

Now I don't know you you don't know me
But I can show you where's the beat (2x)
And you can do as you feel as long as you move
Two perfect strangers sharing a groove

Suckers step up and want to cause friction
But violence is for those who can't handle diction
Competition is waning circumnavigate the draining
Complaining about those who are steady maintaining the jam

Jump into the pit and just slam
Big respect goes out to those who can
Lose their shit once in a while
Act a fool just to mark time yo that's my style

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