Status (feat. Insight)

Mr. 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
"Damn I look dope"
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, "What he got that I ain't got"
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 ("yo, what's up y'all!")
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 ("Hey you!")
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
("I told you not to come back here!")
Past the bar on the right through the double doors
You mumbled and swore, stumbled and tripped on the pavement
("Goddamn.")
People in line started laughing ("Haha!")
When they threw you half-ass
Screaming that you wasn't allowed back in
But that was back then, 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 "My status is the maddest"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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