

Daft Punk, Aerodynamic (Slum Village Remix)

Yeah, speak to the hand, I'm all your (?)
Tired of livin' this life everyday it's a gamble
Puttin' pieces together that don't even assemble
Feelin' like somebody I don't like but I resemble
I'm so sick up in here and it's time to make moves
I try to blow caps in everything I do
My life is a shame I'm tryin' to just get through
I'm movin' through the trenches,
With my mike and my crew
What I'm supposed to do I got to keep goin'
Sure this happened for me, I'm not even knowin'
The storm has passed,
And yet the flowers still growin'
Still makin' moves, right now shit is on
I see a glimps of life that shines in my face
I wanna send my heart takes me to another place
See right now what I want I can achieve
All I have to do is stick to myself and believe

Where you at, uh-huh
(To all my street niggers makin' money, make it happen ya'll)
Where you at uh-huh
(To my lady's doin' your thing, do it you're the best girl)
Where you at, uh-huh
(To all my Daft Punk people, makin' the happy, keep it movin', let's do it ya'll)
Where you at, uh-huh
(Uh, everybody, everybody ya'll)
Where you

Don't make no sense in the way we all are
Niggers can't get a chick (chick) without a car
Anybody ask me (me) I been the star (star)
Always knew that one day (day) I would go far
Some of these rap niggers they need a rain check (check)
I don't understand how they got a mike, check check
Get your head right, true, you look a wreck
And in the mean time we gone get the pay check

You know, no we ain't the ones to judge
But uh, there's people out here
Who are really puttin' it down, and that's real
You know, slum village, can't even do our thing
Make it happen yo (tss) like this

Where you at uh-huh
(To my niggers down for the struggle, keep it up baby)
Where you at uh-huh
(My nine to five niggers, street hustlers, roll-the-dice niggers)
Where you at uh-huh
(To all my chicks tryin' to get the paper, keep doin' that)
Where you at uh-huh
(See everybody makin' moves, don't stop keep it all)

Lies, you fled Babylon of life and death on the tide of dawn
From the drunk to stack at home
To when you strut them adam bombs, and they detinate
You wonder why I write so graphic
When here bullets shatter light poles into white snow fragments
It's catestrophic that you picked up on it like an antenna object
You either find your hustle with demand and profit
Instead in the land of plot and schemin'
'Cause today's microscopic,
Do bi-focal fiber-optics
My friend's down with suit and ties inside of boxes

Flip me out when you hit the ground like a fightin' ostritch
But life is just a pair of dice droppin'
In mid stumble
A precious jewel you seclude when you in the struggle

Where you at uh-huh
Where you at uh-huh
Where you at uh-huh
Where you at uh-huh
Where you

Where you at uh-huh
Where you at uh-huh
Where you