

Miles Davis

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/>