

# 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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