

# Dealing

## Jay Electronica

at nighttime all i do is pray and cry homie  
cuz everytime i call home somebody dying on me  
and every time i look around somebody lying on me  
mr cheney mr ridge steady spyin on me  
i got one foot in the grave one foot in the gutter  
one foot on the camera lens one foot on the shutter  
im trying to stop time so i can breathe, man im grindin  
play record load pause fast forward rewinding  
the truth is the light, but absolutely blindin  
and niggas feel the pain on they brain when you remind them  
about them project walls that we confined in  
about them six by eight cells we linin  
bricks on consignment  
a nigga lost his iron and club behind the diamond  
the cops hit him with a club  
he swung back they hit him with a slug  
then the judge hit him with a dub  
his baby mama threw up  
the saga continues...  
your dealing  
i can tell you darling...  
your dealing  
could you deal to me? oooohi was born to clash with the fake  
rasslin' with jake  
lay real low in the grass with the snakes  
then torment em with the fire when they raise they head  
and im sorta just like elijah cuz i raise they dead  
after they stink and rot for days in the grave that i rose from  
deport the dead part of the game then the flows come  
flood the industry with three quarters of life  
im takin this world of sa-tan to war with a mic  
please god back me as i swing the sword of the christ  
wavy hair fiery eyes,  
not entirely wise  
provoking these devils to go to war with they squad  
after-ward show up to the after party with god  
i stroll the blocks with a dope man bop  
im high caliber  
my team shine supreme we gleam on you amateurs uh

I stay big sportin fedoras  
charcoal braid tweed sport coats, jeans and diadoras  
yall niggas aint really really ready for muhammad because im hungry  
grimey and grungy

i want ya mind fuck the money  
dont get me wrong, i want cream and all that  
but if thats your only objective in rap you all wack  
i make the untrue niggas heads sweat like skull caps  
hall back launchin a bolo makin they skull crack  
singin them dull raps  
like that was hot shit

shit, i was sayin that back in the eighties  
when niggas was rockin emblems off the back of mercedes  
on rope chains

back when niggas started cookin rocks outta cocaine  
i was hot then, a little poor nigga spittin the vicious  
flavor delicious, poetic swift shit  
i regulate in the ring like p. whitaker  
one rhyme get rid a ya  
i wont even consider ya  
for battle

you schools on speed im full throttle  
used to be in clubs tossing chairs and cracked bottles  
ruckus and ra ra, made my rhymes mantequilla  
livin leyenda, numero uno contendia  
never let a day slip by without agenda  
thats just a little jewel from farrakhan to remember  
so que te pasa,  
representanto por la rasa

niggas wanna step but they legs're short to salsa  
you got courage ill blast it out ya  
seriously doubt chya  
spit til ya blueprint is ripped, then re-route chya  
fucker!your dealing  
i can tell you darling...  
your dealing  
could you deal to me? ooooh  
now baby now lets get down tonight