

Now I don't know you you don't know me  
But I can show you where's the beat (2x)  
And you can do as you feel as long as you move  
Two perfect strangers sharing a groove

Suckers step up and want to cause friction  
But violence is for those who can't handle diction  
Competition is waning circumnavigate the draining  
Complaining about those who are steady maintaining the jam

Jump into the pit and just slam  
Big respect goes out to those who can  
Lose their shit once in a while  
Act a fool just to mark time yo that's my style

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