

Friday Night

Ugly Duckling

It's friday night, on the streets of L.A.
I'm going out cuz I've been working at the job all day
Got the info line number, with directions to the site
Ugly Duckling on the bill to rock the mic right
Tonight, I gotta be hype, and get the crowd reacting
I call Dizzy's house he says, "What's up", I say what's happenin'

Get my DJ on three way
Don't forget to bring the guestlist
See the freshest
Off the wall like asbestos
I rock without the D tops
Walk without the reebok's
Talk until the beat stops
Than pick it back up with the beatbox
And yo, I gotta ride so you need not

Cool, I'm leavin' at 7:30, we can caravan
To the jam
With Einstein, the two hand man
In command like a general
Lighter then a dinner roll
Solid as a mineral
Open like a centerfold
Hey, save it for the chorus
The crowd looks enormous
So give a peak performance

I need a soundcheck, so my mic sounds nice
I'll be in it in a minute like microwave rice
I grab the mic like a dynamite stick
Then light the wick??
And keep it lit
With ever lyric I spit
Beats to the rhymes
We stick like turpentine
Dizzy Dustin, Andy Cooper and Young Einstein

It's the jam

You know it's on
Get with it ya
What, what ya wanna do?
Rock, rock the old school
Just listen real close

When we take crowds back to the days of the 10 yard fight
The gyro mic
They jump like excite bike
Guaranteed delight
When the needle drops sound
Man, EQ the level so the needle rock
And then, hand over the microphone
I get a type grip
Cause when it's time to swing
I hit like Mike Schmidt

Get this
I drop more lines then a tetris
When young einstein throws on the dookie necklace
He's the drum major
With the sum to the fader
Attacking the wax, on the record player
Working up a sweat
Till we close the set
With the song that's
Now when the jam is over
It's hugs and hanshakes
And than the band breaks
For shakes and pancakes
I'm home for brand flakes and Z's
Hit the backmat
Take a hot shower
And a cat nap please
Don't call me in the mornin'
Cause I'm on the sleep-in, mode
Dizzy Dustin
We did it again

For you, it might be over
For me, it's just beginnin'
The club must be endin'
Cuz no one's bartendin'
They turn on the bright light
And I feel like a gremlin
The jam is breakin' up
But at my pad, it's reassemblin'
Take ??? down the market
Then I ride our limit
Everyone's invited
So I hope you be attendin'

It's the jam

[Scratches throughout]