

2 Step

Jay Electronica

Yeah, this is another Sol Messiah production
You are now tuned in to the sounds of Jay Electronica
Man this is some beautiful weather we having this year right
This is grown folk music right here
It ain't been this cool in a couple of summers

It's Friday night, in the club and I'm feelin' a vibe
I'm sharp as a tack, I'm black and I'm feelin' alive
Señoritas on the floor three-quarters naked
The deejay was bangin' that, "We gon' make it!"
Ok, I can deal with this
All the ladies started screamin' "Where my real niggas?"
I seen Dave by the bar, gettin' gin in a cup
I said, "Dave, where's Bum," "Man, he's still in the truck"
Stink pink gators, my Detroit players
Chillin' in the circle, Errol Flynnin' it up
Yup, now it's off to VIP
The waitresses be grinnin' when they see Ali
Two dimes walked up, "Can we sit with y'all?"
I said "I don't know ma, lemme see I.D."
Cause the truth is she really wanna take me to the telly
Put my dick in her belly, then play me like R.Kelly
But I can't go for that, I'm on a mission
I can't put myself in that compromisin' position
So um, we can chill relax for a minute
Maybe a pat on the back or some dap when I'm finished
Now, I right back to the two-step
Two in the morning and I ain't even loose yet, (I ain't even loose yet)
(Delta step, SG Rho step)

Hey DJ play my song
Rock that shit all night long
This party won't stop
This party won't quit
This party's on hit, nigga
We came to rock, we came to step
We came to shut this bitch down
Keep talkin' that shit
Keep poppin' that shit
Get knocked the fuck out

We can get it crackin' any minute right now man I'm ready for war
On the dance floor two-steppin' like Sigma Beta
With them down south head 'bussas knockin' out a hater
I mastered the dark side of the Force like Darth Vader
Now, lean back like Fat Joey Crack
Jay Elect got the flow to make your booty go clap
I'm a Third Ward soldier, I told you, playa
See the U-P-T and the clothes I we-ar
Out in that lower ninth ward they walk with a bop
Never caught without a Glock or a sock full of rocks
Shoutout to Big Reem on this twenty-four-seven hustle to stack the green
Man, niggas got plans and dreams
Cash Rules Everything Around Me, C.R.E.A.M
Get the money, haters wanna see me stay bummy
But you can't change my cards or take nothin' from me
Police comin', fireman comin'

Niggas wilin' out in the club, we stay dumbin'
Niggas stylin' out in the club, now say somethin'
Man, I'm ready to wile out
The game just started, I'm ready to foul out
Ya'll better hope we gracefully bow out
But we don't want no trouble tonight, man