

Snow F/ Joey

"The Magnificent Jazzy Jeff"

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Some deejays are (good) some deejays are (fresh)
Some deejays are even (def)
But here's a little somethin 'bout my deejay
(The magnificent) Jazzy Jeff
So bust this beat

(Disc) (jock)

Yo Jazzy

[VERSE 1: The Fresh Prince]

Well, it's true that I'm the reigning king of the throne
But with all my strength, I couldn't do it alone
I need a deejay like (Jazzy) to back me up
So when I'm rockin on the mic he's on the crossfade cut
Scratchin and mixin, mixin and scratchin
Second after second it's the record he's catchin
His hands are so fast that it's a medical riddle
With the turntable split and the mixer in the middle
Back and forth his hands fly
With the speed of a cheetah that'll puzzle your eye
Record after record, he has no mercy
Cuts left, cuts right, then he cuts vice versa
I'm not exaggerating, I said it and I meant it
I resent it if you say that his cuts are precedented
He's a lean, mean wreckin machine
He gets respected like a king when he's on the scene
So bust a move, cause you know he's def
He's my deejay (the magnificent) Jazzy Jeff

[VERSE 2: The Fresh Prince]

People often ask me everytime I emcee
Why do I brag so much about my disc jockey?
Well, the reason that I brag and I boast the most
Is cause my deejay is the most from coast to coast
(The magnificent) Jazzy Jeff, wack destroyer
Cuttin up records like a samurai warrior
If you deejays don't know who I'm talkin to
(I'm talkin to you) so (come on)
Cause in a battle you cannot win
Cause my deejay will (tear yo butt limb from limb!)

He's like a runaway tank, a hip-hop rebel
And if you wanna battle, you best bring a shovel
My man, so you can dig your grave
Cause there's no way that you could ever be saved
Because (the deejay cuts the record) to create the
sound
(The deejay cuts the record) he's the best around
(The deejay cuts the record) you know he's down
His name is Jazzy Jeff a/k/a Jeff Townes
Commandin the cut he's always on track
He's DJ Jazzy Jeff and he's a cut maniac
So for your personal safety you should be told
That my DJ Jazzy Jeff is (out of control)

(Oh my God)
(Out of control)
(My goodness)

Alright Jazzy
We gon' do somethin a little different right now
This is what I want you to do for me
I want you to tell all these people your name
Jazzy, tell em your name

(He's Jazzy)
(His name is Jeff)

Yo Jazzy, I want you to tell all these people
How many of those deejays out there can get with you

(None)
(None of them)

How many?

(None of them)

Tell the truth

(None)
(None of them)
(None of them)

Now make the record burp

(*Jazzy Jeff produces burping sounds with the record*
)

Say excuse me

(*Jazzy Jeff makes the scratch sound like an 'excuse

me'*)

Now make it sound like a bird

(*Jazzy Jeff makes the record sound like a bird singing*)

Now make it chirp

(*the sound changes from singing to chirping*)

[VERSE 3: The Fresh Prince]

Now here's a story that should not be forgot
About the day my deejay turned into an autobot
He got struck by lightning in an electrical storm
He got on the wheels of steel and began to transform

(*Jazzy Jeff transforms*)

His name is Jeff, and he's as swift as a swift
The type of guy that other deejays don't want to have
to reckon with
He's by my side as I rock the mic
All of his vigorous cuts are sure to excite you
They'll delight you, you know that that's right, if you
Were a stick of dynamite, his cuts would ignite you
The deejay on the weels can't be matched
So (check out Jazzy Jeff with a cold cut scratch)

(Good)

(Jazzy)

(The magnificent)

(Jazzy Jeff)

(*JJ brings James Brown's 'Funky Drummer' into the mix)

(Ain't it funky)

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