Walkie Talkie

James Newton Howard

Why don't you tell me a story?
Please tell me a story to
You know, I think I'll tell you the story of my life
You tell me!Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!
Check me out!
Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!
Check check me out!
Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' DJ
This is why I walk and talk this way!
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' DJ
This is why I walk and talk this way!
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' DJ
This is why I walk and talk this way! You suckers!He's the master of disaster
And the master of beatCome come, come come with it
Come come, come come with it
Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto! Ghetto-ghetto!He's so quick, he's so fast
He's so quick, he's so fast
He's upper-class player, grader
DJ Shadow with the scratch
Moves through town like a skaterCome on, rock
Check out the cut you suckersThis is why I, this is why, this is why I walk
This is why I, this is why, this is why I walk
This is why I, this is why, this is why I walk and talk this way
That's rightThis is why I, this is why, this is why I walk
This is why I, this is why, this is why I walk
This is why I, this is why, this is why I walk and talk this wayCheck me out
Rave! Rave! Rave! Holy shit!
Rave! Rave! Rave! Holy shit!Let the beat rock, let the beat rock, let the beat rock
Let the beat rock, let the beat rock, let the beat rock
Let the beat rock, let the beat rock

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