

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince "The Magnificent Jazzy Jeff"

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Some DJ's are good, some DJ's are fresh
Some DJ's are even def
But here's a little somethin' about my DJ
The magnificent Jazzy Jeff so bust this beat, go Jazzy

Well, it's true that I'm the reignin' kick of the throne
But with all my strength, I couldn't do it alone
I need a DJ like Jazzy to back me up
So when I'm rockin' on the mic he's on the cross fade
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 turntables 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'll 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 DJ the magnificent Jazzy Jeff

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 DJ is the most from coast to coast

The magnificent Jazzy Jeff wack destroyer
Cuttin' up records like a samurai warrior
If your DJ's don't know who I'm talking to
I'm talking to you

So come on 'cause in a battle you cannot win
'Cause my DJ will tear your butt limb from limb
He's like a runaway tank, a hip hop rebel

And if you want a battle, you best bring a shovel, my man

So you can dig your grave 'cause there no way
That you could ever be saved

Because the DJ cuts the records to create the sound
The DJ cuts the records, he's the best around
The DJ cuts the records, you know he's down
His name is Jazzy Jeff aka 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, oh my god, out of control, oh my god
Oh my god, out of control, oh my god, out of control,
oh my god
Out of control, oh my god, out of control, oh my god
Out of control, oh my god

Alright Jazzy we gonna do a little sumthin' 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, Jazzy, his name is Jeff
He's Jazzy, Jazzy, his name is Jeff
He's Jazzy, Jazzy, his name is Jeff
He's Jazzy, Jazzy, his name is Jeff

Now Jazzy I want you to tell all these people
How many of these DJ's out there can get with you
None, none, none of them, how many, none of them
[Incomprehensible] none of them, none of them

Now make the record burp
Say excuse me
Now make the record sound like a bird
Now make it chirp

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

His name is Jeff and he's the swift of the swift
The type that other DJ's do not 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 DJ on the wheels can't be matched
So check out Jazzy Jeff with a cold cut scratch

[Incomprehensible]

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