

# Slap Them Up

KRS-One

Tellin' it like it is, right about now D.J. Premier is in the  
motherfuckin' house and shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? But yo,  
yo Kris, run that shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? That, that shit,  
my joint. Run that motherfucker...it's only right kid  
(Do it, do it, do it...)

Drop that bassline...  
You want lyrics? We give ya lyrics. Check it out now, one time...  
(Do it, do it, do it...)

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!  
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!  
Ill Will, slap dem up  
MC's get ate, get broken like a pretzel  
and get dissed if they ever try to step to  
They can't take a MC with loose lips  
Talk a lotta shit (but sink no motherfuckin' ships)  
Lyrics make bigger holes than hollow tips  
Watch another rapper body get stiff  
Just like in church, we pass the basket  
as I preach over his casket  
Fuck it, kick the body right over  
and say "See ya, hmm...nice to know ya"  
Got another rapper to see  
Yo Kris, bust that ass (certainly)

If you're shiverin' get off the pot  
Let the original rapper rock the spot  
You stand there and jock, goin' (mumbles)  
This is absolutely ludicrous, what can you do to Kris  
Chattin' foolishness, step along quick with that stupidity  
It's me rippin' this for self, where else ya lookin'?  
I got more rhymes than all the Jamaicans in Brooklyn  
So beat it or be seated, Gee I'm mad undefeated  
Young boy, you can't see me, run along and make pee-pee  
I was rockin' rhymes when "La-Di-Da-Di" was a demo  
Admit you been on my tip for years and just can't seem to let go  
Go, go call your mother, tell her you wanna battle KRS quick  
I bet the minute you get home you'll get your ass whipped  
Crazy ill mad styles is what I give'em  
Not a run-of-the-mill'em, I drill'em, I got ridiculous rhythm  
None of my styles you can get with'em  
Still um, will um, your crew come get some so I can kill'em

Well I roll by myself but don't let it fool ya  
If I got beef my crew'll damn step to ya  
We don't play no games, I'll come straight to your rest  
Lift up your shirt and blast you in your chest  
[Well that was fresh]

A fad doesn't fill the bill, but mad skills will  
Don't let me have to kill you kid, god forbid still  
Greed will lead your need to succeed  
but your speed, your speech  
Your outreach is a breach of what I teach

For lyrical styles you're a leech  
If I was Spanish I'd say, ("You lie like a beech")  
Wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow...  
Wow, for a amateur you really looked hard  
But you're really a bitch, when you get it together  
call me, here's my card  
Check the list: you lack breath control, mental behaviour  
Lyrical talent, imagination and flavour  
I got no time for amateur rhyme, you could be hurt  
Thinkin' you're hard because you wear a gangsta T-Shirt  
I'll smash your wanna-be ass in the deep dirt  
Black, you'll come up dizzy sayin' "How da fuck he do dat?"  
'cause you're yappin' like you can't be reached  
If your name ain't Arrested Development, well save your speech  
Time to ill, I got mad skills to fill  
Not a fake, I got more styles than Drake's got Tasty Cakes  
Gotta be the best Gee, don't try to test me  
You'll get jacked son, even if your name is not Jesse  
Let's be up front when I meet ya  
Peace, uh, I'm the motherfuckin' teacher  
When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!  
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!  
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up, up, up, up, up...

(Do it, do it, do it...)  
Yo...South Bronx, South South Bronx  
South Bronx, South South...yo, Uptown  
Brooklyn's in the house, lemme tell ya 'bout Staten Island  
What about...Queens?