You didnt think me and El was comin like this Def Jux Motherf\*\*ker and we run this shit Got you all up on your keyboard stunnin and shit Oh you got a couple jokes now you funny bitch (HA HA) Have you laughin all the way to the bank On point make a cut like we holdin a shank Got it all up on ya back now you walkin a plank Try to do it like this but you drawin a blank Do it double time all up in yo face Like piranhas when you drop fresh meat in the tank Fell off of the game cant keep ya rank Mad cause you try to rock sweet but you aint Been around no-will shit where crews peel clips Niggaz that kill for fun Wanna talk that ill shit sayin how you kill shit Bullets still in ya gun Koolaid in ya veins so now you gotta change clothes 'cause you pissed ya pants Saw me durango said you wanna tango Now this is the dance Where ya shoes at where ya crew at Claim you do gats but you do rap What you gonna bust a verse right before the guns burst Push ya girl on the ground so that you can run first Now you about to get rolled up hold up wait Just an emcee that was tryin to make cake Now you gotta gun all up in ya face All of a sudden found god like run and mase Thought it be fun to front on tape Now you wish you woulda have stuck to drum n' bass But you had to be hard on the boulevard When you never gang banged a day in ya town Try to be a manhuter the streets ain't a jungle gym nigga stop playin around Lay it down

This is the Dance!

You don't wanna be late 'cause the moment won't wait betta get ya shit strai ght.

This is ya Chance!

You don't have to be fake with a heart full of hate just try to say thanks

Murs fall up on the spot like what up bitch
Approached the finest girl like shutup bitch
Than I grab the microphone and I cut up kids
Like a hot knife straight through a butter stick
Now i'm in the spotlight about to rock all night
Shot of tequila than a hot mamacita
Who said she know to swallow but not margaritas
Body on point so I follow the leader
Need more tequila so I swallow the liter
How can the night get sweeter (cant)
So I passed out woke up do it again
Wont neva roll up ya crew in the wind
High velocity high viscocity slippin right pass your animosity
Fans are constantly, askin me
Who said what and who has beef

My crew got stuck in we to musty

So try to weigh it out with the truth laid out (stop the gossip)

Thats just played out theres more to ya life than underground rap

What you waste all ya time and you wanna run it back

All on the message board runnin ya yap

At the end of the night only wanted to chat

Now you know that you got issues

That early in the morn you should look at some porn

And jack off right in the tissue

Than call it a night thats probley the life

Go to sleep with the girl that you callin ya wife

Wake up to the same shit different day

Everybody onto work and they on the way

Cause we all got bills and rent to pay

Lent to the earth wasnt meant to stay

So before i'm gone I wanna make a hit song that'll always get some play Got the homey el producto workin in the cut so what you got to say

You wanna trace along the pattern of fair please rest

I wanna pattern how the drum scheme mechanism I.D. jux breath commence fresh Test the mesh, metal on the chestplate tech

Better wear the smile right, wanna frown like die right

With a highlight primal fright in a prime life of a double ox razor blade fa de like 88'

It's the revenge on the whits and lazerface oh break two three

God to analog monkey not me rock hard and shit

The radio flyer kit, flyin with a boombox pack wit' clips

Faggots wanna ratta tat tatter this

And a PT cruiser he creed lucifer

Here comes the booster bruiser, betta get used to losin movement

They couldn't move like el, ox, murs, lif or bazooka tooth die so useless

So use this tip that'll have a little truth in it like (poof)

Deep space nine milli mechanism fist raise the roof again

Who stays on a move that says

Jukie with a shake ring catapult crawl thru the trenches

Revelation manifacture eat senses all city

All compositive battle turn logic pretty

All the hard edge tomorrow brings heads or home up in me come get me

I'm for this shitty dizzy spinning lawless constant progress whose with me Fabolous thunder bird word nerd unda that tom pill shit

Who heard kill quick

And independent since 96' they still ride ya dick

I refined the style with wild wit from an era with an automan mix

Community watch groups enlist young kids

Hit the road skippy

I don't answer to you george bush or the war time commitee

Dumber than a mongaloid race movin shit

With a heart of hell's tutelage bruisin shit

Every time you make a move the industry start the new movement kid

I'm not losin bitch

Essentially on the edge of a generations new ruthlesness

Who's in charge, take me to ya leader man stop the foolishness

Cop the new shit bitch