

# Moving

## Bugzy Malone

'There becomes a point in life where you gotta keep it moving.' 'And what I mean by that is, you cant look at a problem, you gotta look through a problem.' 'You see the minute you stop, you're dying' 'And when you understand that, you can start to live.' Bugzy Malone,

You Know

Watch this. Nobody's doing this for me,  
Not even behind closed doors.

Nobody's stopping this army,  
Cause that's gonna start wars.

I hear they wanna know my story,  
But they dont wanna know yours.

Thats cause I made music to make me feel good,  
Not to go on tours.

But I hear that my tours just been booked,  
And im gonna make dough.

I've never had money in bank but im looking at a screen and im just watching it grow.  
Along with my confidence cause these days I walk with a toxic glow.

I remember the days where I couldn't come out my house cause I felt so low,  
But wait, I was sitting on the 142 or was it the 143?

Looking at my Sony Ericsson walkman though nobody rang me,

Then I look at my Nokia, cause you know they say I make money on the streets.

But when you're in a bad place you dont wanna show face and you dont wanna make 'P'

So I just make music,  
ask 'unknown' I was a studio freek.

I fell asleep on the sofa,

And I drifted into the deepest sleep.

I dreamt that I was in solitary confinement,

And I was back in stoke heath.;

Thats where I met failure,

And thats also where I nearly lost my dreams.

But I kept it moving,

I kept on trying but I kept on loosing,

More time I be in my beemer crusing.

Sometimes I drop the top,

Just to remind myself that im on top,

Just to remind myself that I gotta keep it moving.

Swear down, swear down,

I kept on trying but I kept on loosing.

Swear down, swear down,

More time I be in my beemer crusing.

Swear down, swear down,

Sometimes I drop the top.

Swear down.

Just to remind myself that im on top.  
Swear down.  
Just to remind myself that I gotta keep it moving.  
Swear down.  
Swear down.  
Its like man wanna see me slow down.  
Its like they wanna see my break down,  
like an old Vauxhall with a rattling sound.  
But theres no way im gonna turn round.  
More to the point do they think im a clown?  
Do they think that I made all of this money on the road, keep walking round my hometown?  
As if I dont wanna see the rest of the world,  
As if I wanna see my brudda get killed.  
As if I didnt keep couple of toasters around me,  
Just incase some has to get grilled.  
I think they forget that I came from a place so bad that people rarely escape.  
And they way I broke the mode Im like superman with no cape.  
You're looking at a walking legend,  
And its mad cause they just dont know it.  
Yet, I saw my mom breakdown through owing debt, till the point that my head was going west.  
Then i see my uncle drop the top on that beemer, I was so impressed that I

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