

# Bad Young Brother

## Derek B

Well the first time you heard my voice  
you were rockinâ€™  
to the rhythm â€“ Youâ€™re hands couldnâ€™t stop finger poppin  
to the sound of the drum and bass that kicks â€“  
When Derek B on the decks, other DJs get licked.

You donâ€™t believe me? Well it ainâ€™t no joke.  
With him behind me, Iâ€™ll never go broke  
because he makes those beats sweeter than honey  
we record it, and rake in the money

I got thousands of rhymes inside my mind  
I hit the button on recall, theyâ€™re easy to find.  
At the show, my voice booms on the P.A. â€“  
other rappers shit their pants like itâ€™s judgement day.

Weâ€™re the new crew that comes from nowhere  
The crowd shouts out, â€œThank God Theyâ€™re Here!â€•  
Weâ€™ll capture your attention like a news flash â€“  
A spread out sound like an infectious rash  
Of def-rate beats, each and every one.  
Now youâ€™re rockinâ€™ and boppinâ€™ to the tempo of the drum.  
I knew it wouldnâ€™t be long bâ€™fore you got into it â€“  
Yo D â€“ Show â€˜em how you do it.

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Chorus:

Oh Yeah, Heâ€™s rockinâ€™ Derek B.-  
Heâ€™s a Bad Young Brother. (repeat)

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Fresh Beats â€~stead of Drugs â€“ Iâ€™m on a natural high â€“  
The Lordâ€™s my shepherd, that is why  
My odds are favored to win this rap race â€“

put your money on me, Boy, Itâ€™s gonna be safe.

An investment, a long term security â€“

this LPâ€™s like a painting by DiVinci

A masterpiece of killer cuts and rhyme;

my DJ Derek B is my partner in crime.

Nobody can cut quite like this man -

thereâ€™s a roof off of every single jam.

Sucker Djâ€™s run, trying to escape,

but the damage is done â€“ Itâ€™s just too late.

All homeboys like their beats, heartbrakes, and  
cuts that rumble like earthquakes.

Fly-girls scream, then they holler â€“

we get paid in pounds, not in dollars.

For our boss rhymes, and our beats -

you know weâ€™re Londonâ€™s finest Kings of the Street.

Now that I know that youâ€™re all into it â€“

Yo D, show â€˜em how you do it.

[Extended Chorus]

Put the needle to the groove - thatâ€™ll make you move

With cuts like a razor, some rough some smooth.

Rapâ€™s next generation â€“ a 90â€™s B-boy â€“

I ainâ€™t no imitation â€“ Iâ€™m the real McCoy.

Cominâ€™ to you live and directly â€“

I got honors, masters, PHD â€“ and a nobel peace prize for my rap,

And Derek Bâ€™s got a grammy award for his scratch.

We dress all in black, never ever touch crack â€“

We wear fresh, fly Addidas â€“ not Nikes, theyâ€™re wack.

Black 501â€™s, Visacci Leather jackets,

when we do any jam, we alwayâ€™s pack it.

Like royalty, weâ€™ll be around forever â€“

like Lennon and McCartney, weâ€™re perfect together.

Like an 808 bass drum, we sound real good â€“

the beat keeps droppinâ€™, the way it should.

The twelve-hundreds are spinninâ€™, my managerâ€™s grinnin,â€™

My Maâ€™s so proud of me now that I am winnin,â€™

And I know that youâ€™re all well into it â€“

[chorus]

[outro:]

Bust the Beat.

Shitâ€™s dope, huh?

Alright.  
Yo D - Bust it. Woo.

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Lyrics submitted by Neil Thornton.

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