

# Walkie Talkie

DJ Shadow

Why don't you tell me a story?  
Please tell me a story too.  
You know, I think I'll tell you the story of my life.  
You tell me!

Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Check me out!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Check check me out!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!  
Ghetto-ghetto!

I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.  
This is why I walk and talk this way!  
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.  
This is why I walk and talk this way!  
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.  
This is why I walk and talk this way!  
You suckers!

He's the master of disaster and the master of beat

Come-Come-Come-Come-Come with it  
Ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-ghetto-to

He's so quick  
He's so fast  
He's so quick, he's so fast  
He's upper-class player  
He's on the cross fader  
DJ Shadow with the scratch  
Moves through town like a skater  
Come on, rock  
Check out the cut you suckers

This is why, this is why I walk  
This is why, this is why I walk  
I'm a bad ass motherfuckin' D.J.  
This is why, this is why I walk  
This is why, this is why I walk  
This is why, this is why I walk and talk this way  
Check me out

Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave!  
Rave! Rave! Holy shit!  
Rave! Rave! Rave! Rave!  
Rave! Rave! Holy shit!