

Jam on It

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 Brisbean
(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
Guaranteed to win any MC contest
Old school like the eighty-four fresh dress

You spend you assets to get my cassetteNow 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 pressI 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 haTo 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 haYou 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 definitleyYou 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 counterfeitYou 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 DefYou 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 meI 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 toeWell 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 placeSee 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 WhackUh 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 GallerWhen 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 buttWell 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 outWell 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 realWell 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>