

D.E.F. = Doug E. Fresh

Doug E. Fresh

I'm the beat box original
Cool individual
Rockin' for no one, some funds is my residual
Salary, calories in just one rhyme
Would last any even a whole life time
Dictate, conversate, translate, lose weight
From 1987-88
And the years to come
The bass will still be dumb
And bounce
Sellin' DEF rhymes by the ounce
And if you ain't wit it it's the thought that counts

Cause they call me Doug E. Fresh
Cause known I'm DEF and the initials of my name is D.E.F.
Know what I'm sayin'
I ain't playin'

Picture this...

Standing outside in the front of the place
Eyes hypnotized by the sound of the bass
Kickin' it wicked I wonder who it is performing
Cops barricade so the crowd won't storm in
I'm in the middle of this and and I'm left unknowin
Standing and plannin' if the groups not showin up
But the tension of the crowd is growin up
Out of adolescence to a full size problem
And if I have problems I solve them and they, and they

Pointed in the direction headed for the door
As my mind recalls being through this before
So I'm figuring and adding and here I am mad
In a way getting closer to the metal detector
Pass my shank to the cut professor
I was taught to never roam as they check my home boy
And find out the shank ain't nuthin but a comb
Through a distant block I didn't come to rock
I came to put the whole place in shock
But this girl followed me just like a shadow
I told her to chill because I know the girl
Had no reason for teasin'
Because it ain't skeezin' season
Me and the fellas were just breezin' on by
I didn't want to dis'her so I said Hi
And capitalize in what I specialize in
And begin to get down into something more important
While the Dj spins the records
And I recon without double checkin'
I have you spell bound in the average of a second or less

Cut it up Will
Cut it up Barry
Cut, cut, cut, cut

Cuttin up
Cut it up