

# Afu-Ra, BK Dance

Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt  
I'm not a bad boy or a rude boy blood spiller  
Notice how I touch the microphone like gorillas  
Dressed in all white, sparking up my tire  
It's Brooklyn dance y'all that have me in a trance y'all  
I slid my way, right up in a jam  
Skated on the dance floor like I was Peter Pan  
Put style's together, I inspired Dapper Dan  
Plus I'm down with the Wu-Tang Clan  
No bodyguards, I'm just a dred rolling dolo  
Looking for an empress and not a ho, yo  
I made my way to the bar, the DJ shouted me out  
To kick that Shogun slogan  
I ordered Hennessy mixed with Captain Morgan's  
And made my way right to the booth, to bust a flow son  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt  
And all my big body medium and slim body Chaka queens  
A hip hop nigga rocking in reggae scene  
Arms out, skin out, synchronized as he rock to the beat  
And can you stand the heat  
And can you wind your waist without moving your feet  
And if you don't like sweating, you should take a seat  
Yeah, yeah, I mixed it out with my homey, Robbie Gandis  
Pulling a cigar from Havana, like a don dada  
While lil' ma's eyein' me up in the corner  
I talk to bartender and order two corona's  
I slid on over, the way she look made me sober  
'Cuz I'm a smooth brother, yeah, I kept my composure  
We danced all night to guess what the drama  
It couldn't be a Brooklyn dance without no drama  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt  
One shot, two shot, rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat-tat  
I grab the hand and we jetted out the spot  
It was a beef between a Yankee boy and Jamerican  
The whole crowd spreaded out in a hurry, shit  
I held a taxi and hopped up in the backseat  
He told the driver, 550 Jay Street  
And by the way, I'm taking you with me  
'Cuz I, I really really like the way you MC  
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, I didn't really know you like me  
Now we both fixing on the party  
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo but you can parle with me  
'Cuz that's the way I like things to be, aiyo  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt, yeah  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt

Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt, yeah  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt  
Nobody move and nobody get hurt