

# Close Edge

## 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 playa 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 liveliest, 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  
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