

My DJ

Goldie Lookin' Chain

My DJ, my DJ, my DJ, my DJ

My DJ's unique in this rap game
Even if his scratches sound mostly the same
He can scratch with his hands, his cock or his feet
Sometimes to the music and sometimes to the beat

When he's scratching, it looks like he's having a fit
He took this girl home and scratched off her cl*t
When he was born, he was made to fade
And he's so fukin' hot, you wanna be in the shade

Yeah, scratch it, man, knows it.....

Oh, he started off scratching his ass
And spraying spunk across the room into a glass
But now his party tricks is scratching on the techniques
Scratching all night with a ten fag mix

Eight turn-tables lined up in a row
It's like watching the Paul Daniel's magic show
From the eighties, Scratch Master Ken is his name
Scratching the decks for the goldie lookin' chain

Aw, my DJ's so bad, he's so good
My DJ's so bad, he's so good, that's right
My DJ's so bad, he's so good, you knows
My DJ's so bad, he's so good

This shit's fresh, braa.....been on the decks since 1983

Oh, Scratch Master Ken, cut up the breaks
Mixing up the beats like he's making cakes
Like a bell-end with a sore that's weeping and catching
He's got the itch, so he's scratchin'

Scratch it, scratch it, man.....flip the decks.....look at '
im go, man.....it's wicked.....knows it.....burning rubber
, man.....look at 'im burning rubber

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