

# Jam Master J

**Boldy James**

Talk to me, I talk back  
Ayy, talk to me nice  
Let's talk about it

I got that fire water, nigga want that smoke? I'm a fire starter  
Shining like a beacon, next weekend I might fly to Florida  
Hoping that my plug who got the cocaine can supply my order  
Seen a couple trinkets up his ears I should buy my daughter  
Down in G.I., niggas call me Joe but I'm more Sergeant Slaughter  
Dropped my buffs off at Hutch, had to get my Cartis soldered  
My target audience, they thought that I had called it quits  
But that's rhetorical, was on Memorial with Walt and Chris  
Counting balled up cash with them playmakers  
227 fugitive, U of M, Great Laker  
Way the work wet, double cup, full of Maybelline  
Plate looking like some shaving cream on a straight razor  
Unky Ben's skin popping Rs, he a H banger  
Auntie got a stent in her heart on a pacemaker  
Whip a ki into a delicacy, I'm a taste maker  
Health hazard on front of my cup, it's a safe danger  
What else?

Auntie Debbie want a one-and-one  
Pressing up the sketty, mixing fatty with the bubbleyum  
Trying to double up, uncle Eddie want a graham cracker  
Trying to spend 100 bucks then I gotta serve jam after  
It's the king of rock, but they call me the Jam Master  
Backseat of the Cullinan, counting up them band rackers  
Shooting jams, moving grams, I'm a yam smacker  
It's Jam Master J, a.k.a. the Jam Master

Hurt me to find out that he don't own his damn masters  
I don't hit women but I'm quick to let my hand slap her  
Still on the one, I am talking 'bout no Lancaster  
Fuck it, let's shoot it out, see who open up the slam faster  
Package man like a Packers fan, I'm a head tapper  
Grand champ, Amtrakker, 10:08 Saran wrapper  
Bird flee in with the film flackers  
If you touch it barehanded, just make sure to wash your hands after  
For them blue blans, I can get you flew flammed  
To all you little stupids, I never been no damn rapper  
Big dummy, sell dope, rob, kill, get money  
Sip drank, fuck whole Tonys, let her man cash it  
Fully blue Benz cost me forty-two grand  
So much money, you can't even compute it like a scam hacker  
In the back of the Bach, neck a thousand graham crackers  
Best believe if I ain't take her down then my mans caught it  
Let's get it

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It is known that many pimps  
Though they like to describe themselves as gentlemen of leisure  
In fact, do work at pushing and dealing in drugs