

# Dance Now

JID

Look, look, J.I.D back in the city with it  
Jiddy done been all across the globe  
They say JID a scribbler, he silly with it  
When he spiting, I hope he don't sell his soul  
He should be good, man, he signed to Cole  
He from the hood, nigga down the road  
He was just jugging right by the stove  
Then the saw the patrol, it was time to roll  
Saw the patrol it was time to ride  
Motor running on the more you drive  
Got a country cousin cruising with that blamer in Savannah at the Florida Georgia line  
Got a couple family members in Atlanta, not Atlanta, we let Almayetta decide  
They just gone let that Beretta fly 'cause you niggas bugging, spray pesticides  
It's me and the bros, it's not extra guys  
And they moving weight, it's no exercise  
We could pick a date to come stretch you out  
Only showing muscle when it's flexing time  
You could see the hustle, you could recognize  
Overcame struggle when the Devil tried  
Let me bare it all when I'm telling God  
You know I'mma rant, when I talk to Ja

Nigga said that I can't, damn lie  
Ain't dapping no hand, sanitize  
We gone slide on you man, landslide  
It's a nine in my pants, Hancock  
You gone try to recant, you can't now  
I can step on a ant, ant pile  
I'mma shoot at the ground, dance now  
Dance, uh, dance, shh, dance

Boy what a handsome gift  
To live and unlive the sin  
Riding with bags and bricks  
And my lil nasty chick  
That's what I asked of him  
Told me he'd grant my wish  
Don't you dance with the devil  
You'll never dance again  
Dance now  
Dance, dance, shh, dance  
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I'm not a two stepping man, I said I do not dance  
It's a gun inside my pants, and the whole worlds in his hands  
It depends, penny for your sins  
Shooting up the block, can't stop revenge  
Nappy dread locks like a Rasta man  
Where the story ends and plot thickens  
Mama said the messiahs and the moccasins, tried to save the kids, in the apa

rtment sins  
Sure way to live, whatever options, opulence, decadence, black excellence, a  
nd lots of it  
I could cop the newest Beamer, Bentley, or Balenciagas  
I could pay for this lil nigga scholarship  
I ain't caught up in rap nigga politics  
Play with me and you playing yourself, playing with death, say 'em a prayer  
Kathy and Karl got a K on the shelf  
I'm in DeKalb county open carrying, catering chef  
Cooking up another plate of the best  
Me and Crystal got it popping like it's Crisco fried chicken  
I'm licking her thighs, then I put my face in breast, I  
Took a drive, my plug on the westside of Atlanta  
He known to finesse guys, with a hammer on camera, ten headshots  
On the camera, knock out a dreadlock  
That's a felony charge, he caught F  
Nigga's come to the A and get X'd out  
But I only been hit 'cause I'm trying to help  
Only one you can help is yourself now

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