

## **Don Johnson Big Band**

### **"Disco San Francisco"**

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If you a true brother, sister, put your fist up  
Cause whoever made the plan got it all messed up  
Let's stop the hating, I put out big respect  
No use debating, you'll get what you select  
The intellect is like the Hyde in the Jekyll  
If you look inside you will see it's a speckle  
And a spot, we need love and I got a lot  
So I'mma blow up the whole joint with one shot  
57 for the MC, where he was born  
Down to 14 polishing the furious form  
20 display, this way to the DJ  
12 got the next play covered like an x-ray  
Down to the bone, make your bones crumble  
Why be derogatory disco mumble?

Now we sail the seas like fishermen and vikings  
Stealing rap thrones from your kings and my kings  
Like extra buttered pop corn I'm bada pop pop gone  
Before you even see me, the lyrical Houdini  
Suave like Rico, Federico Fellini  
I drop your ass faster than Benito Mussolini  
Eenie meenie miny moe, heidi heidi heidi hoe  
Minnie the moocher with the flow (what) waiting for  
godot (what)  
The Tallinn posse to the Stockholm crew  
Gothenburg, Turku, you know how we do  
A gangsta hit job from the Moscow mob  
Oslo down low, slow down the throb  
North and south, now we run the whole Baltic  
Stop, halt it, you can't assault it  
The defense mechanism working like a clock  
Who rock the party? why nobody  
And we keep it gras like mardi (like mardi)  
And we keep it gras like mardi (like mardi)  
And we keep it gras like mardi (like mardi)

The measures I'm taking are serious and drastic  
No bullshit to work your way past it  
You play it cool, intellectual, scholastic  
Fool in a basket, artificial like plastic  
Isaac new-tone, Abraham Lincoln

Sugar daddy gone saturday drinking  
Thinking like a king taking rap to Botswana  
By way of Ghana, sipping vino in Toscana  
True dat, word and represent, right on  
And big up to everybody keeping their  
Heart and pride on top of everything  
With skills worth meriting  
The very thing you created I'm inheriting  
My vocal - like fire without a match  
Never lose the beat so I got nothing to catch 22  
A plentitude of rhymes they might snatch  
We stayin on our toes with the  
Ssscratch

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