## 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 It's 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' 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' for the DJ to, let your body rock (Put it down for y'all) So I can show you just what I got Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (Put it down for y'all) So I can show you just what I got 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

(Waitin' for the DJ to) The DJ had the mic in his hand like calm down (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 tattooed gift I had to catch a plane But you make me warm as day I had to catch your name And I'm waitin' Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock So I can show you just what I got Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (Put it down for y'all) So I can show you just what I got 'Cuz they let me chasing (incomprehensible) Through the same old song So just clap your hands together 'Til they make that sound (Incomprehensible) Yeah, hot runnin' the summertime it's why I said it Guys see the flesh catch a dyed fetish Hunnies smellin' to sweet it's like I'm diabetic On stars and the sky in seminal, diabetic 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' for the DJ to, let your body rock So I can show you just what I got Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock So I can show you just what I got Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock So I can show you just what I got Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock So I can show you just what I got Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock So I can show you just what I got Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock

So I can show you just what I got

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