

DJ Jazzy Jeff f/ Rhymefest

"Jeff N Fess"

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[Rhymefest (DJ Jazzy Jeff in background)]

{*scratching*}

Come on ("Yes, yes, y'all")

That's right ("Yes, yes, y'all")

We back ("Yes, yes, y'all")

Look

Now over here, we got Jeff ("Yes, yes, y'all")

And over there, you got Fess ("Yes, yes, y'all")

Niggas know we be the best ("Yes, yes, y'all")

Yo, Jeff

Where the Fresh at? ("Yes, yes, y'all")

[Rhymefest]

(Verse 1)

Who is it?

That black nigga that they call Fess

With the city on the back and the world on my chest

You girls know my nest, this the best of the best

Motherfuckers can't breathe when I'm standin' on they neck

Niggas can't get paid, I got my hands on they check

When down south is right, then I wanna go (Left)

I ain't talkin' bout them dope boys or niggas in trap

Outkast and T.I. cause 'em dudes can rap (Ay, ay, ay)

But the hood that had enough

See my niggas in cuffs

Take to XXL and step your rap game up

I realize that the words that I say

Can build cowards

And you down, buttin' around, so your momma raised a coward

This the last hour

After (???) shower

Radio to pass out, drunk off of they own power, like

Hitler, Saddam, George Bush and Caesar

But if you don't care to fuck it, I don't either

Uh

Any track I moved on, get bruised on

Fuck a pepperoni, what you want on your Tombstone

You powerless

Like a werewolf when the moon's on

It's like havin' a high power with no iTunes song
You empty
Please don't tempt me
I feel no symphy
I'm so hot, missiles can sense me
Niggas diein' everyday, it don't make sense, G
Droppin' off of poverty
Jealousy, envy
Rhyme and Jeff
East coast, midwest
And look
It's Fess and Jeff

[DJ Jazzy Jeff]

{*scratching*}

"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")

"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")

"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")

"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")

(Verse 2)

Now I suggest, you take a rest, 'fore I put one in your chest

It would move you and lose you

Don't need to think about

Taking me lightly

Your girlfriend licked and liked me

(???) callin' on wifey

A conscious rapper, I just might be

I don't smoke

Or drink or find hoes, this my Miami Vice, G

Niggas in the Bay, calling me hyphy

Philly cats say I'm a (???), my (???) was sheisty

People eyes is shifty, they smile so nicely

Niggas walk behind my back and shake my hand

politely (Hey)

Man, you almost made me think that you liked me

I turned around

You did the wrong thing, I'm like, "God damn, Spike Lee!"

And even though my neck ain't icy

You dudes in my hair is Pisces

The jewels at my labels, they like me

Chicago know that I'm tight, G

West coast support Fess, down south hype me

Niggas in New York

You can set yourself on fire

They be like, "Ah, son, he alright, B"

I think they mean they like me

Oh I Think They Like Me

Oh I, oh I, Oh I Think They Like Me

See
Jeff's the DJ
I'm the emcee
I grab the mic, he punch the MPC
It's like '88
I'll play Will
He's The DJ, I'm The Rapper, look
I got skills

[DJ Jazzy Jeff]
{*scratching*}
"Yes, yes, y'all"

[Rhymefest]
Nod Ya Head to the factor
2006, the year of the real rapper
Rhyme and Jeff
East coast, midwest
Come on
It's Fess and Jeff

[DJ Jazzy Jeff]
{*scratching*}
"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")
"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")
"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")
"Yes, yes, y'all"
"Yes, yes, y'all"
"Yes, yes, y'all"
"Yes, yes, y'all"
"Yes"

(Verse 3)
All right, stop
Think for a moment, okay
That the shit ain't fun, no radio play
You need to sell
A hundred thousand, make a million, hit the road and
be straight
Or bet your money in some overlous state
And we can get this tape
Cut this green
Roll up in a cutlass clean
This must be green, I must be seen
Next time that I step on the set, just know
Who is it
It's Fess and Jeff

[DJ Jazzy Jeff]
{*scratching*}
"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")

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"Yes, yes, y'all" ("Go off, man, go off")
"Yes"

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