

JID, Dance Now

Bum-bum-bum, ba-dum-bum, bum-bum
Bum-bum-bum, ba-dum-bum, bum-bum
Bum-bum-bum, ba-dum-bum, bum-bum
Aye, aye, aye, a-bum-bum-bum, aye
Look, look

J-I-D back in the city with it
Jiddy done been all across the globe
They say "JID a scribbler, he silly with it"
"When he spittin', I hope he don't sell his soul"
"He should be good, man, he signed to Cole"
"He from the hood, nigga, down the road"
"He was just juggin' right by the store"
Then they saw the patrol, it was time to roll
Saw the patrol, it was time to ride
Motor runnin' on Memorial Drive
Got a country cousin cruisin' with the blammer
In Savannah at the Florida-Georgia line
Got a couple family members in Atlanta
Not Atlanta, we let Omeretta decide
They just gon' let that Beretta fly
'Cause you niggas buggin', spray pesticides
It's me and the bros, it's no extra guys
And they movin' weight, it's no exercise
We could pick a date to come stretch you out
Only showin' muscle when it's flexin' time
You could see the hustle, you could recognize
Overcame struggle when the Devil tried
Lemme bear it all when I'm tellin' God
You know I'ma rant when I talk to Jah

Nigga said that I can't, damn lie
Ain't dappin' no hand, sanitize
We gon' slide on your man, landslide
There's a nine in my pants, hand cocked
You gon' try to recant, you can't now
I could step on the ant, ant pile
I'ma shoot at the ground, dance now
Dan, ooh, dan, pshh, dan

Oh, what a handsome gift (Yeah)
To live and unlive the sin (Uh)
Ridin' with bags and bricks (Uh)
And my lil' nasty chick (Yeah, ah, ah, ah, ah)
That's what I asked of Him (Uh)
Told me He'd grant my wish (Yeah)
Don't dance with the devil (Oh, oh)
You'll never dance again (Oh, oh)

Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan
Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan
Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan (Oh, oh, oh, oh)
(I'm not a, I'm not a, uh)

I'm not a two-steppin' man, I said, "I do not dance"
It's a gun inside my pants, and the whole world's in his hands (Dance)
It depends, penny for your sins (For your sins)
Shootin' up the block, can't stop revenge (Oh)
Nappy dreadlocks like a rasta man (Rasta man)
Where the story ends and the plot begins
Uh, momma said, "The messiah's in moccasins"
Tryna save the kids in them apartments
And show a way to live with other options

Opulence, decadence, black excellence and lots of it
I could cop the newest Bimmer, Bentley or Balenciaga's
I could pay for this lil' nigga's scholarship
I ain't caught up in rap nigga politics
Play with me and you playin' yourself
Playin' with death, say him a prayer
Cathy and Carl got a K on the shelf
I'm in DeKalb county, yo we carryin' caterin' chef
Cookin' up another plate of the best
Me and Christo got it poppin' like it's Crisco
Fried chicken, I'm lickin' her thighs
Then I put my face in her breasts
I took my drive, my plug on the West side
Of Atlanta, he known to finesse guys
With the hammer on Campbellton, headshots
On the camera, knock out a dreadlock
That's a felony charge, he caught a F
Niggas come to the A and get X'd out (X)
But I only been here 'cause I'm tryna help
Only one you can help is yourself now

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[Chorus: Kenny Mason]
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To live and unlive the sin (Uh)
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And my lil' nasty chick (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
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Don't dance with the devil (Oh, oh)
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Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan
Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan
Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
Dance now, dan, dan, pshh, dan (Oh, oh, oh, oh)

Life is a journey, you know? Not a destination
Lean not towards the egoistic intonations (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
Positive vibrations bring real liberation (Oh, oh, oh, oh)
It's the will of the heart, the strength of the mind
And the love of the creator that will help us rise out of these sadistic situations (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
And experience the purity that exists in our creation, you know? (Oh, oh, oh, oh)