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.

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

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.

Lyrics submitted by Neil Thornton.

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