

Heartbeat Props

Digital Underground

People, get ready for the heartbeat props
(Heartbeat props!)

Everybody, get ready for the heartbeat props
(Heartbeat props!)

We're gonna make it funky with the heartbeat props, y'all
(Heartbeat props!)

It's time to get busy with the heartbeat props
(We're giving heartbeat props)

I give my man props cause he's living
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops)

Check it out, y'all, proper respect is what we're giving
(We're giving heartbeat props)

Uh, I give my man props cause he's living
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops)

Don't you know that proper respect is what we're giving
(We're giving heartbeats props)

Seems like you wondered each day if the Underground
Is going to stay down with the funky beats
Even if you know that I'm a junkie for a bump that's funky
And a fool for the loop, see, a groupie for the old one-twoiee
A bass freak would say "Oohwee,
Peace to DU cause I like the way you do me"
I love to go on about the funk, matter of fact
I'd love to be another funk front runner
But first we gotta deal with the fronters
So I can't go on, it's time to drop a few bombs
(Get busy, G, go on and take 'em to school)
Yeah, it's time spread the jewels
I ask you about Malcolm and you tell me that he's wicked
Farrakhan comes you can't seem to buy a ticket
And check what my man has to say
Right or wrong, don't you think that he deserves a play?
Cause he's living for you and you and you and you
The brother X tried but he died trying to get through
So why wait until the heartbeat stops
Yo, go on and give my man his props
If you're really that down then act what you say
KRS and Chuck need support today
I see you posing with the Dr King hanging on your wall
Only difference is Chuck might give you that call
To march on Friday, yeah, it's kind of frightening
Let me move so I don't get hit by the bolt of lightning
Striking you down cause you're fronting
A dead leader can't tax your mind
Therefore he's not a threat to your personal time
All the lagging and the dragging
(Yo, I got something to do that day)
Yeah, you sound like an old bitch nagging
Fuck that fronting! We're pumping up the brothers
Cause the brothers keep it pumping
You got it all wrong
When you wait for the TV to tell you what's going on
I thought you're hype on the mic
Yeah, they never get it right
That's why you see we gotta thank God, y'all
For niggas like Ice Cube

Cause they'll tell the record straight
(Yo, my man's a prophet too)
Yo, god, you think he ain't?
So do the right thing, it's not a black or a white thing
We're here to let you know it's just a human being thing
We're pulling out all stops
Cause it's time give heartbeat props

I'm the type of guy that's sly like a fox
An honor roll student in the school of hard knocks
There was different type of brother that I used to look up to
But I'm still giving props where the props are due
But let me start with a fool I don't give a fuck about
I wanted to give a Fuck You out
To the nigga who went out on a whim
He was a roody-poo for shooting Huey Newton
But I'm thanking God for niggas like Iceberg Slim
And the chick the honky's ran to see
She was the honky-tonk's fantasy
Tina Turner, the living legacy
And she's still got you tripping off the legs you see
Another chick they used to beg to see
Was Josephine Baker, she had them hooked
They loved the way she shook her money-maker
But why did it take them so many decades
To give a little praise to who they ran rave to see

With a dark complexion she was sex symbol befo' Marilyn Monroe
But her heart stopped before they gave props to the old pro

It took a great man to mould those
So I want to give props to my pops because he told those
But there's a time to break necks and throw bolos
Be a cold bro and throw low blows
When you want to close the shows of your foes
Cause foes are those that you got to break like windows
Check it, when respect goes it's time to break a nose
But give respect before the soul goes

Well, I suppose respect is what respect'll get ya
So I'm giving them gifts before they're stiff like the pose
In the pictures of Vogue and flashy fashion magazines
You be thumbing in 'em, props to Beverly Johnson
She was the first black woman in 'em

Pee, drop the bomb and end the pressure with the menace
Smith & Wesson clear the lesson that your mama gave

Mama gave PeeWee the same threats, she used drastic measures
Told me to give her the full respect or get my ass kicked
It was my intention to relent just till the last kick
When she goes she'll roll over in a solid gold casket
When I was young Muhammad Ali had me sprung
Cause he was the champion, as the champion he was my idol
Yo, they took his title when he wouldn't take the gun
And fight in Vietnam the only way he felt, then he won the bet again
Now they want me in the army but they can't harm me
Cause I ain't no punk, I ain't man to Uncle Tommy
Props to Islam, it's getting brothers together before the big bomb
Blast out, before we're all assed-out
We need to see that we got to start giving the props to the living

Yeah, Spike Lee, Alex Haley, Brand Nubian, sister Whoopi Goldberg

Dick Gregory, X-Clan, sister Isis, BDP, Muhammad Ali, Stevie Wonder
Poor Righteous Teachers, Andrew Jackson, Denzel Washington
Sister Sarah Sahad Ali [?], Public Enemy, Stokley Carmichael
Sister Oprah Winfrey, yeah, Jesse Jackson, nuff respect, Paris
Gangstarr, Gil Scott Heron, George the fuck Clinton, Louis Farrakhan
Sister Queen Latifah, Bill Cosby, sister Angela Davis
The entire Nation of Islam, nucka, know what I'm saying?
Afrika Bambaataa, Miles motherfucking Davis, sister Assata Shakur
Once known as Joanne Chesimard, Robert Townsend, Nelson Mandela
Karreem Adul-Jabbar, the Black Panther Party, James Earl Jones
The FOIs, nucka, Howard E. Rollins, sister Naomi, yeah, nuff respect!