

Close Edge

Mos Def

Pull up to ya spot on low
Shine brighter than all o' them cats they got on glow
Layin' the cut like they not gon' know
'Cuz if I gotta make a move dawg they not gonna know
This door marked private this is not fo' sho'
It's Mos Def what you call real fo' sho'
Is they what you call gangsta? Hell no
They get a lil' pitch and go snitch to the po'
They all talk fast and they all think slow
I'm Mos Definite, not think so
Flood ya city with the black ink flow
And my crew ain't scared to let them things go
So, stop with the nonsense, like he conscious
I'm just alright dawg, I'm doin' great dawg
I don't play games, so I don't play a hate y'all
Get it straight or get the fuck up out my face dawg
I'm like the second plane that made the tower's face off
That shit that let you know it's really not a game dawg
Your grind and my grindin, is same dawg
I'm the catalogue, you the same song
So cool and ol' school like A 4?
The one ya lil' mami windin' up on ways for
The name that real niggaz got they hands raised for
Me and Mini got ya block yellow taped off
Don't push me, get off, 'cuz I'm close to the streets
To the beach, the bitches, the niggaz, the women
The children, the workers, the killers, the addicts, the dealers
The quiet, the livest, the realest and that's close
Don't push me, cuz I'm close to the edge, back, middle, and front
Strong back shit liftin' it up from the big and the small
I'm like J. Brown, gettin' involved
But when I'm lettin' off around don't get in the cross
Have ya preacher man speakin' low gettin' his cross
Tell 'em wild cowboy not to get off they horse
Before they find out the tailon is strictly enforced
It's a real bad way to get ya name in the Source
Testin' the limits of a dangerous force
Ya ended up dumb famous and gone
Your people shoutin' out ya name in they song

Pourin' liquor on the day you was born
Find paint to put ya face on the wall
C'mon fall back, there's no need for all that
It's all good, we all here, goin' all out, all out
All day, listen when this song say
Don't push me, get off, 'cuz I'm close to the streets
To the beach, the bitches, the niggaz, the women
The children, the workers, the killers, the addicts, the dealers
The quiet, the livest, the realest and that's close
Don't push me, cuz I'm close to the edge, back, middle, and front
Strong back shit liftin' it up from the big and the small
I'm like J. Brown, gettin' involved, now get yours
Boom diggy bang di bang di, boom bang diggy
Boom diggy bang di bang di, boom bang diggy
Boom diggy bang di bang di, boom bang diggy

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