

Waitin' for the DJ

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
It's 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' 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' 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
(Waitin' for the DJ to)
The DJ had the mic in his hand like calm down
(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 tattooed 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 (incomprehensible)
Through the same old song
So just clap your hands together
'Til they make that sound
(Incomprehensible)Yeah, hot runnin' the summertime it's why I said it
Guys see the flesh catch a dyed fetish
Hunnies smellin' to sweet it's like I'm diabetic
On stars and the sky in seminal, diabeticDrop 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 moveOurs, 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 shineI'm waitin' for the DJ to, let your body rock
So I can show you just what I got
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