

# Tapdance

Joyner Lucas

This that shit that'll make me tap dance  
All over your crib, then backhand  
Both you and your bitch, then crash land  
On my alien ship, then stack bands  
I get it in quick, I'm laughing  
At you and your clique, what happened  
Nigga, look what you did, I'm asking  
Bitch, I'm a half-black assassin

Better grab your gats and blast them  
Ain't none of y'all bastards have hands  
Ain't none of y'all cats are scratching  
And y'all move like Action Jackson  
And I'm more like Captain Savage  
With no black on black [?] madness  
Bitch, y'all back on crack like crackheads  
With no platinum plaques or passion  
But, nigga, fuck all that, I'm a pilot  
High up all over your conscience  
And drive up all over your 'partments  
And pile up all over your closet  
I wind up all over your side bitch  
Time's up, could've been in that clock  
With my luck, I'll never be on that hot list  
And I never had love for no dry snitch  
Okay, I grew up in the projects  
You come around and everyone in your pockets  
You never gonna really know who they watching  
Take everything and they gon' leave with your wallet  
I bet you never gon' believe that we poppin'  
Take a nigga [?] when they starving  
You never knew that I'd be in their Top 10  
Like, God damn  
Hol' up

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Let's keep it G like "Who knew?"  
I'm a get that love and poom-poom  
That sucky-sucky, wushu  
That gushy-gushy, choo-choo  
When I come deep, if I choose to  
'Cause I love beef, and you fufu  
Put that lunch meat in my soup, too  
Put your front teeth in my Fruit Loops  
And I told them, "This that new-new"  
And all your tracks is boo-boo  
Yeah, this that platinum whoo-who  
We don't do platinum FUBU  
Better call back-up and move, too

Move soon, or niggas gon move you  
Who you? Them dudes is cuckoo  
Cocoa Puffs and some fruit juice  
I got Netflix and Hulu  
Hit up your ex-bitch on OoVoo  
Tell her get dressed and then move through  
Then I get naked as [?]  
Record that shit on Google  
Upload that shit to YouTube  
After I send it to her, I send that shit to you, too

Yeah, this that shit that'll make me tap dance  
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Fuck that shit, I'm a go hard  
I'm a go hard, like I'm a go raw  
Then we gon see  
I told Chi-Money put your money on me  
I told Boi-1da, "I wonder how long it'll take for these rap niggas [?] "  
I'm a tell y'all like niggas told me  
"Cash rules everything amongst everything, but what's everything with no pea  
ce?"  
Fuck the police, hands up in your face  
I'm an ice cube with a N.W.A  
I don't like you, and I will fuck up your day  
And I heard shit gets real up in L.A  
I just hope I make it home by five  
Cross my heart, bitch, I hope y'all die  
And y'all don't see shit through both my eyes  
Oh, my God, this that shit that'll make me tap dance  
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I get it in quick, I'm laughing  
At you...  
And you...  
And you...