

Afu-Ra "Deal Wit It"

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(feat. Jah Don, Kardinal Offishall)

[Chorus x2: Afu-Ra, Kardinal Offishall]
Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la, bum-bum, she-lay-ah
All the pretty girls wanna wind up them way, sha-la
Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la, bum-bum, she-lay-ah
See them lil' girls, buckwildin' in the place, sha-la

[Afu-Ra]
I like a chunky, badunki, mami
Word is bond, hypnotize a brother, like she was a
swami, I be
All up on this dance hall, clean
I can wind up some tight, and have her spendin' her
greed, come on
And face it, take it-take it down to the floor
Have her spinning her around, have her coming back
for more, that's right
She fell in love with a king man, dippin' the end
The type of cat, that I can rip up the jam
I'm brand new again, a new tune again, I'm not a
hooligan
Me and shorty, we enact the Blue Lagoon again
Crisp and clean with no caffeine, and don't you see
Her booty's boomin' her jeans, it's bustin' at the scene
And don't you see, shorty, yeah, you lookin' good
shorty
You and me shorty, that's right, let's make a movie
shorty
I know you see it shorty, damn, you kind tight, shorty
You and me, precise, that's right, we kinda right shorty

[Chorus x2]

[Jah Don]
The type that wanna battle, but they know I battle New
York
They really wanna know what's up
They all set out to bank up, or they find out what's up
The New York, all sound, yes, that's us
Them girls, them type to time
We all see them, but then dey bum on the time

Baby girls, y'all free the bloodline
We all see them, but then dey bum on the time
When y'all off, and when I'm on, and then have to
spend mines
Cuz each and every day, a blood can get in my way
So keep my minds in front, and don't send him my bad
way
It's all about a better way, and really wanna try
I be there for you, and atleast I don't pretend, and do I
try
Begin to hold it down, cuz the world is mine
So then me keep it sharp, as a dime, wow, wow
We held it tight, now, it's so tight, now

[Chorus x2]

[Kardinal Offishall]

Mr. Kardinal say, back up in it again, my friend
Yea a murderer, finish it again up to the end
Me don't play, me don't lay with them, we slingin' them
Strayin' them away from all the suckers, and no luck
It's the same ten steps, back up truckers, we high class
fuckers
Girls looking real bugee, before they get stripped
that's it
They come with a bag of talk, and a bag of attitude
But all I'ma tryna do is bag it up, and teach you
Dot City, where the queens in jeans stay
All of them ghetio chicks live around my movie, you
know?
It ain't nothing, you cutting to a PF Cuttin'
Cuttin', then we trucking, ready to be with another
suckers
Black Jay's from BK to UK
Stay the number one champion, with the girls, dun
Get it? Girls if you wit it, let me spit it in the place
What come, don't know why they waste, you know?

[Chorus x2]

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