

DJ Shadow, Walkie Talkie

[Child 1:]

Why don't you tell me a story?

[Child 2:]

Please tell me a story too.

[Man:]

You know, I think I'll tell you the story of my life.

[Child 1:]

You tell me!

Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!

Check me out!

Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!

Check check me out!

Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!

Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!

I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' DJ

This is why I walk and talk this way!

I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' DJ

This is why I walk and talk this way!

I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' DJ

This is why I walk and talk this way!

You suckers!

He's the master of disaster and the master of beat

Come-Come-Come-Come-Come with it

Ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-to

He's so quick

He's so fast

He's so quick, he's so fast

He's upper-class player

He's on the crossfader (?)

DJ Shadow with the scratch

Moves through town like a skater

Come on, rock

Check out the cut you suckers

This is why, this is why I walk

This is why, this is why I walk

I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' DJ

This is why, this is why I walk

This is why, this is why I walk

This is why, this is why I walk and talk this way

Check me out

Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave! Holy shit!

Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave! Holy shit!

Let the beat rock