

Dealing

Jay Electronica

At nighttime all I do is pray and cry homie
Cause everytime I call home somebody dying on me
And every time I look around somebody lying on me
Mr cheney mr ridge steady spyin on me
I got one foot in the grave one foot in the gutter
One foot on the camera lens one foot on the shutter
I'm trying to stop time so I can breathe, man I'm grindin
Play record low pause fast forward rewindin
The truth is the light, but absolutely blindin
And niggas feel the pain on they brain when you remind them
About them project wars that we confined in
About them six by eight cells we linin
Bricks on consignment
A nigga lost his iron and club behind the diamond
The cops hit him with a club
He swung back they hit him with a slug
Then the judge hit him with a dub
His baby mama threw up
The saga continues...

I was born to clash with the fake
Harassin with jake
Lay real low in the grass with the snakes
Torment em with the fire when they raise they head
And I'm sorta just like elijah cause I raise they dead
After the stink and rot for days in the grave that I rose from
Deport the dead part of the game then the flows come
Flood the industry with three quarters of life
I'm takin this world of sa-tan to war with a mic
Please god back me as I swing the sword of the christ
Wavy hair fiery eyes,
Not entirely wise
Provoking these devils go to war with they squad
After war show em to the after party with god
I stroll the blocks with a dope man bop
I'm high caliber
My team shine supreme we gleam on you amateurs
I stay big sportin fedoras
Charcoal braid tweed sport coat jeans and diadoras

Ya'll niggas ain't really really ready for muhammad because I'm hungry
Grimey and grungy
I want ya mind fuck the money
Don't get me wrong, I want cream and all that
But if that's your only objective in rap you all wack
I make the untrue niggas head sweat like skull caps
Hall back launchin a bolo makin they skull crack
Singin them dull raps
Like that was hot shit
Shit, I was sayin that back in the 80s
When niggas was rockin emblems off the back of mercedes
On rope chains
Back when niggas thought of cookin rocks outta cocaine
I was hot then, a little poor nigga spittin the vicious
Flavor delicious poetic swift shit
I regulate in the ring like P. whitaker
One rhyme get rid a ya

I won't even consider ya
For battle
You schools on speed I'm full throttle
Used to be in clubs tossing chairs and cracked bottles
Ruckus and ra ra, made my rhymes my dekea
Livin leyenda, numer un contenda
Never let a day slip by without agenda
That's just a little due from farrakhan to remember
So ke capasa,
Representanto for el rasa
Niggas wanna step but they legs too short to salsa
You got courage I'll blast it out ya
Seriously doubt chya
Spit til ya blueprint is ripped, then re-route chya
Fucker