

Monica F/ OutKast

"Death Dance"

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Til we run out the school, the school of hard knocks
That's real
Bout to show you somethin' new, don't worry about it
Uh-huh, yeah

[Verse 1]

Never had a life, never had a wife
I'd rather have a jack knife and creep through the night
See my mind ain't right, just ran out of my Prozac
(damn)
This grind ain't right, I'm supposed to have fat stacks
Certain people in my life, they didn't have my back
It's hurtin' deep and I'm still fightin' to make a come up,
you know what
So I put the gun up, and I picked up the mic
Then it all came out, it was a very bloody sight
It was a very dark night, (pull out the tool)
Do the death dance, I don't wanna see your hands
'til we (run out the school), school of hard knocks
We tote glocks and punch holes in 'em like polka dots,
scopin' plots
It's nothin', I handle raps like I handle lacs
Plus I, I handle this like I handle that
I got skills in this battle rap, matter fact
You could meet me in the back, and we could spit shit
like mini macs
How many times must I have to spit, patna?
And how many nines must I have to grip?
Cuz I rip shit like a ice pick and I hit up your block quick
And if you can't see it you must got glock-coma
I'm sicc in the head and I'm not sober

[Chorus] x2

Do the death dance, (C'mon)
Do the death dance, C'mon
I don't wanna see your hands
Do the death dance

[Verse 2]

See, I'm try'na do damage to your soil
Half you niggas can get your brains wrapped up, in

some aluminum foil
I'm hard-boiled like John Woo, smoke bomb too
You must be off that dope and dog food, I can make it
all cool
I've been stressed out, lookin' for the best route
Sendin' out death certificates, what's this all about?
I'ma be the next man to admit this, touch me if you
wanna
I had a close relationship with straight gin and Mary J-
uana
Crooked like every daytona, get that
Smash out out in a glass house, first one in, last one
out
Put one in, take one out
I make you take a bath in cold water with heavy shoes
(ooh)
I'm that fool that rips it up, them other fools bad news
It's cold blue and I can make your body cold too
He ain't the only one, we got heavy right out the Chevy
And it's a cold, cold medley, them other thangs is petty
Aight, everybody get ready

[Chorus] x2

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