

## **The Tongue f/ DJ Diaz, DJ Skoob, El Gusto**

### **"I Know a DJ"**

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I know a DJ, I know a DJ [X4]

[Verse 1]

I had 12 tracks recorded and ready to play  
When a call from the label says they're on their way  
To the studio to hear what I'm plotting on dropping  
In ya ear, at the time, felt like, this was the record of  
the year  
Confidence - all time high, friends dug it, heads love it  
Had a twinkle in my eye 'til the man in the suit said he  
can't compute  
So I looked at him a little confused  
He took a breath and told me "Look son, it's really so  
simple  
The rhymes are hot but I can't hear your single  
You're gonna need something for the kids to sweat you  
Or a, beat from Kanye so fans'll respect you"  
I thought about his proposition, then explained how  
there's many other ways I  
can dominate the competition  
I ain't gotta go mainstream to blow, and I ain't gonna  
blow to go  
mainstream, for sure  
So if even the radio don't give this love I know DJ Diaz'll  
cut it up in the club

[\*DIAZ SCRATCH CHORUS\*]

[Verse 2]

You see a single is just that - one idea  
One shot to hit the big time and get out there  
To the kids and the wallets, try to make a profit  
Off the last 5 years that you put into your product  
No shame in tryna make a dollar outta the game  
It's no game when radio's paid to push play  
It's OK to reject the role they wrote ya  
Don't act Cyprus Hill if you be a non-smoker  
Or let the magazine gloss blur vision  
Front covers only last 'til the next edition  
After that you're the next addition  
To a list of victims falling hard off a chart position

They got egos for airbags so teeth get chipped  
When the self-esteem crashes and the wings get  
clipped  
But even if the TV don't give this love  
I know that DJ Skoob'll spin it up in a club

[\*SKOOB SCRATCH CHORUS\*]

[Verse 3]

You may have noticed my humour's dry, won't water  
this down for the human eye  
Rather you cry me a river, so I can go swimming in the  
tears of a music critic  
I'm self-acquitted, of the need to reform or assimilate  
Wear a black hat to the side or imitate  
Imagination is back in fasion  
Had to unplug the cable for that to happen  
Looked inside myself like my eyes turned 180 degrees  
Slaughterhoused 80 mc's, 'til they lent me their ears,  
Lent me a hand, pull each other up under-ground take  
a stand  
Spread like rumours and tumors until the tenants  
upstairs see there's  
no room for improvement  
Cos this music is something special,  
down for the cause like a monk with a can of petrol  
Can I get you to say: independant hip hop all damn  
day!  
Cos even if our leaders won't give this love  
I know El Gusto'll bang it out in the club

[\*EL GUSTO SCRATCH CHORUS\*]

I know a DJ, I know a DJ [X4]

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