

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 inta 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]