

# Pay Jay

## Termanology

R.I.P. J Dilla  
Termanology's up in here  
Rapper Pooh is up in here  
My man Joe Scudda, he's up in here  
My man Chaundon, he's up in here

Yeeeah...  
I stepped on stage just to scream "Go ladies"  
And after my set she went crazy, slow it down baby  
I can't keep running, energy after the show  
Fo' fucking, one won't do, two's not enough  
So why you in my ear with this fall in love stuff?  
I'm just tryna break backs, let me see you climax  
Smoke a little purp', zone out to some Dilla tracks  
I don't know what you been told  
You dealing with a player, pimp hand ice cold  
I'm a get this money, did get honey  
So get ready, shake it down for me lovely  
Hold tight...

On the count of three say "Fuck the police"  
Back and truly in the fleece, diddy-bopping in the streets  
Getting busy over beats, (what?) I'm +Fantastic+  
On another +Voyage+, you know who the boy is  
Puffing on the line with Esche  
I wanna thank the nigga who sold J Dilla his first SP  
From the D back to NYC  
I'm spitting game to this beat like it's a P.Y.T.  
It's +Human Nature+ to turn it up, burn it up  
The illest Soulquarian to ever serve it up  
No it ain't hard to tell who the realest it  
Chaundilla bitch, got the world on that J Dilla shit

Say what you want but you gon' pay Jay (yeah)  
Say what you want but they gon' play Jay (yeah)

It's that Dilla shit, that Dilla shit  
That Dilla shit, that Dilla shit

Uh, yeah, sticky green we tote, hoody with the pea coat  
Riding in the hoopty with my groupie of the week yo  
Honey got that cold and I told her let the heat blow  
Dilla and the J, gotta show her how the beat go  
Keep crushing (yeeeah...)  
You know I make 'em envy by the way I keep hustling  
Take notice, stay focused, I'm J-O, it's so raw  
You can't put him next to nothing  
So let's take it back, there's nothing like this  
I can't explain all the game that you might miss  
Without a chain or even a bright wrist  
I stay ready like machete with a tight fist

What's your name pa? (It's 'Ology)  
And what's the name of your crew? (It's S.T.)  
Chilling with the H.O.J. (Yeah, that's me)  
We putting it down (Lawtown to NC)

I don't need no rims, need no Benz  
Need no ends, cause I got beats  
I don't need no ice, need no height  
My name up in lights, cause I emcee  
Aiiyyo, I body rappers, them party rappers  
Them body snatching college application  
Rappers saying spread the bang  
Wet your aim out your stain in the lane  
Of the kings and the Preem's the same  
Killer of J Dilla beats, shoutout to AZ  
I'm rather unique, you gon' p-pay J-Jay Dilla for them beats  
Pay Jay, pay Jay, pay Jay...