Dancing In The Rain

Blu & Exile

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And acting like my benz is in the shop is outdated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 isnt...
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 be straight
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My name is... and you are?

I'd like to get to know you
If it's okay, if it's okay

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