

Jay Electronica

"2 Step"

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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
Senoritas on the floor three-quarters naked
The deejay was bangin' that "We gon' make it"
Ok, I can deal with this
All the ladies starting screamin' "Where my real
niggas"
I seen Dave by the bar gettin' gin in a cup
I said "Dave, where's Bum[?]?"
"Man he still in the truck"
Stink pink gators
My Detroit players
Chillin' in the circle
Errol Flynnin' it up
Yup, now it's off to V-I-P
The waitresses be grinnin' when they see Ali
Two dimes walked up
"Can we sit with 'ya'll"
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 compromising 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... haha)

Hey deejay 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 talking 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 dancefloor two-steppin' like Sigma Beta
With them down south head 'bussas knocking 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 the 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, cream
Get the money
Haters wanna see me stay bummy
But you can't change my cards or take nothing from
me
Police comin' (what)
Fireman comin' (what)

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...

Thanks to oana

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