

Trolley Stop

Jay Electronica

In a little while from now
If I'm not feelin any less down
I promise myself to pack my bags and visit a nearby town
And climb into the top
Or grab the microphone and rock
And all the party people in the place to be will say
DAMN THAT BOY CAN ROCK

Now everybody in the place
Clap your hands
And everybody in the space
Clap your hands
To all the people in the party
Clap your hands
C'mon rock your body
Clap your hands
Now everybody feel good
Clap your hands
And let me be understood
Clap your hands
We came to get down
Clap your hands
And to the funky fresh sound
Clap your hands

Uh puerto rico!
Jump on it [x3]
And everybody on the east coast!
Jump on it [x3]
And to my people on the west side!
Jump on it [x3]
And if you in that midwest ha!
Jump on it [x3]

Now what you hear is not a test I'm just a rappin to the beat
I got a crease in my dickies and a fresh white tee with diadoras on my feet
I hope you understand that my one and only plan
Is to make you feel good make you clap your hands
And once the feelin hits your body then you act and dance and c'mon!

I spit that uptown body rock raddy ha
And will a nigga ever shut me down probably not
Cause ever since I was a young lad I crushed mcs kickin ass takin names at t
he trolley stop
And everybody know
I got a lot a flow
I'm from that mag to the melph to the calliope
I'm well known in the spots where you barely go
And on the designated spot rockin ever-y show

Now take it to the dirty south now
And jump on it [x3]
And I'll pay for it
If I want it [x3]