

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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