

Ya Slippin'

Boogie Down Productions

(Yo man these people around here in '87 just slippin dough you know what I'm sayin? Boogie Down Productions not slippin dough so hold ya hands you Know what I'm sayin? (word) Yo! What's goin' on? Mr. Magic you know what Happened? He slipped on us he die. Pumpin KISS FM we rock. To my man DJ

Red Alert we chillin' (word). Yo man! Yo do heard about man this shit About this kid Wearin' the, ah, Jerry Curls, man. Word up! He was slippin'. Yo dough, word up, word up. He had a yellow coat on, But no description was given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin
This is the warning, known as the caution:
Do not attempt to dis 'cause you'll soften

Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress
You can't match this style or attack this
While I'm telling you, write on schedule
Fuck with K-are-S and I'll bury you

Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel
No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle
Total domination on stage
Kris is the name, 22 is the age

Those who want to battle, I know who you are
You got a little girl, you drive a little car
You come into the place with that look on your face
Before you ran the mile, you lost the race

So assume you're doomed when you step in the room
I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom
I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete
I'll slide you to a funky beat

So what do we have here?
A sucka in fear
I snatched your heart
Put it way up on the chart

At ten you're fucked
At nine you suck
At eight you're a sucker
At seven-a mothafucka

At six you're slapped
At five you're just wacked
At four you're lost
At three, you're just soft

At two you're an ass
At one, you're a dick
But before you slip, I'll whip
'Cause homeboy, ya slippin'

(Yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on. A long time, ya see me slip on, crop D,
And I'll slip on, everybody-

I slip on. Sayin? I'll come back if I miss you, sayin?)

I understand that music calms the savage beast
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by piece
First a bass, a snare
A little cut over there

I add my name K-are-S
And the shit becomes fresh
I ask Moe and ICU for their thoughts
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are tough

One again, the tactics of original arts
We're gettin' payed to the end 'cause we were down from the start
We're known as Boogie Down Productions, ain't no be -boy stance
Guaranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance

We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost
You want to hear a fresh rhyme? You've come to the source
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a pedestal
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule

One after another, another to the next
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't flex
Check your larynx
It may get lower havin' sex

Or may get higher
When bustin' as a liar
These are the things I teach so be tough
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you fought?

If you come up with a number, notebook, or list
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed
I'm bringin' back that ol' New York rap
That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap

It's funny
Just dissin' you I can make money
But no one's tippin'
My message is simple: Ya' slippin!

(They slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin' all the way to the top

Man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? To my brother KRS-1, you're large,
I'm sayin, large-everytime, man, large. They're slippin')

E-N-O, S-R-K
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say
Goddam! They all seem to sound alike
'Til you hear the crew standin' over in the light

Showing, glowing, on the top growing
The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing
Just like a river, or better yet a stream
I'm proud to be down with the winning team

So don't ever in your life even think about an argument
'Cause you'll get walked on like carpet
We'll pick you up, and dust you off
Stamp BDP on you're head and you're off

But you won't even change that to say instead

I'm down 'cause I got a BDP on my head
So just before you inherit that ass kicking
I suggest you wake right up 'cause ya slippin'

(Yo! They slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-word up, I
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-dough, they slippin'
Man. be -boy Records, Magic, yo all the time they slippin-ya know what I'm
Saying? This other kid-
I don't know what his name is, but you know what time
It is. (WORD UP!) He's slippin' too (everybody). Slippin', and everytime
He do somethin', he's slippin'. Slippin'.)