

Close Edge (Drivin' with Dave)

Mos Def

Pull up to your spot on low
Shine brighter than all of they cats that got on glow
Lay in the cut like they not gon' know
Cause if I gotta make a move dog they not gon' know
This door marked private this is not fo' show
It's Mos Def what you call real fo' sure
Is they what you call gangster, hell no
They get a little pinch and go snitch to the po'
They all talk fast and they all think slow
I'm Mos Definite, not think so
Flood your 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 awake dog, I'm doing great dog
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 dog
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 dog
Your grind and my grind ain't the same dog
I'm the catalogue, you the same song
So cool and old school like eight-four
The one your little mami winding up her waist for
The name that real niggas got they hand raised for
Me and Mini got your block yellow taped off
Don't push me cause I'm close
To the streets, to the beats
The bitches, the niggas, 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 cause I'm close
To the edge, back, middle, and front
Strong back shit lifting it up
From the big and the small
I'm like J. Brown getting involved
And when I'm letting off a round don't get in the cross
Have your preacher man speaking low getting his cross
Tell a wild cowboy not to get off they horse
Before they find out the town law is strictly enforced
It's a real bad way to get your name in the Source
Testing the limits of a dangerous force
You ended up dumb, famous and gone

Your people shouting out your name in they song
Pouring liquor on the day you was born
Buying paint to put your face on a wall
C'mon fall back, there's no need for all that
It's all good, we all here, going all out
All live, all day, listen when the song say Don't push me cause I'm close
To the streets, to the beats
The bitches, the niggas, 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 cause I'm close
To the edge, back, middle, and front
Strong back shit lifting it up
From the big and the small
I'm like J. Brown getting involved

Songwriters

CLIFTON CHASE, EDWARD G FLETCHER, MELVIN GLOVER, MARK RICHARDSON, SYLVIA
ROBINSON, DANTE SMITH Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>