

## Don Johnson Big Band

### "Two Reasons"

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All the way live from the beginning  
Check this, one two  
We got the E to the M  
Style is called jazz  
Try to understand  
Teddy Rock  
Watch the fire coming out the pen

I don't purport to be something I am not, if you  
supporting me  
But if you taunting me, you're not even in the orbit we  
Inhabit, parameters in order, we the static  
In your quarters, either that or it's panic, disorderly  
Emphatic mode of passion, I storm a beat and never  
cash in  
Treat the microphone accordingly  
Waiting is fine, I'm waiting in line delayed I get hot  
We came to get live and stay to get high, no way to get  
stopped  
Whip the chord and leave, lashes on your back, in fact,  
mortally  
Wounded mc's will feel the power of authority  
And just the thought of me will leave your paralysed  
with terror  
Wear a helmet for protection, the falling beat  
Is not an error, we drop it to endeavour  
And there's more to me than clever word maneuvering  
We do this for the need of those  
Who understand but can't afford to read  
I give a call to E, let's run it, 'cause we was born to be

refrain:

Two reasons to live on planet Earth  
See you fighting for a third makes me wonder can it  
work  
Well I got that same number but I'm getting mad  
impatient  
They wanted me to rock the show but didn't want to pay  
shit  
Just two reasons to live on planet Earth  
See you fighting for a third makes me wonder can it

work  
I think I got that same number but I'm getting mad  
impatient  
They wanted me to rock the show

Eh yo I'm back in the bus-iz-ness, check the way I lace  
the  
B-iz-eat, my sh-iziz-nit bring you a taste of the str-ez-  
eet  
All the listeners check your physique I'm about to make  
you  
Jump, window window, what was sticking to your  
bumper  
The unbelievable miss outta Hell's kitchen  
Tails twitchin, I switch into position and start bitchin'  
Fuck rockin' under with a hammer and a sickle  
See the sweat-trickle-down effect and select  
A new million dollar grin then cool grill you bout a sin  
It's aggravated mic murder go again  
And what you beginning? My word against yours  
This could be the final battle don't look in my eyes  
Unless you know you got your saddle tied up  
I light up to complete what you beginning

refrain

I'm your father, start a riot in your section  
The E double M is jazzin' up your section  
The camel lead 'em freedom fighting in your section  
And punk is one kiss away from your section  
Got the A-L-F-O-N-S-O in your section  
And got another mad piano flow in your section

First I cut it to the left, then I boogie to the right  
What? Cut it to the left, then I boogie to the right  
Rocking heads down uptown Saturday night  
And hope they never catch me running from a battle,  
we fight  
That's right, lesson number one in setting microphones  
ablaze  
Or a second hand move into a third phase  
Four is my favorite number when it's followed by  
another  
Huh? I'm rocking this for the five percent, brother  
But there's six billion other people waiting to discover  
What you wrote? Better pay me seven figures 'cause  
I'm broke  
No joke, and eight is for the haters who provoke  
Mad beef, nine to five, no fire, all smoke  
And it's like that, we under the ground, a thundering  
sound

Will bring the beat back to maintain creative control  
The backpack distribution made insane in the cold  
Raiding the stage, who? Aiming a blow to amaze you

refrain

Vitun fucking beautiful man

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