

Dirty Dancing

Boldy James

Sleep with one eye open
Tryna roll up, already high as smokin'
Tightrope in the middle of the street, stood on all type of business
Triple A with the bricks, don't need no roadside assistance
Bojay just another bed creation, guess I'm Michael Bivens
I'm the type of guy to get you fitted for a suit and tie, whistlin'
It's a ribbon and a scatter, make me slice the ribbon
You the type to cry on your bid and commit suicide
I'm the type to move blocks of dry ice just to go ice a pendant
At the cost of my own expense, that merchandise expensive
Felt like Boston George when he met his first flight attendant
All across the board, got it covered, felt like Bobby Fischer
Can't call on the Lord when karma comin', just hope God be with you
In my city, niggas die for crumbs, sellin' Flock and Crystal
Most these niggas postin' all these guns, never shot a pistol
It's my intention as a creature, streets is my addiction
Got these niggas followin' a leader without my permission

Heard he got chipped, call and check-in, make sure your man's cool
Youngin' be gang-timin' shit, but this ain't Fenn doin'
We smoke this broke, they kill my mens, that's a win-lose
But overall, nobody wins when the fam fuse
It's on the dance floor, make sure you bring your damn shoes
And end up in the shelter like the basement of St. Andrews
Break a dog in a silver pack, it look like Ken food
Two-step to blow shit, I been workin' on my dance moves

Took work advance and shippin' handlin' off the Ramada
Forbidden dirty dance, I made a split do the lumbada
My man ain't rap too tight, try me and lose your appetite
My line be crackin' like I be directin' traffic lights
Got two left feet, but I get jiggy, we be all groovin'
Gangsters don't dance, but I keep them yams ballroomin'
The raw boomin', fish scale look like some raw tuna
Ten blocks, time to clear out the spot, might have to call a pooner
Shavin' the extras off the top just like my momma poodle
Drop it in the pot and watch it swell up like some ramen noodles
Met The Connect at Morello, sat down, and had some brunch
Now I got five hundred grams in an empty box of Captain Crunch

Heard it got chipped, call and check-in, make sure your man's cool
Youngin' be gang-timin' shit, but this ain't Fenn doin'
We smoke this broke, they kill my mens, that's a win-lose
But overall, nobody wins when the fam fuse
It's on the dance floor, make sure you bring your dance shoes
And end up in the shelter like the basement of St. Andrews
Brick of dog in the silver pack, it look like Ken food
Two-step to blow shit, I been workin' on my dance moves