SOI
Beat mot
Game on it
Where ya at
Old school
I'ma take you way back
Waaaay back
Yo Yo
As it goes a little something like this

Yo it's the K to the J, J to the five five to the two, it's time to get live party people in the house if you're feeling all right throw your hands in the air wave them side to side you can dip dip dive you can socialize you can lime to the lemon, you can lemon to the lime but nine years ago a friend of mine hit me up just to ask the time I'm looking at my watch it said quarter to twelve he shook his head, he had something to tell he said "Check it my brother now it's plain to see I'm going to make it plain just as plain can be" 'cause you her and you there but a life without Christ ain't going nowhere and I was just like you I was jamming on it then he sang a little song a little something like this hit it...

We rock the mic in a different way just two turntables and a fresh DJ party people in the house are you feeling OK then let the record play all night all day

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Stop a second I need to hear more he said "I came through the door and I said it before" but you didn't listen to me this first time so open your mind and let me open your eyes 'cause the blind lead the blind can't you see that my brother it's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder you going under and you blind to the facts it ain't where you from and it ain't where you at it ain't the radio, Cazals or Kangol hat now you be illing and it's like that your life's wack just broken pieces you got Adidas but you ain't got Jesus and a hotel, a motel or a holiday inn now it don't mean nothing 'cause your life keeps fronting and you still lost in sin I said a hotel, a motel, or a holiday inn now it don't mean nothing 'cause your life keeps fronting and you still lost in sin help me say it like...

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I aint no joke 'cause your life's broke but now I'm glad that we spoke, 'cause pretty soon you choke and everything you see is goin' up in smoke so what's your hope you gonna sink or float one day you croke and one thing I'll tell you goanna rock the bells all the way to hell and all the ball is shot God is making paper all the players you goanna catch babies La-de da-de, who likes to party you think you the man but you really aint nobody (what?) it was the lamb who was led to the slaughter rolls beneath me the planet rock like bam-botta the one who owns the play just like the car-da the one who is the spirit, son and the father the one who's eyes last sea and the water God's son we welcome back like carter

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All night all day, all night all day, yeah, fresh, for 2000 you sucker (Hah)