

# Bo! Bo! Bo!

## Boogie Down Productions

Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack clack  
Get your street knowledge every posse know that come again  
Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack clack  
The only way to deal with racism if you're black

Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog  
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog  
As I ran, I began to wonder  
Should I produce or should I tour this summer  
Well just that second I heard stay where you are  
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car  
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt  
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk  
He said, ah boy you better watch where you run  
As he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun  
I said officer man I ain't do nothin  
He said what's that word you n-----s use, ya frontin  
Well ya frontin, so why were you running down the street  
At this time I had stood to my feet and said wait a minute  
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his gun I wasn't  
With it so  
On the ground was a bottle of snapple, I broke the bottle in his fucking  
Adam's apple  
As he fell his partner called for backup well, I had the shotgun and  
Began to act up with that

(chorus)

Well I threw down the gun and began to run  
I got back in no time and loaded the nine  
First I took two clips and then I took two more  
I was out the window cause by now they were right at my door  
I took three shots and then I laid  
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade  
It went boom like a supernova  
Badges arms heads legs cops were all over  
I jumped out the fire escape down to the street and I started to run you  
Know I couldn't feel my feet, I was weak, I said to myself holy shit!  
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but there's no  
Time to stop no time to explain man I'm in too deep with this everyday  
Ghetto pain  
Black men are judged by their clothes  
Black women are looked at as hoes  
So I as one of these uppity n-----s  
Can only rely on the sound of a trigga going

(chorus)

Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore  
Called the tree of life (yo d it ain't there no more)  
But when it was boy I was lucky  
Cause in the basement is where they stuck me  
When I awoke at the 14th hour  
Three black women had gave me a quick shower  
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck  
Driven by two guys, Rakim and Chuck  
What the fuck I asked as I laid there how many guys do you drive a day  
There chuck said many, Rakim said plenty it's an everyday thing when

You're willing to sing a song...

(chorus)

Peace and love to DJ Scott La Rock he's in there still!