Move Ahead

DJ Muggs

Intro:Real skills, bronx styles, cypress ave meets cypress hill
Real hip-hop, bounce to this shit motherfuckers, read em!
You know what's up, shrap!
Commisioner gordon rock on
Tony touch y'all rock on
Kid capri yeah rock on
Dj kenny coffin yo rock onVerse 1:
In 199-sess, krs is in his peak-in
You are weak-in and collapse like mike, collect the beacon
You talk more ish than a cellullar
You can't last, just call me enema
Cos I give that ass-troid, heaven and mergatroid
I'm that six, umm, microphone-holdin humanoid
Pyschological like sigmund freud
But I get annoyed cos these rappers have no brain
These hardcore rappers crack me up like cocaine
They got no skill or game
They sellin that commercial let me say it
"ask for minoxadil with rogaine"
True skills I will explain
The teacher breaks this whole shit down plainChorus:
West coast beef must dead, no-ho-ho
East coast beef must dead, no-ho-ho
Time for us to move ahead, no-ho-ho
B-boy hip-hop is dead, no
We must move ahead (x8)Verse 2:People always say when they see us, teach us
So we move by the inch, teachin only some of it, believe us
Hustlas and players and hos will never leave us
They been around since mary magdalene and jesus
Run wit it, pimps and players run the government
We been raised on a tonne of it that's why we're lovin it
Bein a player is cool when you a kid
Until you get sent up for a eight year bid
Now you use and abuse and serve like hell
Til one day you are found face down upon the ground
Two shots to the dome, we need to switch quick
Dyin over what you players, I think, call a bitch
I'm not a player hater cos I hate no one
But when you start destroyin hip-hop, you gots ta go, son
Government attack one who's brainwashed
Government attack two who is, yes, brain rinsed
Government attack three is for you and me

To constantly dream about the lex with bulletproof tints
It's pointless to think I'm knockin ya
If you a pimp, be a pimp, I'll be a philosopher
So the....ChorusVerse 3:Y-yes are the intelligent, we descend on every establishment
In the east or west, microphone grabbin it
Chess-to-chess, lyrical confrontation is dope
For the hip-hop nation, yet our hope, your scope
Is broader than who can kill who and who got the biggest crew?
That's why black people cannot seem to break thru
It's like crabs in a pot when one crab reaches the top
Other crabs wish to pull down and blood (bloods)
I'm not understandin what's all the fuss
Hip-hop belongs to all of us
The east created it, the west decorated it
Learn the lesson, the unified picture is black expression
When black expression heights itself
It becomes black digression leadin to depression in health
Now question these ideas today
If hip-hop was destroyed could we blame the cia
Or the fbi, you'd be a motherfuckin lie-
-er, li-ar, pants on fire-er
Conspiracy theories are contrise or we keep them on the shelf
We got no one to blame but ourselves
So....ChorusWe must move ahead (x8)
All beef is dead!

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/