Defari, Juggle Me

(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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Juggle me, I'm best friends with technic
1200's, and dj's who never fronted

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..