

Shadow Of Def

Brave Saint Saturn

Now sit right back as I bust a "rhyme",
I've got the "freshest" beats and I'm always on time,
I'm the baddest of the best,
Yeah I'm the king.
Master of beats and the cross-fader,
I'll cut off your hand just like Darth Vader,
You step to me and you're gonna get "dissed" homeboy".
Come into my "crib",
Maybe we could "chill",
I might "cap" somebody,
Or kick 'em in the "grill".

Chorus

I'm the "DJ" he's the "rapper",
And the "homeboys" try to step,
I'm the "DJ" he's the "rapper",
In the valley of the shadow of "def".

Yo. Yo, "homeboys" come and "homeboys" go,
But I still kick the "Latin Lingo",
Mi Espanol es no mui bueno.
I'm "stone cold rhyming" and "spinnin'" on the "wax",
I give the old ladies heart attacks,
'cause I'm "fresh" and "dope" and I'm "dissin'" wac MC'S".
I've got all my teeth capped,
Chains to show my wealth,
And I "check myself,
Before I wreck myself."

Well my name is Frankie T, and I'm here to "talk",
About the meaning of Five Minute Walk.
Some say its "wac",
Some say it's "ill",
Myself, "homeboy", thinks it's pretty "chill".
Turn off the TV,
Put down the phone,
Go talk to "JC" and be alone.
Talk to him five minutes a day,
He won't "wig out" or "give you play",
He will not "dis" you in the end,
In fact "JC's" my "freshest" friend.