

WOKE (Flying Lotus, Shabazz Palaces & Thundercat)

And somewhere in the back of your mind
You answer yourself
As it is, so be it
If being is what it's about, I is
Maximum isness

It's my touch

When I arrive, it's like a slice up on the set
Lavished in honeys, but there's always more to get
I'm a conveyor, connoisseur, it's how I fare
The narrow-minded central label, this is flair
A fact is flare, plenty flavors, many layers
The anti-square, many laying in my lair
I'm from the race with the thief and the bass
We're from the stars, whipping cars, spitting bars
Dipping stars, never lost, getting ours
And proving you was due to win
A room for you to do it in
A group for you to do it in
Dipping stars, never lost, getting house
And proving you was due to win
A room for you to do it in
Tonight, get it in is a true to sin
So don your gems, the night's about to bend your way

A dance song, dance off
Something you could put your hands on
It's bomb, that which is bomb never lasts long

It's my touch

Why you sitting there?
All I want to do is see you dance, girl
Clap your hands
I don't even want your loving
I just want to see your hands
(Hold them up)
All these niggas in the room
Standing with their hands up
Don't know the propaganda
Somebody better come over
Tell this bitch I need to bounce

Getting stars, getting ours
And proving you was due to win
I got a room for you to do it in
A group for you to do it in
From the stars, getting bars
And proving you was due to win
I got a room for you to do it in
A group for you to do it in

Running around the center of a square
Sitting in the corner of a circle

You can see it in your eyes
You don't have to lie
Want to take a ride
As long as we can fly