

Defari, Juggle Me (For The DJs)

(defari)

Ay man, you call yourself a dj?
(whassup baby whassup baby?)
Ay what's this you got in your hands, cd's?
(oh fo' sho' baby, stop and go baby)
Ay you got any records man?
(nah, no turntables baby, cd's only)
No turntables? !

Juggle me, I'm best friends with technic
1200's, and dj's who stay blunted
Juggle me, I'm best friends with technic
1200's, and dj's who never fronted
I know I can can, like the pointer sisters
Hot commodity item, like porno pictures
Use what I choose and don't play to lose
For people who diss hip-hop, I got a short fuse
But irregardless what they think, what you want
Jungle drums full of bass for your trunk to pure funk
Raw lyrics spice it up like cayenne
Never on me or my skills do I be lyin
But steady fryin your brain with tight beats
Open your eyes, now you might see
Juggle me, I'm best friends with technic
1200's, and dj's who stay blunted
Runnin 'til the well runs dry
E-swift never run out of beats, no need to answer why
(that's right) and that means we're infinite
And when you're infinite -- you're never limited
And word up, ain't nobody could hold me
All star in the mix tape league, I average 40

(chorus: defari)

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Don't let the enemy get too close

Strike first, strike hard, then we ou-tro we ghost
Send the message that we're not to be touched or played with
Intentional foul is straight flagrant
Respect me and respect due
It's all good, we can party down and drink mad brew
(uh-huh) and just because you had a few
Took a picture or two, yo you're still not likwit crew
(uh-uhh) peace to cottonmouth lou
I'm here to do my do, mr. defari herut
Rhymes shine like the diamonds from the deepest mines of africa
I'm like your high tech cameras
Amazing to all those who watch
I rock a g-shock watch, half moon, and classic reeboks

(chorus)

The golden days, let it rain
Let the technic 1200 spin, let the music play
All eyes on the dj

Aiyyo I stay just west off the four-oh-five freeway
Feel free, use some leeway (uhh)
Run this again, make this your instant replay
We gets down, hot cuts, hot mix
I wants millions to know about me like chopsticks
The necessity..
.. is that I always keep a new mixtape baby, right next to me
Or within near proximity
Cause anywhere I hear hard beats is my vicinity
Lyrically I do surgery
You can go to germany, and ask if they heard of me
And b-boys won't hesitate to commentate
Blaze overseas and the states with this release date

(chorus) - 2x

Aiyy man (yo whassup money?)
Ay get up off the ground man (oh man, what happened?)
I didn't mean to hit you like that man I'm sorry
(it's cool though)
Ay man have you learned a lesson?
(yeah man, I gotta go back to the lab and learn how to be a real dj)
Real dj..