

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 rewindin
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 contenda
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

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