

## 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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