

People Under The Stairs

"The Double K Show"

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[Thes One] It's not turntablism, it's hip hop It's not
turntablism, it's hip hop It's just what it is You got a DJ, I
guess that's nice He practises his stunts while mine
rolls fat blunts And dices the ones and two's Double K
troubling crews That can't understand the way his
hands move God given gift of being swift on the tables
Try and copy his cuts, you're nuts and not able The RCA
cable can barely transmit it Stepping using his weapons
you're tripping kid forget it Cause he can keep it on
beat tranforming quicker And serve that ass like a cold
glass of hard liquor, the jack tripper Probably even
rocked the regal degal As Double works the needle like
a sweatshop illegal I've seen him rock a wedding and
everybody was sweatin He did it in the DMC cos don't
keep me forgetting It's not about a routine, but how
hard you rock From touring overseas to guesting
parties on the block He's a one man, comparable to
thunder You see him before you hear him and that's
why crews fear him A big motherfucker controlling the
ones and twos Fat black DJ like them old school
grooves. *Scratching* [Double K] Now I can macaroni
in the two techniques Still chilling like Norman Rogers
with my hands out speed I'm never hamster using I'm
crossfader cruising Slip mats and hard liquors be the
tools that I'm using DJ, gather around, check out the
way it gets done I don't need no headphones, they get
in my way son So watch me get busy like a telephone
line Ey yo, it's DJ Double K I said I'm going for mine
Scratching

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