

## 2 Step

Jay Electronica

Yeah, this is another Sol Messiah production  
You are now tuned in to the sounds of Jay Electronica  
Man this is some beautiful weather we having this year right  
This is grown folk music right here  
It ain't been this cool in a couple of summers

It's Friday night, in the club and I'm feelin' a vibe  
I'm sharp as a tack, I'm black and I'm feelin' alive  
Señoritas on the floor three-quarters naked  
The deejay was bangin' that, "We gon' make it!"  
Ok, I can deal with this  
All the ladies started screamin' "Where my real niggas?"  
I seen Dave by the bar, gettin' gin in a cup  
I said, "Dave, where's Bum," "Man, he's still in the truck"  
Stink pink gators, my Detroit players  
Chillin' in the circle, Errol Flynnin' it up  
Yup, now it's off to VIP  
The waitresses be grinnin' when they see Ali  
Two dimes walked up, "Can we sit with y'all?"  
I said "I don't know ma, lemme see I.D."  
Cause the truth is she really wanna take me to the telly  
Put my dick in her belly, then play me like R.Kelly  
But I can't go for that, I'm on a mission  
I can't put myself in that compromisin' position  
So um, we can chill relax for a minute  
Maybe a pat on the back or some dap when I'm finished  
Now, I right back to the two-step  
Two in the morning and I ain't even loose yet, (I ain't even loose yet)  
(Delta step, SG Rho step)

Hey DJ play my song  
Rock that shit all night long  
This party won't stop  
This party won't quit  
This party's on hit, nigga  
We came to rock, we came to step  
We came to shut this bitch down  
Keep talkin' that shit  
Keep poppin' that shit  
Get knocked the fuck out

We can get it crackin' any minute right now man I'm ready for war  
On the dance floor two-steppin' like Sigma Beta  
With them down south head 'bussas knockin' out a hater  
I mastered the dark side of the Force like Darth Vader  
Now, lean back like Fat Joey Crack  
Jay Elect got the flow to make your booty go clap  
I'm a Third Ward soldier, I told you, playa  
See the U-P-T and the clothes I we-ar  
Out in that lower ninth ward they walk with a bop  
Never caught without a Glock or a sock full of rocks  
Shoutout to Big Reem on this twenty-four-seven hustle to stack the green  
Man, niggas got plans and dreams  
Cash Rules Everything Around Me, C.R.E.A.M  
Get the money, haters wanna see me stay bummy  
But you can't change my cards or take nothin' from me  
Police comin', fireman comin'

Niggas wilin' out in the club, we stay dumbin'  
Niggas stylin' out in the club, now say somethin'  
Man, I'm ready to wile out  
The game just started, I'm ready to foul out  
Ya'll better hope we gracefully bow out  
But we don't want no trouble tonight, man