

A S O N G F O R

Behjaoui

MADE IN MARRAKECH

A gift, sung the way he talks — half Darija, a slip of French for the charm, a wink of English. The chorus says it plainly: like the old city at dusk, warm, with a light in the eyes. Read the meaning beside each line and see if you grin.

HOW TO READ IT

Left, **the line as sung**. Right, **what it means**, in plain English.

He code-switches in one breath: **DARIJA** carries the heart, **FRENCH** slides in, **ENGLISH** lands the wink.

00 INTRO

Ah, Behjaoui...

Just his name, said with a smile.

“Salam khouya, ça va bien?”

“Hey brother, you good?” — the classic Darija-then-French greeting he actually uses.

(hey!)

01 VERSE ONE

Ki ttləḥ ṣ-ṣbaḥ, “sbah l-khir la famille!”

When he wakes up: “Morning, everybody!” He greets the whole room like family before coffee.

Nous-nous f l-yedd, w ḍ-ḍaḥka déjà f l-ville.

Nous-nous in hand, and the laugh is already out in the streets. (Nous-nous = the Marrakchi half-milk half-coffee; his laugh reaches the city before he does.)

Ma tʃeref-ch l-ʃdyan, koulchi ʃndek sahbi,

He doesn't know how to have enemies — everyone's a friend. (Literally, "he doesn't recognize enemies.")

Kayn *"brother"*, kayn *"mon frère"*, kayn *"a wliddi habibi."*

There's "brother," there's "mon frère," there's "oh my dear, my love." Three languages of affection in one breath.

↑ PRE-CHORUS

Trois langues f jouj klmat, w baqi tzid,

Three languages in two words, and he keeps adding more. The polyglot joke: he can't finish a sentence in one language.

"No stress, khouya, kollchi ghadi ykoun zwin, c'est fait."

"No stress, brother, it's all gonna be fine, it's done." His catchphrase energy: everything handled.

★ CHORUS

Behjaoui! ya zin d Marrakech,

Behjaoui! The beauty and pride of Marrakech. ("Zin" = beauty; also a nod to *El Behja*, Marrakech's nickname, the Joyful City. He *is* the vibe of the city.)

Qelb kbir, l-ʃqel ʃadeq, w-ḍ-ḍaḥka ma tsalach.

Big heart, sharp mind, and a laugh that never stops.

Behjaoui! smell-hom w-baqi tḍhek,

Behjaoui! Forgive them and keep on laughing. ("Smell-hom" = let it go, forgive people — his good-hearted way of moving through the world.)

Ki l-medina f l-ʃshiya, dafi, w kayn ḍ-ḍaw f-ʃaynik.

Like the old city at dusk — warm, and there's a light in your eyes. Marrakech at golden hour; he glows the same way.

(Wooh!) Behja, Behja, Behjaoui...

The hook.

Marrakchi original, made in Marrakech, baby!

Half-Darija, half-English wink — the tagline of the whole song.

Kayhell l-laptop, *“on va faire ça propre,”* galha,

He opens the laptop: “we’re gonna do this clean,” he said it. (His French work-mode line: *let’s do it properly.*)

F l-office kaydir l-vibe, hetta l-machine tebda tđhek mafah.

In the office he sets the vibe — even the computer starts laughing with him. His mood is contagious, machines included.

“Studio zwin, walahila c’est un truc de fou,”

“Nice studio, I swear it’s a crazy thing.” This is him raving about the studio — he’s the number-one fan.

Fan number one, kayqol-lna *“keep going, I love you guys, wallou.”*

Fan number one, always telling us “keep going, I love you guys,” and that’s it. (“Wallou” = nothing more to say.) His genuine cheerleading.

Cœur avant tout, mzyan m-l-ras l-r-rjel,

Heart first — good from head to toe. (A real decent guy, all the way down.)

“Ma tqleq-ch, ana hna,” w-derabt l-mektel.

“Don’t worry, I’m here,” and he nailed it. (“Derabt l-mektel” = a Darija idiom, roughly “hit the bullseye.”) He shows up and delivers.

Men Jamaa el-Fna hetta l-desk dyal l-khedma,

From Jamaa el-Fna all the way to the work desk — the famous square to his office. He carries the whole city with him.

Kaddi Marrakech mɣak, f l-basma, f l-kelma.

He takes Marrakech with him — in the smile, in the word.

Français, ɣarbiya, chwiya d l-anglais,

French, Arabic, a little English — spelling out his actual language mix.

“Yallah on y va, sahbi,” w-koulchi kaydhek mɣak, c’est vrai.

“Come on, let’s go, brother,” and everything laughs along with him — it’s true. (The exact Darija-French mix he’d say.)

(Say it!) Wenta l-Behja, l-Behja l-ḥor,

And you're the Behja, the true Behja. ("L-Behja l-ḥor" = the genuine, free-hearted joy of the city — and it's him. A play on *El Behja* = Marrakech.)

Ndiro-lek had l-ghniya... just because you're pure, khouya.

We made you this song... just because you're pure, brother. The gift's whole reason, said plainly.



CHORUS — OUT

Behjaoui! ya zin d Marrakech,

Behjaoui! The beauty and pride of Marrakech.

Qelb kbir, l-ṣqel ḥadeq, w-ḍ-ḍaḥka ma tsalach.

Big heart, sharp mind, and a laugh that never stops.

Behjaoui! (Behjaoui!) baqi hna,

Behjaoui! (Behjaoui!) still here — steady, dependable, always around.

Marrakchi ṣla wjhek, w-ḥna nbghiwk, ya sahbi, always, forever, w safi.

Marrakchi written all over your face, and we love you, brother — always, forever, and that's it. ("W safi" = and that's final, the warm Darija full-stop.)

OUTRO

Behja... Behja... Behjaoui.

Nous-nous barred? Iwa skhno! Ha-ha.

Nous-nous gone cold? Well go heat it up! Ha-ha. (The last wink: his coffee's cold because he's been talking and laughing too long. Pure him.)

Made in Marrakech, baby.

For Behjaoui — the typical Behja, made in Marrakech.

Original lyrics. No artist names or song titles referenced. "El Behja" is the traditional public nickname for the city of Marrakech itself, used here as affectionate wordplay on his name — not a reference to any artist or work.