

## Jam Session

Heavy D

Ah you hear this?  
Ada big belly guy I telling be talking  
By my side is my version Biggie Smalls Ya? (no question, no question)  
From Brooklyn Ya! (Representing', uhh)  
Comfortable calling in NBA stars,  
wiggity wiggity wiggity wiggie wiggity why  
Come in Biggie and let them understand

Not even Stan the man could withstand the lyrical punch  
You nibble on my double dribble or alley-  
oop and monster dunk. (Ah hah, ya heard this?)  
Dig in the trunk Mark Jackson even Bill Paxton  
Give me my props at the lyrical waxin (ya heard)

Ya heard, kill the beam cause the heavy one's coming  
Shot are being blocked and the funky drum is drumming  
That's one of those set's where ya gotta get wreck or get wrecked  
No time flex, Heavy D is on the set, so what's next?

I'm stripping like Scottie Pippen giving the serious butt kicking  
Breaking bones like Karl Malone yeah I'm flippin'  
Or Isaiah, say ya prayer when I step into your layer  
Leave the lane clear; I'm welfare like Lambier

Now in case you didn't know it's a funk flow slide show  
Hip hop here we go, how did ya know the big belly pro  
Doing his thing Ting-a-ling-a-ling ting-a-ling-aling  
I'm the man, yes I am, now watch me jam, who I am?  
Ohh jam, here comes the man hot dam, jam

This time it ain't the shoes, it ain't the shoes, I swear it's me  
(Who that?) The H to the E to the A or Y Vesty  
I slam a dunk bunk I make a funky feel the funk  
I don't know what it is but I got blue funk inside my dunk

One in the chamber like Chambers,  
Getting' that close range like Danny ainge nobody is stranger  
Than the Biggie Smalls, the Brooklyn thumper  
With the wicked jumper you like the way I freak the double jumper

Jump shots, jump shots, I got them for days  
Call me radar; I'm a star I don't miss them far  
A funky dribbler ball handler rough for a verangular  
Giving props there you want cocks and I'm slamming them

Rebounding, Outstanding, no one surrounding  
I'm screwing and doing like I was Ewing  
The only one soaring and scoring is Jordan (Ah heh ah heh)  
He must of had his wheaties this morning

Ohh jam, here comes the man hot dam, jam

(Yeah)

Hey maa! Pass my kicks with the ill grip, quick  
Watch it wreck, use the number one draft pick  
In my district I'm slick with the b-ball  
Your curious ask the Heavy or the Notorious

Biggie, who can check me, can he see me?  
I'm ghost like the board slave, five coast to coast  
Cause I'm the dread not the baldhead  
With the ill vertical, like my man Spud Webb (uh hahaha)  
Don't push your luck I won't spear chuck a 20-footer  
Gripping the archive for great sky hook  
Look, who's that? You never heard of me  
Ever seen a structure that fits in a jersey  
Could you flow like the general on the hard wood?  
To black top courts in ya neighborhood  
Yo, Biggie's on the low post, heavens to swing man  
Eh yo, check out the jam

Ohh jam, here comes the man hot dam, jam

[Music fades out]