# Einstein's Takin' Off

## Ugly Duckling

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When young Einstein was a kid with a bid
He had some 1200's inside his crib
And an MPC, under his sheets
To make beats, accomplishing incredible featsWhile other kids played games like Chinese checkers
Rod pounded the pavement to find these records he used
He makes hits with the flick of a wrist
Einstein's taking off, let me put it like thisThere's not a Benadryl pill that could stop the itch
Or a scratch when my DJ gets up in the mix
He grips the cross fader with his nimble fingertips
And flips it back and forth, no transform switchAnd the needle never skips? Well, it did one time
When a fan got hype and bumped the tables from behind
So please give me some room when I'm going for mine
Einstein's taking off, take off EinsteinYoung Einstein on the turntables
When it gets to the end, tell him do it again
When it gets to the end, tell him do it again
Young Einstein, don't try to play me
I like to make funky beats and record 'em
The scratch, the scratch
We'll be on top, so longYoung Einstein, don't try to play me
I like to make funky beats and record 'em
The scratch, the scratch
I got two great partners standing by meTake the freeway from Canada to TJ
And I know that you won't find another DJ
Slash, super record digger, slash, drum major
Slash, producer, slash, Ugly Duckling making a splashHe lifts loops from the original LP's
Would never think of sampling a beat break CD
And when we come to do your show, turn off the Dat's
Save 'em for those other acts, Einstein's got the waxFor the turntables, he'll reverse it, scratch
Cut it in half and reattach it
And keep it spinning from the beginning to the duration
When, is in
(Young Einstein, deep concentration)Yo Diz, wassup?

We almost didn't tell 'em
How Rod explores record stores like he was Magellan
Searching for the beats only he can find
Einstein's taking off, take off EinsteinWhen it gets to the end, tell him do it again
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