

## Jars Of Clay

### "We're in This Together"

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[ VERSE 1: W.C. ]

Yes yes y'all, it's time to get wild  
Low Pro's in effect with a brand-new sound  
Move back, punk, we're takin over the stage  
Somebody done slipped, we rose out the cage  
On a rage, we're gettin paid, you can't punk me  
Peep this out, I got somethin funky  
Funkier than funky, yo, no joke  
Hey yo, Aladdin, hold up, goddamn, this is dope  
Soft punks'll get crushed like aluminum  
They can't deal, like tabacco I'm chewin em  
Lyrics stickin like Super Glue to you and your crew  
Stick up, now the show belongs to the Double U  
Soft punk, you could get dunked poppin the junk  
Aladdin cut the record with the Low Pro funk  
While i'm slammin and jammin and rammin  
A differnt style than your part-time sucker be crammin  
Partner wisecrack, try to stay clever  
Hey yo, Aladdin, man, we're doin this together

DJ Aladdin on the wheels of steel  
The 1989 DMC Seminar contender  
Uknowmsayin?  
On the wheels of steel gettin funky right now  
>From Low Pro DJ Aladdin  
Undefeated

[ VERSE 2: W.C. ]

Smooth - some label it retarded  
You know what? Yo, I ain't even got started  
The real McCoy that's guaranteed to destroy  
I come off and girls jump with joy  
Suckers got a tendency to brag  
Squash it, cause you're makin me mad  
Poetically inclined writin all my rhymes  
And where I come from wearin the wrong color is a  
crime  
But that's another story I saved for another day  
Cause right now I wanna talk about my deejay  
Aladdin, the DMC Seminar contender  
He cuts and axe the wax, watch it get thinner

18 years old, dominatin the sport  
>From London to Chicago all the way to New York  
Y'all know what time it is, give it up, peep the sound  
To those who wanna battle, I say: put the pipe down  
Partner wisecrack, try to stay clever  
We're doin this together

DJ Aladdin on the wheels of steel  
Check it out  
One of a kind in this century  
Uknowmsayin?

[ VERSE 3: W.C. ]

Check it out we're doin this together  
Also been takin a beatdown forever  
2 brothers gettin paid for usin a brain  
I don't rap for a big gold chain  
Unlike you and your crew  
Make a move and you're through  
Step to Low Pro, let me tell you what I oughta do  
(What up?) Grip the mic like a 9 milli pistol  
And shove it up the rear just like a popsicle  
You wanna battle? Yo, that's suicide  
Damn a battle, let's take it outside  
And I'll shake and bake a scab like a potato  
You get swept, yup, like a tornado  
Stomped like a waterbug, and I should mention - ah  
To battle the Doub you get sliced to a stub, you know  
You got beef with me, you gotta deal with Tee  
I got Aladdin's like Aladdin's got W.C.'s  
Back, jack, you might get racked, smacked and  
cracked  
Yo, it's '89, we put on backpacks  
Partner wisecrack, try to stay clever  
Hey yo, Aladdin, man, we're doin this together

Oo-oooh  
DJ Aladdin on the wheels of steel  
DJ Aladdin  
The 1989 DMC Seminar contender  
Can't touch us, boy, we in here now  
Uknowmsayin  
Low Profile's in effect

[ VERSE 4: W.C. ]

You never heard of me, why? Hey yo, I keep a low pro  
One deejay, and I'm comin out solo  
Hello, yo bro, Aladd' and Doub' wanna know  
Can another brother mess with this? (Hell no)  
A methodical wildstyle, poetically arranged  
I'm a warrior, not a lover, I don't sing and things

I'm into rap, not disco, I ain't Michael Jackson  
I'm into cuts and breaks and cool rappin  
And crackin, jackin, smackin, MC's playin the back  
Step up punk, yo, you're bound to get waxed  
You know as long as Low Pro is around  
There'll be no surrender, no retreat, no takedown  
Partner wisecrack, try to stay clever  
Hey yo, Aladdin, man, we're doin this together

Hey yo  
First of all Low Pro wanna give a shout-out  
To all the people that was down with us back in the  
days  
Uknowmsayin?  
First of all we wanna give a shout-out  
To Party Records for puttin us out there and lettin us  
out of this cage  
Cause we in there now, you know what I'm sayin?  
I wanna give a shout-out to my little brother DJ Crazy  
Toones  
And his MC Jazzy Dee

Yo, yo, yo  
But I wanna give a shout-out to my homeboy Wayne  
Wayne, unknowmsayin?  
O.G.  
O.G. Rhyme Syndicate Posse and Ice-T  
(What about the other homeboys like  
Smurf, Chill, you know  
Scotty Dee who was down with us way back in the days  
Yo, what's up with Aladdin and WC kickin back  
We in this together, man)

Hey yo, yo, what's up?  
What's up with Coolio, Nu Skool, all the other brothers  
that was out there  
They ain't got paid  
They'd just love to get paid...

We like to give a special shout-out to Guee,  
unknowmsayin  
My O.G. homebody, peace, we love you, brother  
(Ain't it funky)

Oh yeah, Aladdin, we forgot about Bobcat

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