

# Jam On It (Extra Super Extended Disco Mix)

## Mos Def

To all my people in the back jam on it  
To all my people in the front jam on it  
To all my people on the side jam on it  
So jam on it, say what? 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 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) I rock the party all night, all night  
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  
I said, 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  
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  
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  
Sagittarius definitely  
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  
Ever know others better than me  
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  
Well cool young brother and just slow you roll  
'Cuz your arm's too 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  
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  
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  
This 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  
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  
Well if you didn't know baby boy I'ma 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 you're real  
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'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 meSo 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 itThis 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 handsNew 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 itAnd 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 itChicago 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 itThe 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

Songwriters

Cenac, Maurice BenjaminPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>