

Marc Anthony F/ La India**"D.T.D"**

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"Do that dance, grown up" - sample repeated
throughout the song
[Intro: Masta Killa (Raekwon w/ sample)]

Turn my microphone up a little high..
Yeah.. yeah, yeah, look, party people gath-
Party people gather round
(Do that dance, grown up, do that grown up, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yo, yeah, yeah
Do that dance, grown up, do that dance, grown up
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo)

[Masta Killa]
Party people gather round, watch the God get down
The sound's so rugged, measure the erection
It's raw when I'm sexin' your brain
Cherry cream gleen leather seats, lean
Goose in the canteen, dutch leaf green
Block of the chocolates, ship a mil', box it
Moms and pops it, plan to be seventy five, live and
kicking
Jewels drip in the heat --

[Raekwon]
Radioactive, roll that accurate, what?
Roll that backward, flow went back
I stand as a man, the game plan repped your name
The greatest Fam, we play in the sand
Me and Irief, Killa gangsta thieves
Gangsta beats, civilize, great men don't make beliefs
Haagan-Daaz, shake the streets
I'm cocained down, and I got a fire to stretch my eats
West to East, South to North, best, the beats
Rest is tef', the Chef defeats
Order this piece -- yo..
Niggaz who ain't real, they real when they call the
police, my brothers
Watch the slang, lots of lame, pop your frame
And drop your dame, and chop your name
We locked the game, '89 niggaz with oxxes on
In front of the building with the same thing

[Interlude: Masta Killa (Raekwon w/ sample)]

Uh-- yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, get your uh-uh-uh-uh

And... (do that dance, grown up, do that dance, grown up)

Look, look, huh, look, huh, party people gath-

Party people gather round

(Do that dance, grown up, do that dance, grown up)

[Masta Killa]

Party people gather round, watch the God get down

The sound's so rugged, measure the erection

It's raw when I'm sexin' your brain

Cherry cream gleen leather seats, lean

Goose in the canteen, dutch leaf green

Block of the chocolates, ship a mil', box it

Moms and pops it, plan to be seventy five, live and kicking

Jewels drip in the heat, ribbon with a young sweet

Something in the passenger seat, ivory queen

Beat got the Old Man feeling twenty three

Power-U fat as a peach, I'm Chief Jay Strongbow

From the east, come due Allah, what a beautiful squall

Through the Cartier tints, I seen her from afar

She in her mink trench in her panty and bra

Smooth in silk, naturally built, soy milk breast

Gas at the 'hess, split it to the rest

Undress ya'll, and you don't stop, come on!

[Interlude: Raekwon w/ sample (Masta Killa)]

Do that dance, grown up (come on)

Do that dance, grown up

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, I got muscles in my index finger, even my mirror is diesel

To scope two, so I could read you

Without a jack, there, I'm still hittin' up people

You were starvin' for beef, I had to feed you

It's funny how Toney got a lot of sons around

Nice dirty crib, with a lot of guns around

Layin' up in Cheetah's, chillin'

Treatin' niggaz like cavities, lead rocks'll be in your filling

Bosses, C.E.O.'s, head niggaz in charge'll get whacked

Actors, even down to the stars, you'll get clapped

Skip back, I'm not a bullshit rapper

My gun really do go off like that

This is Ghost, high post, get your pot roast coked

When the glock burst, it's all about clockwork

Fuck around, and go to hell with a hot shirt

I don't go to Chinatown for my fireworks
I go to Aakmei, test him for a bomb, first
Make sure he ain't lyin', tell on me, his eye'll squirt
Ghost Deini is real, me and Killa'll peel
Your cap back, and deliver the mil'
Niggaz be pullin' out, but they don't use 'em
Big giant joints, they stat and lose 'em
The big yellow, this shit'll push your crew in
Look you dead in your face, like "What ya'll doing?"
Ain't killin' nothin', so stop pursuing
Fuckin' with my click, you'll just get ruined
Blowin' the weight, like breeze did brewing
By the way, who the fuck, let ya'll fools in?

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