

## Dealing

Jay Electronica

At nighttime all I do is pray and cry homie  
Cause everytime I call home somebody dying on me  
And every time I look around somebody lying on me  
Mr cheney mr ridge steady spyin on me  
I got one foot in the grave one foot in the gutter  
One foot on the camera lens one foot on the shutter  
I'm trying to stop time so I can breathe, man I'm grindin  
Play record low pause fast forward rewindin  
The truth is the light, but absolutely blindin  
And niggas feel the pain on they brain when you remind them  
About them project wars that we confined in  
About them six by eight cells we linin  
Bricks on consignment  
A nigga lost his iron and club behind the diamond  
The cops hit him with a club  
He swung back they hit him with a slug  
Then the judge hit him with a dub  
His baby mama threw up  
The saga continues...

I was born to clash with the fake  
Harassin with jake  
Lay real low in the grass with the snakes  
Torment em with the fire when they raise they head  
And I'm sorta just like elijah cause I raise they dead  
After the stink and rot for days in the grave that I rose from  
Deport the dead part of the game then the flows come  
Flood the industry with three quarters of life  
I'm takin this world of sa-tan to war with a mic  
Please god back me as I swing the sword of the christ  
Wavy hair fiery eyes,  
Not entirely wise  
Provoking these devils go to war with they squad  
After war show em to the after party with god  
I stroll the blocks with a dope man bop  
I'm high caliber  
My team shine supreme we gleam on you amateurs  
I stay big sportin fedoras  
Charcoal braid tweed sport coat jeans and diadoras

Ya'll niggas ain't really really ready for muhammad because I'm hungry  
Grimey and grungy  
I want ya mind fuck the money  
Don't get me wrong, I want cream and all that  
But if that's your only objective in rap you all wack  
I make the untrue niggas head sweat like skull caps  
Hall back launchin a bolo makin they skull crack  
Singin them dull raps  
Like that was hot shit  
Shit, I was sayin that back in the 80s  
When niggas was rockin emblems off the back of mercedes  
On rope chains  
Back when niggas thought of cookin rocks outta cocaine  
I was hot then, a little poor nigga spittin the vicious  
Flavor delicious poetic swift shit  
I regulate in the ring like P. whitaker  
One rhyme get rid a ya

I won't even consider ya  
For battle  
You schools on speed I'm full throttle  
Used to be in clubs tossing chairs and cracked bottles  
Ruckus and ra ra, made my rhymes my dekea  
Livin leyenda, numer un contenda  
Never let a day slip by without agenda  
That's just a little due from farrakhan to remember  
So ke capasa,  
Representanto for el rasa  
Niggas wanna step but they legs too short to salsa  
You got courage I'll blast it out ya  
Seriously doubt chya  
Spit til ya blueprint is ripped, then re-route chya  
Fucker