

# Dorian

## Dance of Days

"Here we are in the apartment corridor,  
Dorian, right? yeah I been meaning to speak to you.  
I don't get up in my neighbours business normally right,  
But yo these thin ass walls got everything leakin' through  
Now first thing's first, I don't judge you for the weed smoke  
But I can hear your daughter yellin' "daddy, please dont"  
And it's not once or twice, but every damn night  
Man there's somethin' goin' on up in here that ain't right  
Now, man to man, I can understand  
They like to stress a brotha out, man we cuss each other out  
But you crossin the line by puttin your hands on 'em  
Ain't nobody ever told you not to hit a damn woman?  
Boy, I can tell that my presence was painfull  
Breathin' truth down his neck it must have felt like a strangle  
His eyes flashed confusion, wavin' his hands around  
He's used to raisin' his voice on people to back 'em down..."  
"....See this is specifically why I left the pistol in the linen closet  
Pullin' this shit, if he was taller I woulda went and got it  
Damnit man, I'm in the right and I'm civilized  
But little boys really ain't used to bein' criticized  
First off scooter, take the bass out your voice  
I'm respectfull with mine and yo you makin' a choice  
Here and, understand it's only once that I warn you  
Make a move, make a threat, I'll make it rain knuckles on you  
I ain't a woman or a baby dawg, I'm out of your league  
My wife heard us gettin' loud so she's prayin' for peace  
She's stuck her head down on some keep your temper shit  
Little man gon' say "Over there's your door, mind your business bitch"  
  
Ha, now that's sweet, just what I needed it, it seemed that  
He invited my right fist for a party on his left cheek  
I didn't mean to seem rude so I accepted,  
But arrived a half a second early, right cross connected -  
Oh, staggered him, just by taggin' him,  
Mr. tough guy, one punch bring out the fag in him  
Little man could make moves that I couldn't,  
He cut and tried to foot it, now how should I put it  
I stood at full posture and swatted him down the staircase  
Bare knuckles to bare face, all punches knew their place

Airport style, the second one take off, the next one land  
Learn some respect young man  
He glanced down for the brick on the ground,  
Fist still clenched up I'm still stickin' his crown  
He's in the jaws of the most turbulent blitz in the world  
So fuck hittin' ya' girl tonight you're hittin' the ground  
I said somebody need to beat your ass,  
And then teach your ass, and I'm sorry I can only do half  
And while his mellon swell up, a police cruiser pull up  
He hopped out all puffed up with the holster of his gun up  
Ready to protect and serve,  
And it's in his nature to .38 ya' if you're testin' his nerves  
He helped the wife-beater stand up,  
But not before he helped Brother Ali into some handcuffs  
And you can imagine my surprise,  
When his girl came down the stairs with tears in her eyes  
And a phone in her hand, holdin' her man  
Damn that was not the plan...

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