

# DJ Jazzy Jeff, When To Stand Up

(feat. Eminem, Parl Yams)

[scratched x3:]

[Mr. Garrison] &quot;No...you hear me! You go to hell&quot;

[Eminem]

Yo

At birth I was born with the biggest middle finger on earth  
The first time I went to stick it up the shit hurt  
Mom wouldn't take me, the bitch still hates me  
One day she said, &quot;Go rake leaves,&quot; I said, &quot;Make me!&quot;  
I'm proud to announce i was probably the first kid  
Who was kicked out of his house for making fart sounds with his mouth  
Arguing with me and mom was on-going  
She called law enforcement when I broke the law mower  
The slut gave me a truck when I turned sixteen  
I went to start it and it screamed, &quot;Please fix me!&quot;  
Back then, when Will Smith was still the Fresh Prince  
And him and Jeff were still best friends, I guess then  
I decided to cut class to rap full time  
And get the fuck outta this fake shit school and rhyme  
Anybody who thinks this fuckin attitude is a gimmick  
Come and see me, see if I don't live up to this image  
Break shit!

[scratched x4:]

&quot;No...you hear me! You go to hell!&quot;

[Parl Yams]

Yo, y'all rappers have never learned  
That's why I'm fuckin wit y'all  
Run around telling niggas they can fuck wit Parl  
I bring it to your high school, smoke the prom  
Put your brother in a headlock, choke your mom  
Cause any horror like a play off loss in game seven  
Walk around ripping on niggas madder than James Evans  
My left hand's sharp it moves freestyle ultra  
Slap my dick like Kool Keith  
Fuck like you stole from me, and rules the streets  
I don't wanna have to fuck you up, so cool cease  
Parl Yams be the chosen thug  
What I spit be cold juice like a frozen hug  
Run the streets while you're stuck at home  
My temper like Bushwick Bill, bitch leave me the fuck alone  
I've been jealous since niggas was windmillin'  
These cats just started to rhyme, my pen's spillin'  
Your moms just told me to act, I've been wheelin'  
So boy just slow your deck, i've been stealin'  
I wet rappers cause it's me and Em  
I guess I just ain't give a fuck like Eminem  
Burglarize take busts with the slugs  
Come in your window like (? ? ?) and bustin' your club  
Put the heat up I teach them niggaz what to suck  
And my young lords, when to stand up and light the Dutch

[scratched x4:]

&quot;No...you hear me! You go to hell!&quot;

[Eminem]

I came to my last show with a horse swingin' a lasso  
Drunk with the asshole ripped out of an old bathrobe  
Cause I don't give a fuck, you better understand that  
Two Zantacs, I don't give a fuck where SoundScan at  
Billboard, drugs is what I kill for

I'm Happy Gilmore, just slip me anything in pill form  
I may mingle but I plan to stay single  
Play bingo and drink, get old and watch my face wrinkle  
Sike, I'm 24 Thursday; six more birthdays  
and I'm blowin my brains out when I'm thirty  
As long as my heart beats I'ma keep tryin to see  
How much speed I can eat before I fall the fuck asleep  
So "I'm the Rapper, He's the DJ"  
I'm the one thats got the six year old nephew screamin "F/U/C/K"  
So Jeff, give me a scratch (scratched: "No!")  
The rest of y'all can kiss my ass 'til your lips stick to my pants

[scratched x5:]  
"No...you hear me! You go to hell!"