

Murs, The Dance

(feat. El-P)

Let's Do It

You didnt think me and El was comin like this
Def Jux Motherfucker and we run this shit
Got you all up on your keyboard stunnin and shit
Oh you got a couple jokes now you funny bitch (HA HA)
Have you laughin all the way to the bank
On point make a cut like we holdin a shank
Got it all up on ya back like you walkin a plank
Try to do it like this bitch you know how to blame
Do it double time all up in yo face
Like piranhas when you drop fresh meat in the tank
Fell off of the game cant keep ya rank
Mad cause you try to rob shit but you aint
Been around no bullshit where crews peel clips
Niggaz that kill for fun
Wanna talk that ill shit sayin how you kill shit
Bullets still in ya gun
Koolaid in ya veins so now you gotta change clothes
Cuz you pissed ya pants
Saw me durango said you wanna tango
Now this is the dance
Where ya shoes at where ya crew at
Claim you do gats but you do rap
What you gonna bust a verse right before the guns burst
Push ya girl on the ground so that you can run first
Now you about to get rolled up hold up wait
Just an emcee that was tryin to make cake
Now you gotta gun all up in ya face
All of a sudden found god like runnin mase
Thought it be fun to spun on tape
Now you wish you would have stuck to drum n' bass
But you had to be hard on the blue ball
When you never gang banged a day in ya town
Try to be a man and run the streets and the jungle gym nigga stop playin
around
Lay it down

(Chorus: repeat 3X)

This is the Dance!

You don't wanna be late cuz i'm over on weight betta get ya shit straight

This is ya Chance!

You don't have to be fake with a heart full of hate just try to say thanks

Murs fall up on the spot like what up bitch
Approached by this girl like shutup bitch
Than I grab the microphone and I cut up kids
Like a hot knife straight through a butter stick
Now i'm in the spotlight about to rock all night
Shot of tequila than a hot mamacita
We sex than we swallow what? nine margaritas
Body on point so I follow the leader
Need more tequila so I swallow the liter
How can life feel sweeter (cant)
So I passed out rolled up do it again
Wont neva roll up ya crew in the wind
High velocity high viscocity slippin right pass your animosity
Fans are constantly, askin me
Who said what and who has beef
My crew got stuck in we to musty
So try to weigh it out with the fruit laid out (stomp the bastard)
Thats just played out theres more to ya life than underground rap

What you waste all ya time and you wanna run it back
All on the message board runnin ya yap
At the end of the night only wanted to chat
Now you know that you got issues
That early in the morn you should look at some porn
And jack off right in the tissue
Than call it a night thats probley the life
Go to sleep with the girl that you callin ya wife
Wake up to the same shit different day
Everybody onto work and they on the way
Cause we all got bills and rent to pay
Lend to the earth wasnt meant to stay
So before i'm gone I wanna make a hit song that'll always get some play
Got the homey el producto workin in the cut so what you got to say

(EI-P)

You wanna trace along the pattern of fair please rap
I wanna pattern how the drunk end mechanism I.D. jury breath commence fresh
Test the match, metal on the chestplate tech
Better win a smile right, wanna frown like god right
With a highlight primal fright in a primal life of a double ox razor blade fade like 88'
We hit advance from the whips and lazer face oh break two three
God to analog monkey not me rock hard and shit
The radio flyer kit, flyin with a boombox pack wit' clips
Faggots wanna ratta tat tatter this
And a PT cruiser he creed lucifer
Here comes the booster bruiser, betta get used to losin movement
They couldn't move like el, ox, murs, lif the bazooka trooped in so useless
So useless tip that'll have a little truth in it like (poof)
Deep space nine milli mechanism fist raise the roof again
Who stays on a move that says
Chick wanna shake ring hetero crawl thru the trenches
Revelation manufacture eat senses or the city
Or compositive battle turn logic pretty
All the hard edge tomorrow brings heads or home up in me come get me
I'm for this shitty dizzy spinning all this cuff and progress whose with me
Fabolous thunder bird word nerd unda that tom pill shit
Who heard kill quick
They been together since 96' they still ride ya dick
I refined ya style while wild ways from an error with an automan mix
Community watch groups and lace young kids
Niggaz don't skip me
I don't answer to you george bush or the raw time commitee
Dumber than a mongulary race movin shit
With a heart of hell scribblin bruising shit
Every time you make a move in the industry start the new movement kid
I'm like lose it bitch
Check the steam on the E with an edge of a generation new ruthlessness
Who's in charge, check into ya leader man stop the foolishness
Cop the new shit bitch