

That's The Joint

Rae & Christian / Funky 4+1

Yeah

A chick-a-doom, chick-a-doom chick-a-doom

That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again

That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again

That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again

I like the way the rhythm makes me jump and move

It gots the feelin' that makes me wanna do my do

Got me feelin' joy, turn my gray sky blue

And when you hear a cut, baby doll, I know you

Will feel it huh? Get up on the floor start movin' some

Body parts that got brothers actin' dumb

And they be actin' dumb from the cut that playin'

People break they neck from this demonstration

We about mass appeal, no segregation

Got Black to Asian and Caucasian sayin'

"That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again

That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again"

Let your body collide to the rhythm provided

By the mind state affairs classified

And make your heat up and flare, I swear

A serenade, a soul and so beware

And what's happenin' here, seek one to help you

Feelin' a piece of mind, let your spine unwind

Maybe in time you can stop this crime

But until then, yo I'm-a rock a rhyme sayin'

"That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again

That's the joint, that's the jam

Turn that shit up, play it again"

It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam

It's got groove, it's got feelin'

A chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom

It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam

It's got groove, it's got meanin'
A chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom
Got the state's appeal with the joint's that real
I don't need no steel to make my point
Get down and dirty 'cause that's my joint
Ha! We preferably make all points
Through a nation we build off the musical field
Or a visual thrill, we do what we feel
Any time or place, on stage in ya face
Over tea in Earth and outer space
Because we rock that shit, we flip that shit
Some east coast, west coast cosmic shit
Some north bound shit, some some south bound shit
Some overseas, London, out of town shit
Rockin' the joint, rockin' the jams
Turn that shit up, play it again 'cause
That's the joint, that's the jam
Turn that shit up, play it again
That's the joint, that's the jam
Turn that shit up, play it again
That's the joint, that's the jam
Turn that shit up, play it again
It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam
It's got groove, it's got feelin'
A chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom
It's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam, it's the jam
It's got groove, it's got meanin'
A chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom
Doom doom doom
Doom doom doom
That's the jam
A chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom
That's the jam
That's the jam
That's the jam
A chick-a-doom, a chick-a-doom chick-a-doom doom

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