

# Miles Davis

## Blu & Exile, Blu & Exile

Swing, swing  
Swing, wait, wait  
Yeah, Miles Davis (My bad)  
Uh, yeah, uhI autograph my cash and called a cab  
We on the map (Map), back in New York City like a Dodger cap  
Blu, smooth like blue suede shoes  
I told my homie, Improve, I'm Tim Allen with the tools  
I built my booth, made of jewels, left a hole in the speaker  
Stepped in the stu', no shoes, but got more soul than sneakers  
Below the clouds holdin' the crown, a coconut smile  
But on the humble, word to mumbles, all balls don't bounce  
But yet, a thousand styles flip out when the DJ spins out  
Hits out, spit back a hundred rounds  
Pulled the clip off, the most dope  
Niggas get roached tryna approach the host  
We lay it down, yo, butterin' toast  
And introduction to the pro, most fit  
To hold his dick and spit  
I load a clip to hit the list in his mitt  
I invent too many patterns to pattern your path after  
Tell them rappers that we got it mastered, yo  
Miles Davis  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis (The leader)  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis (Trumpet)  
Miles DavisIt's time to blow, but kinda new, colossal too  
My whole team supreme, it's like a dream come true  
I thought you new like the words to Brooklyn Zoo how we cook the stu' (Stu')  
Homie my hook up might cut up, might hook your tooth  
Salute the best of, niggas hear this and drop their bust stuff  
We next up, pop off the deck for your cassette bus  
You couldn't blow it, Coltrane in the mall  
Playin' the funk but y'all need to be hangin' it up  
You cats washed up, cuttin' with vets and got your paws plucked  
Prison guards couldn't lock us, get your balls up  
Bar none, nigga, Jay Barnes get the job done  
We could be Siamese twins, still my squad won  
My due, my rent late, I still pay dues  
I'm too cool, too G, I sing the ill, straight blues  
Born in '83, still gettin' it in '82  
And ain't a person on Earth who could fill these shoes  
Miles Davis  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis (Remember Miles)

Mi-Mi-Miles Davis  
Miles Davis  
Miles Davis  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis (Remember Miles)  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis  
Miles Davis Yeah, uh  
Ex, cut it (Cut it)  
The black trumpet (Uh), you couldn't strum it (Nah)  
That instrumental hit, you in your stomach when you runnin'  
Crowds plummet tryna touch it  
The gold on it make you go out and crown somethin'  
It's the best, the next in the West  
Cover your chest like Muslims cover their neck  
Truth seeker, summon my text, bar coastal for bifocals  
It'll knock your trial over  
You tryna chop with the top chef, try over  
Who rhyme colder from California? (Uh)  
You catch pneumonia in the city Biggie wrote rhymes over  
Blow tweeters out speakers like Ether through your aethers, yeah  
Eat up receivers with the signal, I'ma leave ya  
It's the code of the street sweeper, the sleep, sleep  
Deeper to the hair on my people, beatin' blocks with the single  
I see you coverin' ass like Utah fans  
But John Stockton couldn't pass talkin' all that jazz Miles Davis  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis (Remember Miles)  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis  
Miles Davis  
Miles Davis  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis (Remember Miles)  
Mi-Mi-Miles Davis  
Miles Davis Miles Davis  
Uh, Miles Davis  
Miles Davis (Cuttin' loose with the band)  
The leader, trumpet  
Miles, Miles Davis  
(Miles Davis cuttin' loose with the band)  
Miles Davis  
Swing, swing, swing  
Oh, oh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>