

D.T.D.

Masta Killa

"Do that dance, grown up" - sample repeated throughout the song

Turn my microphone up a little high..
Yeah.. yeah, yeah, look, party people gath-
Party people gather round
(Do that dance, grown up, do that dance, grown up, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah, yeah
Do that dance, grown up, do that dance, grown up
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo)

Party people gather round, watch the God get down
The sound's so rugged, measure the erection
It's raw when I'm sexin' your brain
Cherry cream gleen leather seats, lean
Goose in the canteen, dutch leaf green
Block of the chocolates, ship a mil', box it
Moms and pops it, plan to be seventy five, live and kicking
Jewels drip in the heat --

Radioactive, roll that accurate, what?
Roll that backward, flow went back
I stand as a man, the game plan repped your name
The greatest Fam, we play in the sand
Me and Irief, Killa gangsta thieves
Gangsta beats, civilize, great men don't make beliefs
Haagan-Daaz, shake the streets
I'm cocained down, and I got a fire to stretch my eats
West to East, South to North, best, the beats
Rest is tef', the Chef defeats
Order this piece -- yo..
Niggaz who ain't real, they real when they call the police, my brothers
Watch the slang, lots of lame, pop your frame
And drop your dame, and chop your name
We locked the game, '89 niggaz with oxes on
In front of the building with the same thing

Uh-- yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, get your uh-uh-uh-uh
And... (do that dance, grown up, do that dance, grown up)
Look, look, huh, look, huh, party people gath-
Party people gather round
(Do that dance, grown up, do that dance, grown up)

Party people gather round, watch the God get down
The sound's so rugged, measure the erection
It's raw when I'm sexin' your brain
Cherry cream gleen leather seats, lean
Goose in the canteen, dutch leaf green
Block of the chocolates, ship a mil', box it
Moms and pops it, plan to be seventy five, live and kicking
Jewels drip in the heat, ribbon with a young sweet
Something in the passenger seat, ivory queen
Beat got the Old Man feeling twenty three
Power-U fat as a peach, I'm Chief Jay Strongbow
From the east, come due Allah, what a beautiful squall
Through the Cartier tints, I seen her from afar
She in her mink trench in her panty and bra
Smooth in silk, naturally built, soy milk breast

Gas at the 'hess, split it to the rest
Undress ya'll, and you don't stop, come on!

Do that dance, grown up (come on)
Do that dance, grown up

Yo, I got muscles in my index finger, even my mirror is diesel
To scope two, so I could read you
Without a jack, there, I'm still hittin' up people
You were starvin' for beef, I had to feed you
It's funny how Toney got a lot of sons around
Nice dirty crib, with a lot of guns around
Layin' up in Cheetah's, chillin'
Treatin' niggaz like cavities, lead rocks'll be in your filling
Bosses, C.E.O.'s, head niggaz in charge'll get whacked
Actors, even down to the stars, you'll get clapped
Skip back, I'm not a bullshit rapper
My gun really do go off like that
This is Ghost, high post, get your pot roast coked
When the glock burst, it's all about clockwork
Fuck around, and go to hell with a hot shirt
I don't go to Chinatown for my fireworks
I go to Aakmei, test him for a bomb, first
Make sure he ain't lyin', tell on me, his eye'll squirt
Ghost Deini is real, me and Killa'll peel
Your cap back, and deliver the mil'
Niggaz be pullin' out, but they don't use 'em
Big giant joints, they stat and lose 'em
The big yellow, this shit'll push your crew in
Look you dead in your face, like "What ya'll doing?"
Ain't killin' nothin', so stop pursuing
Fuckin' with my click, you'll just get ruined
Blowin' the weight, like breeze did brewing
By the way, who the fuck, let ya'll fools in?