

# Mr. Lif, Status

## Status

{Lif}

I was mad dip  
Butterfly collars and shit  
Chains from the slave ship  
Dreads with the wave kit  
Bifocals and wing-tips  
Velvet pants and a velour coat  
Looked in the mirror  
&quot;Damn I look dope&quot;  
Folded up the singles in my loot-clip  
Put a sock in my pants on some Uncle Luke shit  
Dressed to impress  
Now I'm ready to go  
The club is twelve blocks away  
And I got no loot, so  
I walk ten and take a cab for two  
Black duct tape over the hole in my shoe  
I've got the hottest dance steps:  
Running Man, Cabbage Patch  
Plus the Robocop, then I bring back the Walk  
Jaws will drop, and all the ladies will flock  
Brothers thinking, &quot;What he got that I ain't got&quot;  
I'll tell ya fella, it's written in my best seller  
It started to rain, I got no umbrella  
The walking turned to running  
Still I look stunning  
Covered enough ground before my  
Taxi could summon  
Got to the spa and hopped out at the front  
Tripped over the curb, limping cuz my toes were stubbed  
Then I tried to give pounds to people I didn't know (&quot;yo, what's up y'all!&quot;)  
At Lucy & Joe's, my destination was the back door  
Not because the bouncer told me not to come back  
I'm just sneaking in the club because I got it like that

{Insight}

I remember when you used to be broke  
Ignored when you spoke  
And people would take you for a joke  
You used to go to the club, and look like a scrub  
But couldn't afford the admission  
From outside you're looking in  
Waiting for a chance to slip by  
You slide through the back door  
But you wasn't supposed to be there  
You'd look like an idiot if you got caught, but you didn't care  
Just as long as you got your groove on  
It was smooth sailing, they was playing the Thong Song  
You're feeling shorty with the boots on  
Cutting through the crowd sideways, it's time to move strong  
To cool kick it, say something slick off the top  
Flash your jewels, fix your suit  
Fidgeting with your wristwatch  
But while you was in the corner acting the big shot.?  
They threw on some hip-hop  
People got on the dance floor  
And a bouncer saw you standing at the corner near the door (&quot;Hey you!&quot;)  
He started walking your way, to muscle you out  
Since you refused to pay  
So there was nothing for you to say  
When he blew up your spot  
And threw you out the front to the floor

(&quot;I told you not to come back here!&quot;)  
Past the bar on the right through the double doors  
You mumbled and swore, stumbled and tripped on the pavement  
(&quot;Goddamn.&quot;)  
People in line started laughing (&quot;Haha!&quot;)  
When they threw you half-ass  
Screaming that you wasn't allowed back in  
But that was back, acting like nothing happened  
You patted your Tims off, depressed from embarrassment  
It could have been fresh, it would have been lavish  
One day you'll make it and won't have to deal with this madness

\*scratches\* &quot;My status is the maddest&quot;