

Waitin' for the DJ

Talib Kweli

Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (It's your boy Kweli, BK MC)
So I can show you just what I got (Memph Blow in the house)
Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock
So I can show you just what I got

Music is the air I breathe
The prayer I leave
Rippin' in the atmosphere
Up there in the breeze
Stronger then the revolution
That you wear on your sleeve
Its all I know
Not an idea you believe
I spit bars you can't touch
Like tips in strip bars
Get charged, man I drop hits that hit hard
Hit bars with my brown shook cuz this starred
the night just start, I'm waitin'

Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock

We all hop in the car deep
We bring Brooklyn to the city
My fellas lookin' sharp my ladies lookin' pretty
When the DJ let the needle drop
The beat'll rock, the beat'll start
Boppin' and my people got it poppin' like needle marks
3 o'clock and it's mass hysteria
I'm about to hit the cafeteria
I'm Waitin' ...

Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (Put it down for y'all)
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I read the lines and all the between
In my mind I'm rewindin' the scene
The club ain't the place to be findin' a queen
You all in my dream girl
Though I can't sleep on you no
You was a star tonight
It like shown through
Vampires takin' a bite
I'm in the zone too
I always end up takin' the flight
Makin' a right for the fam
So tight in the jam
A fight began
Always heard bad niggas tryin' to act like a man
The DJ had the mic in his hand
Like calm down (Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock)

Yeah, it was like I was the audience at the concert
You at the converse
With the Luis Vuitton purse
Tiger's eye around the wrist

With the fly and the prints
Lookin' up your arm a blender with a tatooed gift
I had to catch a plane but you make me warm as day
I had to catch your name and I'm waitin' ...

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Cuz they let me chasing (?) through the same old song
So just clap your hands together 'til they make that sound

Yeah, hot runnin' the summertime its why I said it
Guys see the flesh catch a dyed fetish
Hunnies smellin' to sweet its like I'm diabetic
On stars and the sky in seminal, dianetic
Drop the top beat up the block
On plow, now when they smoke a tree up
As shots reach the new tunes
Dogs who lose Hollerin' at the new move
Ours, I'm like the sun, the flower in full bloom
When I come out the house we complete like the number 9
Gimme some of yours, I'm a give you some of mine
Your off the sucka rhyme
A song will sound like one of mine
I know you love it when I shine, I'm waitin' ...

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