

Walkie Talkie

DJ Shadow

Why don't you tell me a story?
Please tell me a story too.
You know, I think I'll tell you the story of my life.
You tell me!

Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Check me out!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Check check me out!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!
Ghetto-ghetto!

I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.
This is why I walk and talk this way!
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.
This is why I walk and talk this way!
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.
This is why I walk and talk this way!
You suckers!

He's the master of disaster and the master of beat

Come-Come-Come-Come-Come with it
Ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-to

He's so quick
He's so fast
He's so quick, he's so fast
He's upper-class player
He's on the cross fader
DJ Shadow with the scratch
Moves through town like a skater
Come on, rock
Check out the cut you suckers

This is why, this is why I walk
This is why, this is why I walk
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.
This is why, this is why I walk
This is why, this is why I walk
This is why, this is why I walk and talk this way
Check me out

Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave!
Rave! Rave! Holy shit!
Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave!
Rave! Rave! Holy shit!