

# 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, It's gonna be safe.

An investment, a long term security is

this LP'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 -

there's a roof off of every single jam.

Sucker DJs run, trying to escape,

but the damage is done is It's just too late.

All homeboys like their beats, heartbrakes, and

cuts that rumble like earthquakes.

Fly-girls scream, then they holler is

we get paid in pounds, not in dollars.

For our boss rhymes, and our beats -

you know we're London's finest Kings of the Street.

Now that I know that you're all into it is

Yo D, show 'em how you do it.

[Extended Chorus]

Put the needle to the groove - that'll make you move

With cuts like a razor, some rough some smooth.

Rap's next generation is a 90's B-boy is

I ain't no imitation is I'm the real McCoy.

Comin' to you live and directly is

I got honors, masters, PHD is and a nobel peace prize for my rap,

And Derek B's got a grammy award for his scratch.

We dress all in black, never ever touch crack is

We wear fresh, fly Addidas is not Nikes, they're wack.

Black 501's, Visacci Leather jackets,

when we do any jam, we always pack it.

Like royalty, we'll be around forever is

like Lennon and McCartney, we're perfect together.

Like an 808 bass drum, we sound real good is

the beat keeps droppin', the way it should.

The twelve-hundreds are spinnin', my manager's grinnin',

My Ma's so proud of me now that I am winnin',

And I know that you're all well into it is

[chorus]

[outro:]

Bust the Beat.

Shit's dope, huh?

Alright.  
Yo D - Bust it. Woo.

---

Lyrics submitted by Neil Thornton.

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