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!

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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

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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?)

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