Jam On It

Newcleus

To all my people in the back jam on it
To all my people in the front jam on it
To all my people on the side jam on it
So jam on it, say what?
The sweet old beats my speech radiates
I grab the mic my voice resulates and penetrates
I make the B boy emulate
A buck-fifty still swinging like a heavyweight
Me and the lounge about to levitate
You don't believe, let me demonstrate
The way we make cats disintegrate
Well hold up you got to stop the tape
You got to prove you can rock the bricks
Me and my man going to investigate
The whole way that you operate, cooperate
And what's your name?
(Mos Def)
And where you from?
(Brooklyn)
And how you living?
(Very well, very well)
Damn you had to say it twice?
(That's right)
So you nice?
(Damn right)
I rock the party all night, all night
So why you over here ripping with me?
Trying to prove you position to me?
(Some cats ain't equiped to MC)
But you can see I'm different G
The universal magnificently
I rock the party efficiently
From the Brooklyn but centered to
And I do it so lyrically
That you got to give it to me
Like Rick James, I kick game and spit flame
Burning rappers all up out their frame
We get into this vein
From Brownsville all the way down to Brisbean

(Damn this brother's flow is insane)
That's what I've been trying to explain
Got no time to play games
Keep it coming like the next train
Make the party people exclaim
Whenever they hear my name
They go Mos Def
Oh, yes my style is so fresh
Guranteed to win any MC contest
Old school like the eighty-four fresh dress
You spend you assets to get my cassette
Now that's fresh, the red hook address
Make a cop jealous swell like abscess
I'm shoutin' bigs up to Medina and the rest
'Bout to drop it on your block a high on the press
I said, people in the front, jam on it
To all my people in the back, jam on it
To all my people on the side, jam on it
Jam on it, ha ha, ha ha
To all my people in the front, jam on it
To all my people in the back, jam on it
To all my people on the side, jam on it
So jam on it, ha ha, ha ha
You see my name is Mos Def and my style will never pest
Brown skinned body-rocking MC
I got the black zodiac and you know it's never whack
Sagitarius definitley
You see it's me and lyricist and we're getting serious
About to make another hit
I tell your homeboy chill 'cuz his style
Ain't ill but it's straight up counterfeit
You see I'm fast or bent or sweet
Then bullet and when I'm on the set

All the hip-hop fans just raise they hands
Because the one and only mighty Mos Def
You see I come into the party in a
B-boy stance I rock the mic so viciously
So all the real B-boys and real B-girls
Ever know others better than me
I said hey Mos Def you can't steal the show
You ain't the only MC out here with flow
I'm the Pro-Castro and I'm letting you know
That I get on the mic and go toe to toe
Well cool young brother and just slow you roll

'Cuz your arm's too shook to have mic control
See I get on the mic and jump off your case
You best get out my face and stay in a child's place
See I get on the mic because I know I can
And I'm fresher than you because I know I am
So when I jump on the stage you better step back
Because your name is Mos Def but your really Mos Whack
Uh listen up little brother you ain't grown
The sun is going down, you need to take you butt home
And come outside with your whack freestylin'
You should have kept it in the house like Debbie Galler
When I grab the microphone, people scream my name
This ain't no Sesame Street, this is a grown man's lane
See you best heed my words and listen up
Or I'm a tell your momma to whip your butt
Well you ain't my daddy and I'm letting you know
That you can't tell me when it's time to go
See I get on the mic and show you what it's about
'Cuz even my momma said knock you out
Well if you didn't know baby boy I'ma tell ya
You need to learn to respect your elders
But since you here and you think you got skill
Then get on the mic and show you're real
Well I'm the devastatin' never fakin'
Always keep your body shakin'
Steady rockin' never stoppin'
Keep your body always jockin'
Rock the beat, shock the beat
Till it's time to stop the beat
Steady moving show improvement
Keep the party keep on groovin'
Well hey young blood, that was fresh
You just got one hundred on your MC test
You got a soul-shocking body-rocking set you see
You need to pack up your bags and get down with me
So jam on it, so jam on it
I said jam j-jam j-jam on it
I said were rocking to the bright early morning
I said jam j-jam j-jam on it
This is the one to keep inside the jam
And make you get up and just do that dance
This is the one to keep inside the jam
And make you get up and just clap your hands
New York you got to jam on it
And Atlanta got to jam on it

And BK you got to jam on it
Got to jam on it, you got to jam on it
And Miami you got to jam on it
And California you got to jam on it
Got to jam on it
Got to jam on it, got to jam on it
Chicago got to jam on it
And Detroit 'cuz they got to jam on it
And St. Louis got to jam on it
Got to jam on it, got to jam on it
The whole world you got to jam on it
And Brooklyn, yes, we got to jam on it
The lyricist just to make you jam on it
Make you jam on it, make you jam on it

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