

Brave Saint Saturn, Shadow Of Def

"Yo, I'm a, I'm a crazy fresh, crazy fresh,
crazy silly fresh DJ. Bam! Cradle rock style!"

Yo

Now sit right back as I bust a rhyme
I've got the freshest beats and I'm always on time
I'm the baddest of the best, yeah,
I'm the king, word

Master of beats, and the cross-fader
I'll cut off your hand just like Darth Vader
You Step to me,
And you're gonna get dissed, homeboy

Come into my crib,
Maybe we could chill
I might cap somebody,
Or kick 'em in the grill

I'm the DJ, he's the rapper
And the homeboys try to stand
I'm the DJ, he's the rapper
In the Valley of the Shadow of Def

Yo, unh, yo, yo, come on

Yo, homeboys come
And homeboys go
But I still kick the Latin lingo,
Mi Español es no muy bueno

I'm stone cold standin'
And rhymin' on the wax
I give the old ladies heart attacks
'Cause I'm fresh and dope and I'm dissin' whack MCs

I got all my teeth capped
Chains to show my wealth
And I check myself
Before I wreck myself

I'm the DJ, he's the rapper
And the homeboys try to stand
I'm the DJ, he's the rapper
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Break it down

Well my name is Frankie T., and I'm here to talk
About the meaning of 5 minute walk
Some say it's whack, some say it's ill
Myself, homeboy, thinks it's pretty chill

Turn off the TV, put down the phone
Go talk to J.C. and be alone
Talk to him five minutes a day
He won't wig out or give you play

He will not diss you in the end,
In fact, J.C.'s my freshest friend

Come on homeboys
Here we go

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