

D.J.'s

Sublime

All of the D.J.s surely have taken a lesson
Start talkin' trash and I'll come with my Smith & Wesson

A little competition comes my way (Budda-by)
But it always winds up the same
Oh, but the stone that the builder refused
Shall be the head cornerstone

Oh, but there ain't nothing wrong
Ain't nothing right
And still, I sit and lie awake all night
Oh

All of the D.J.s surely have taken a lesson
Try talkin' trash and I'll come with my Smith & Wesson
Enough DJ's come
Enough, enough stylee
But when I bust my lyrics, we all know it's wicked and wiley

I said
Ain't nothing wrong
Ain't nothing right
And still, I sit and lie awake all night
Oh

You better be strapped with a gat if you wan' walk with me
I'm bound to come down with a new stylee
Rockin' rub-a-dub known as reggae music
Gonna come down with the new lyrics
Cause it just ain't no thing
Oh I said, it's been a real long time

Oh, but there ain't nothing wrong
Ain't nothing right
And still, I sit and lie awake all night

Rub-a-dub blender
A newer mixer so
I am one D.J. with enough flavor
Here I go, here I come
Hear me, the dubbed down D.J
Lord, have his grilled cheese (I'm gonna)
I am Jamaican, but I ain't no freak
Caught the man, Ino, with the ten pound bag of tweak
Hold on, though we call it ghost rider
Every time we see them you fulfill the danger, but-but

Ain't nothing wrong
Ain't nothing right
And still, I sit and lie awake all night

Dreddy got a job to do
And we might fulfill his mission
To see his pain would be his greatest ambition
But, ah, we will survive in this world of competition
Shooting guns and our ammunition
Bump, bump, bump, bump

I won't wait so long, mmm
I said, I won't wait so long for you
Oh, oh, yeah
Mmm, mmm
Ooh, oh
Hard to get so, much
Mmm, mmm

Stop your messing around (aah)
Better think of your future (aah)
Time to straighten right out (aah)
Or you'll wind up in jail