

# Waitin For The DJ (Featuring Bilal)

Talib Kweli

Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (It's your boy Kweli, BK MC)  
So I can show you just what I got (Memph Blow in the house)  
Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock  
So I can show you just what I got Music is the air I breathe  
The prayer I leave  
Rippin' in the atmosphere  
Up there in the breeze  
Stronger then the revolution  
That you wear on your sleeve  
Its all I know  
Not an idea you believe  
I spit bars you can't touch  
Like tips in strip bars  
Get charged, man I drop hits that hit hard  
Hit bars with my brown shook cuz this starred  
the night just start, I'm waitin' ...  
Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock We all hop in the car deep  
We bring Brooklyn to the city  
My fellas lookin' sharp my ladies lookin' pretty  
When the DJ let the needle drop  
The beat'll rock, the beat'll start  
Boppin' and my people got it poppin' like needle marks  
3 o'clock and it's mass hysteria  
I'm about to hit the cafeteria  
I'm Waitin' ... Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (Put it down for y'all)  
So I can show you just what I got  
Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (Put it down for y'all)  
So I can show you just what I got  
I read the lines and all the between  
In my mind I'm rewindin' the scene  
The club ain't the place to be findin' a queen  
You all in my dream girl  
Though I can't sleep on you no  
You was a star tonight  
It like shown through  
Vampires takin' a bite  
I'm in the zone too  
I always end up takin' the flight  
Makin' a right for the fam

So tight in the jam  
A fight began  
Always heard bad niggas tryin' to act like a man  
The DJ had the mic in his hand  
Like calm down (Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock) Yeah, it was like I was the audience at the concert  
You at the converse  
With the Luis Vuitton purse  
Tiger's eye around the wrist  
With the fly and the prints  
Lookin' up your arm a blender with a tatooed gift  
I had to catch a plane but you make me warm as day  
I had to catch your name and I'm waitin' ... Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock  
So I can show you just what I got  
Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock (Put it down for y'all)  
So I can show you just what I got Cuz they let me chasing (?) through the same old song  
So just clap your hands together 'til they make that sound Yeah, hot runnin' the summertime its why I said it  
Guys see the flesh catch a dyed fetish  
Hunnies smellin' to sweet its like I'm diabetic  
On stars and the sky in seminal, dianetic  
Drop the top beat up the block  
On plow, now when they smoke a tree up  
As shots reach the new tunes  
Dogs who lose Hollerin' at the new move  
Ours, I'm like the sun, the flower in full bloom  
When I come out the house we complete like the number 9  
Gimme some of yours, I'm a give you some of mine  
Your off the sucka rhyme  
A song will sound like one of mine  
I know you love it when I shine, I'm waitin' ... Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock  
So I can show you just what I got  
Waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.