

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-whoo
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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At you...
And you...
And you...