!

Revolutionaries throw your guns up

Whether you a bourgie broad who actin' stuck up

Or some ignorant cut mutha fucker shootin' the club up

We gonna make ya'll feel this, break your spirit

If you fake that realness word we bringin' it

Bringin' it in from the new millennium to way after that

I call these cats Reynolds cuz they plastic wrap

Kill all the yappin' lets make it happen

You cats ain't real, your just a re-enactment

Better yet, dramatization

Soon as the director say action you start fakin'

I start breakin'

The whole joint start shakin'

This ain't the time or place for you to prove something

Cut the stargazin' yo, move somethin'!

Move Somethin' (move somethin')

Move Somethin' (move somethin')

Move Somethin' (move somethin')

Move Somethin' (move somethin')

(Word... Alright bring it back to the top)

To be continued... lets see what's next up on the menu

Run up in you lyrics that be fuckin' with you

In the mental, pick any mental:

Instru-, funda-, detri-

Extra extra large like the borough of Brooklyn the residential

exi-stential this specialist

Like sly stone wit my poem and fly song

Ride along we capture live great and die strong

Word we gonna rock till nothing else matters

You catch bodies, we catch excellent cadavers

Your next of kin an' shatter stories splattered in the tabloids

Erase your trace like your cotton mouth and we peppermint Altoids

Step in the high reppin' the spot called flatbush

Whether rappers or actors you still feel the gat bust

The abstract then becomes the reality

Alcoholics like to call it the moment of clarity

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