

Snow F/ Joey

"Jeff Waz on the Beat Box"

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[throughout the song the first phrase is rhythmically triggered off while the second one is being scratched]

(I continued to rock while
Jeff was on the beat box)

(Hip-hop)

There was a party the other day, around my way
They asked if me and Jeff would play, we said okay
We dipped out to get the hip-hop apparatus
Came back with the posse in full effect status
While Jeff set up I said "Check 1-2, y'all
Everybody clap, let's begin to ball"
I was rappin acapella, but I had to stop
Cause chaos broke cause Jeff was on the beatbox

(I continued to rock while
Jeff was on the beat box)

Now cut it up, Jeff

(Hip-hop)

Did you know that...
Parties were all the same when we came up
We had to rearrange and make a change
I remember how it was, people standing still
The music was wack, so they chose to get ill
People started breaking and fights would start to break out
This is the reason why some people make out
Hip-hop to be bad, because of this behaviour
Then like a miracle two musical saviours
One with a microphone, the other with tables
Both of em ready, both willing and able
Bust on the scene like TNT
People said, "Who can it be?"
Can't you see it's Jeff and me
We are praised as musical scholars
Fast admiration manifestin dollars

Couple of kids with a bright idea
Didn't want a 9 to 5, made rap career
People tried to dis and make the egos shrink
But we believe in ourselves, so to hell what they think
Moving like a freight train, can't be stopped
Especially when I'm on the microphone and Jeff is on
the beat box

(I continued to rock while
Jeff was on the beat box)

Now cut it up, Jeff

(Hip-hop)

I know I talk about Jeff a whole hell of a lot
But straight up, man, you gotta give him his props
There's not many people that can do what he does
Marley Marl, Teddy Riley and Hurby Luvbug
But other than that there's not many around
That can take that box and make it sound
Like anything that you could possibly want
Now here's a rhyme that sums it up
Jeff is diggy-diggy-di-dope and
You DJ's out there keep hopin
His beat boxes will be broken
But you might as well just keep hopin
He ciri-can't be tizzaken
You think he can, you're mistaken
All records he is brizzeakin
(Come on, man, you can make it)
Grammy winning musicians
His beat box is a-kizzickin
And all my rhymes are hizzittin
The album's out, so go get it
There ain't no way we stizzopping
We keep the parties rizzockin
We got the crowd a-hip-hoppin
When Jeff is on the beat box

(I continued to rock while
Jeff was on the beat box)

One more time, scratch, Jeff

(Hip-hop)

Mh - let's see what's next on the agenda
That's right, oh yeah, I've got it, I remember
I was discussin how when Jeff's on stage
He makes your hands clap, your feet tap, your

eardrums pulsate
Your body will move as you flow with the groove
And you smile as he propiles his new rap tune
When he's on the stage he can't be stopped
'specially when I'm on the microphone and Jeff is on the
beat box

(I continued to rock while
Jeff was on the beat box)

(Hip-hop)

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