

Dancing in the Rain

Fozzey & VanC

First things first
Ain't tryna game you up so girl I'll be straight
First things first
Don't want to mess it up before it's too late
First things first
My name is... and you are?
I'd like to get to know you if it's okayAyo, tell me what I'm s'pose to do
Ayo, tell me what I'm s'pose to do
First things first
You gotta tell me what I'm s'pose to do
Let me know just what I'm s'pose to do
First things first
My name is... and you are?
I'd like to get to know you if it's okaySee it's so many ways I acn approach you
I can either start off like, "scuse me miss', but shit that's too old school
And I can flow to you but that's too cliche
Plus I don't bust to bust nuts, I bust over beat breaks
I could be honest with you and tell you I'm a cheapskate
But, you probably seen me sharing drinks with my deejay
So, fronting like I got chips is out the question
And acting like my benz is in the shop is outdated
And I ain't into playing games
Plus I already hate them fake ballers that be always dropping names
And yeah I'm in the game but if I say I rap
You'll be looking for my range, gold chains and my strap
And I can act conscious, but if we talk politics
You'll notice that I'm out of the loop, cause I don't follow it
I rock fitted caps, cufies ain't for Blu see
I eat red meat cause tofu don't move me
And women are confusing, but that's for later on
And the only way to tell you is to say it in a song
Like darling you a doll, don't confuse it with sexual
But don't think, I don't think of having sex with you
I'm trying to get next to you, but you being rude
In the club with ya guns out, shooting down fools
She shot down one, and shot down two
Now tell me what the fuck am I suppose to doAin't tryna game you up so girl I'll be straight
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I'd like to get to know you if it's okayNow, don't get it twisted broke niggas need love too

And underground rappers like to chill at the club too

I wanna get buzzed, bet drunk and get crunk

Get a chick to kick it with when I'm feeling fucked up but

Women be mentioning ya' whips and your chains

So I flip it like slaves come with whips and chains, we gotta liberate

But before I could mention my name

They be talking to the nigga with the keys to the range

And I can't even compete with these ballers trying to get at you

Cause I ain't even got enough cheese to try to match dude

Nor do I got a flat to bring you back to

But, I can roll up a blunt and try to relax you

Probably make you laugh when you mad in a bad mood

And ask a few questions 'bout caressing your statue

Cause no, I ain't got corn rolls or hood tatoes

But, I can fuck up any track that I rap too

I, know it's irrelevant, but rap is my profession

And just cause I'm a gentleman, don't mean I'm into settling

I spend most my time on the grind, but I ain't peddling rocks

Or trying to sign to the rock, I'm trying to meddle in my own business

So tell your girls mind they own business

And I would give you my digits but see my phone isn't...

Excepting calls to the bills get paid

Now you say you want the real but it's the real I'm saying, so what the dealAin't tryna game you up so girl I'll
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I'd like to get to know you
If it's okay, if it's okay

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