

## Mos Def "Jam On It"

Visit "[Jam On It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

To all my people in the back jam on it {Right}  
To all my people in the front jam on it {ha ha, ha ha}  
To all my people on the side jam on it {he he, he he,  
right}  
So jam on it, say what

[Mos Def]

The sweet old beats my speech radiates  
I grab the mic my voice resulates and penetrates  
I make the "B-Boy" emulate  
A buck-fifty still swinging like a heavyweight  
Me and the lounge about to levitate  
You don't believe let me demonstrate  
The way we make cats disintegrate

[Voice]

Well hold up you got to stop the tape  
You got to prove you can rock the bricks  
Me and my man going to investigate  
The whole way that you operate, cooperate  
And what's your name? {Mos Def}  
And where you from? {Brooklyn}  
And how you living {Very well, very well}  
Damn you had to say it twice? {That's right}  
So you nice? {Damn right}

[Mos Def]

I rock the party all night all night  
{All right, all right}  
So why you over here ripping with me?  
Trying to prove you position to me?  
{Some cats ain't equiped to MC}  
But you can see I'm different "G"  
The universal magnificently  
I rock the party efficiently  
From the Brooklyn but centered to (?)  
And I do it so lyrically  
That you got to give it to me  
Like Rick James, I kick game and spit flame  
Burning rappers all up out their frame  
We get into this vein  
From Brownsville all the way down to Brisbane

{Damn this brother's flow is insane}  
That's what I've been trying to explain  
Got no time to play games  
Keep it coming like the next train  
Make the party people exclaim  
Whenever they hear my name  
They go "Mos Def"  
Oh yes my style is so fresh  
Guranteed to win any MC contest  
Old school like the eighty-four fresh dress  
You spend you assets to get my cassette  
Now that's fresh, the red hook address  
Make a cop jealous swell like abscess  
I'm shoutin' bigs up to Medina and the rest  
Bout' to drop it on your block a high on the press

[Chorus with singing in background]  
I said people in the front jam on it {Say what, say what}  
To all my people in the back jam on it {Say what, say  
what}  
To all my people on the side jam on it {Ha ha, ha ha}  
Jam on it, Ha ha, ha ha

To all my people in the front jam on it  
To all my people in the back jam on it  
To all my people on the side jam on it  
So jam on it, ha ha, ha ha

[Mos Def]  
You see my name is Mos Def and my style will never  
pest  
Brown skinned body-rocking MC  
I got the black zodiac and you know it's never whack  
Sagitarious definatley  
You see it's me and lyricist and we're getting serious  
about to make another hit  
I tell your homeboy chill cuz' his style ain't ill but it's  
straight up counterfeit  
You see I'm fast or bent or sweet then bullet and when  
I'm on the set  
All the hip-hop fans just raise they hands because the  
one and only mighty Mos Def  
You see I come into the party in a "B-Boy" stance I rock  
the mic so viciously  
So all the real "B-boys" and real "B-Girls" never know  
others better than me

[Voice]  
I said hey Mos Def you can't steal the show  
You ain't the only MC out here with flow  
I'm the Pro-Castro and I'm letting you know  
That I get on the mic and go toe to toe

[Mos Def]

Well cool young brother and just slow you role  
Cuz' your arm's to shook to have mic control  
See I get on the mic and jump off your case  
You best get out my face and stay in a child's place

[Voice]

See I get on the mic because I know I can  
And I'm fresher than you because I know I am  
So when I jump on the stage you better step back  
Because your name is Mos Def but your really Mos  
Whack

[Mos Def]

Uh listen up little brother you ain't grown  
The sun is going down you need to take you butt home  
And come outside with your whack freestylin'  
You should have kept it in the house like Debbie Galler  
When I grab the microphone people scream my name  
The ain't no sesame street this is a grown-man's lane  
See you best heed my words and listen up  
Or I'm a tell your momma to whip your butt

[Voice]

Well you ain't my daddy and I'm letting you know  
That you can't tell me when it's time to go  
See I get on the mic and show you what it's about  
Cuz' even my momma said knock you out

[Mos Def]

Well if you didn't know baby boy I'm a tell ya'  
You need to learn to respect your elders  
But since you here and you think you got skill  
Then get on the mic and show your real

[Voice]

Well I'm the devastatin' never fakin'  
Always keep your body shakin'  
Steady rockin' never stoppin'  
Keep your body always jockin'  
Rock the beat, shock the beat  
Till' it's time to stop the beat  
Steady moving show improvement  
Keep the party keep on groovin'

[Mos Def]

Well hey young blood that was fresh  
You just got one hundred on your MC test  
You got a soul-shocking body-rocking set you see  
You need to pack up your bags and get down with me

[Chorus with singing in background]  
So jam on it, so jam on it  
I said jam j-jam j-jam on it  
I said were rocking to the bright early morning  
I said jam j-jam j-jam on it

This is the one to keep inside the jam  
And make you get up and just do that dance  
This is the one to keep inside the jam  
And make you get up and just clap your hands  
New York you got to jam on it  
And Atlanta got to jam on it  
And BK you got to jam on it  
Got to jam on it, you got to jam on it  
And Miami you got to jam on it  
And California you got to jam on it  
(?) got to jam on it  
Got to jam on it, got to jam on it  
Chicago got to jam on it  
And Detroit cuz' they got to jam on it  
And St. Louis got to jam on it  
Got to jam on it, got to jam on it  
The whole world you got to jam on it  
And Brooklyn yes we got to jam on it  
The "Lyricist" just to make you jam on it  
Make you jam on it, make you jam on it

{And don't you hear the sound...}  
{Mos Def and Lyricist Lounge...}

Visit [Mos Def](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.