

# Turf Dancing

DJ Shadow

Okay  
(Okay)  
DJ Shadow  
(DJ Shadow)  
Fair game, Federation  
(Fair game, Federation)  
Yeah  
(Yeah)  
Okay  
(Okay)  
Yeah  
(Okay)  
(Okay)  
Aaaah!

What it do  
You know we go  
So if you hate, you fake, we all be from (Fairfield!)

On top of the bus, know way too much  
The li'l homies hella hyphy, turf dancing  
We gon' stomp your car, we don't care who you are  
On the hood of this straight turf dancing (dancing)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)  
We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)  
We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)  
We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car! Car!)

Coked up Tonto  
Something like Roscoe  
Hygiene, low maintenance  
Calling ghost, snot-nose  
Growin' hyphy  
See it in my two step  
Throwin' at my crew, sick  
Yeah I get the 'boose wet  
Duck duck, goose up easy, gawd!  
Somewhere in V-Town  
Representin' deep down  
For sale, clean buckin', five shares  
Fuck it! Big muskets, hundred rounds on the Techs  
Yeah, I do... Not much  
Pot on my face, the 9-9 kush  
On my grind, I make a hoe wise up  
I can't sell crack no mo'  
I get it thighs up  
What? You all waiting on my solo?  
I'm fuckin' wit' my dick, sitting here like...  
Psyche! I'm a (yes!) lesbian  
Trapped in a man's body - fair to the end  
Fuck whips!

What it do  
You know we go  
So if you hate, you fake, we all be from (Fairfield!)

On top of the bus, know way too much  
The li'l homies hella hyphy, turf dancing  
We gon' stomp your car, we don't care who you are  
On the hood of this straight turf dancing (dancing)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car! Car!)

Hit the brake, then I hit the gas  
I'm an asshole nigga like Damon Dash  
Li'l homies ain't cool, they'll tear up the place  
All I gotta do is point and they'll take your face  
You new to bitches, I been having whores  
You're just mad cause my girl look cuter than yours  
Be easy  
Bitch, I'm a star  
Ign'ant, stomp out your grandmomma car  
I'm early  
You dudes is late  
Fuck my ex, she go to Sacramento State  
Get money, buy me some anchors  
Hella rich still driving a scraper  
16s, you ain't got 'em like these  
I'mma put Fairfield on MTV  
Talk shit, sag my pants  
And watch my li'l homies do the dummy turf dance

What it do  
You know we go  
So if you hate, you fake, we all be from (Fairfield!)

On top of the bus, know way too much  
The li'l homies hella hyphy, turf dancing  
We gon' stomp your car, we don't care who you are  
On the hood of this straight turf dancing (dancing)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car!)

We don't listen, don't listen  
(Dot car! Car!)

You see it, the Animaniaks - creators of this turf dancing movement  
Now what we want y'all to do is...

Now airwalk  
Now airwalk  
Do the hood shake  
Do the hood shake  
Hit the drop

Hit the drop  
Hit the drop  
Get up, let your body pop

Runnin' and runnin' in the circles, no rehearsal  
I'm goin' dummy with the wheels like a gerbil  
Doon Coon, ghost ridin' the whip  
She's shaking her ass and ghost riding my dick  
I'm scrapin' and scrapin' up the block like I'm Indy  
500 for a zip, I think that's plenty  
Stunna shades like the CHP  
And yeah I'm rockin' bitches like the Jay to the Z  
Fairfield gon' wild like caucasians on TV  
I'm going stupid like T.H.I.Z.Z  
What it do? I'm a 7-0 savage  
Let us in the door before we get real tragic  
Scrapin' through Davis, I'm one with the pavement  
360 hustle, mayne, that's how my days be  
Federation, DJ Shadow overseas wit' it  
S'il vous plaît on the turf, straight giggin' wit' it (uh)

And it just ain't gon' stop  
(Oh, my man)  
Northern Cali, you feel me?  
(You already know)  
Turf dancing at its best  
We feel you Techs up out there, mayne  
Do y'all thing, mayne  
(Oh, I go stupid like that?)