7 Dee Jays

Boogie Down Productions

[KRS One]
YES! Chillin in the place right now
Harmony and Heather beMs. Melodie
DJ Jamal Ski DJ Kenny Parker
And of course we are gettin MUCH DARKER
Because the Africanism is in EFFECT
So check it out MAN!
And try not to bite the lyrics
POI!So come in now with the chorus of the day
Because we don't playChorus: KRS One
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound
But D-Nice, you're gonna make the party live[D-Nice]
Bust it, yo
I love to diss whores, I love to do tours
Makin young ladies just drop their drawers
and when they drop em, I don't kick em, check it
Like the Fat Boys said, I "Brrrrrrrr, STICK EM!"
From that point on, I say we're on for the night
But I love it when the girl just call me D-Nice
And if she gets bold and try to ask for a fee
I say, "Please hoe, it's all about me"[Heather B]
It's not the star spangled banner or the red white and blue
but the underground sister from the Edutainment crew
So what you do, is back up if you work for Bush
Cause all the Presidential prison pushin politicians
gotta get MUSHED, gimme back my land you SUCKA
You beat down my father and you raped my mother Africa
And now you want to laugh at her
I feel like pickin up a razor, and slashin ya
Snatch up Margaret Thatcher and unmaskin her
to find out she's a man without a manicure
Go to President DeKlerk without askin her
and BUST SOME SHOTS for South Africa
And if Margaret jumps in, I start bashin her
for every freedom fighter start crashin her
And then Heather bewill get nastier
and pull out my two shot derringer

Cause yes, Heather becomes classier
Cause Heather be, Jamal-Ski, and KRS the trainer
makes up the dope crew called, Edutainer
You'll find the law of balance on the two turntables
So look out for the FRESH Edutainer label[KRS-One]
Biddi-by-by, by, by-by-by, Jamal-Ski, ki-ki-kiyah![Jamal-Ski] {best guess}
Jump up and be upon the mic and stick em
Come follow me the man me work for the mic
They call me top celebrity
Me bigga me badda mad hatta me callin it well and dead-ly
Me nah got no nine millimeter, me not want ya uzi
But I kill run a leggin on Misses Dancee
BLAM! BLAM! We comin out and yes you are the don
You hold for the mic upon they call me lyrical champion
Me bigga me black, me know if me chat, ya know me and ya done
Me read from Genesis unto Relevation
Me nice and into England, nice it up in Ja-pan
Me have armitage, me have enough stylee
Me whyla, grab the mic andna, sing to me, andna[KRS-One]
Come in de dance with the NUFF stylee
And KRS-One, now comin in with Harmony[Harmony]
Now I'm comin to the dancehall, everybody call
follow me follow me, Sister Harmony
I perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup-a
Perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup
I'm a, stimulator, administrator
Activator, initiator
Captivator, originator
Perculator, perk you up
It's Harmony, the minor key
That moves with the rhythm passionately
I ain't ego trippin I do it humbly
Cause everybody's bound to hear the sound of BDP
It's easy, for me you see
I ain't the one or the two, I'm the three
And three (badda-ba-ba-by-by) it's the magic numberrr
(badda-ba-ba-by-by)Chorus: KRS-One
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound
But KRS, you're gonna make the party live[KRS-One]
Well now it's Blastmaster KRS-One
When we come in the dance, my lyrics not done

Pray to my father cause yes me are the son
Cause you are the guide and my pro-tection
Any sucker MC must run come
Kyan't test the Boogie Down Production man
Move ya ras claat, BDP stand alone
1990 lyrics 'pon the microphone
Every posse KNOW we come in the dance
we teach reality-ta-tee an'
reality, reality-ta-ta-tee
We nah deal with sickness and negativity
We come up in the dance in the ruff stylee
In the discipline KRS-One is just a flyer
Come up in the dance with my man called Edi Ayah
On the con-sole we have the man D-Square
Come up in the dance, and him must comb him hair-ah
Come up in the dance, and me let off a clip-ah
at George Bush, cause him D my nigga
KRS-One, him the President come
The crew called BDP, Melo-di-di-de-de[Ms. Melodie]
Comin live and direct in full effect
Ms. M-E-L-O-D-I-E on the mic check
Well I'm up in your face like the wind from a blizzard
Got my wrap around your throat, like you're chokin on a gizzard
If someone said, well damn, who is it?
It's Ms. Melodie, the real, so get with it[?]
Fatalistic pessimistic, a big conspiracy
The way they treat blacks, in white society
It's erection rebellion, revolution uprisin
Takin no shorts, because JAH is guidin
Government they try to manage and rule
Dictate, regulate, and perpetrate the fool
That's why I search, explore, inspect, investigate
Drop down knowledge, and KILL dub plates[KRS-One]
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah
KRS-One, boy, must come fi straighter
Comin up and doin the dance but not from eighty-eight-ah
Every posse know me come in the dance not later
Come in early, every posse captivator
KRS-One, and enough herb gate-ah
Come up in the dance, and we cannot debate-ah
KRS-One, them call me KRS-One-ah
KRS-One, me come to nice up any ja-a-am
KRS-One, them call me KRS-One-ah
KRS-One, me come to nice up any jam

Me comin in the dance, with the crew called BDP-ah
Down with the set is a Harmony-ah
Ms. Melodie and my man Kenny P ah
Come in Jam and look at what a raw stylee[Jamal-Ski] {best gues}
Them name me permanent, permanent, permanent, permanent
Pick-a-dig-dinny
Jump up upon me come to run it again
Me work pon the microphone you betta tell your best friend
Tell your mudda and tell you fadda
and tell your sista and yuh bruda
A when they hold fi di mic they call me DJ Murderahh
Me lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion
Lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion, FOLLOW ME NOW
Lyrical champion, well they call me lyrical champion, FLASH IT
Oil the mic and ah, me on the jam
Jump upon the mala the mic in ah me hand an' a
when me do that, the dancehall fi run
Some of dem sell fi cocaine, some of dem sell ganjah
But I'm the one msn Jamal me sell the culture stylah
And me hold pon the microphone, they call me entertainer
Now, top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin
Top celebrity, top celebrity, hoo-hah, ha-hah!
Top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin
I'm the one Jamal-Ski dem from New York City-ah
What dey call me, BDP posse an' a
Jamal now can rewind stylee
Rewind circulate, never ever imitate
When me hold pon the microphone, say me lyrics dem great
Test me, and you'll, test your fate
BLAM! BLAM! Jamal now can know yes you are the Don an' a
come in now KRS-One, an' a[KRS-One]
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma
Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma
Me a melt down the sound-ah
Melt down the sound, come mi say melt down the sound-ah
KRS-One, the master of the verb and noun ah
Jump in the dance and my skin is yes browner
Kings, mash up, crown
Queen, rip up, dancehall gown ah
Every posse know that we ah rule every sound
Jump up in the dance and run every town ah
DJ, nuff, clown
Come up in the dance, BUCKS em right down ah
If you a Prince we'll flood ya and you drown ah

KRS-One ah, mash up better sound ah
Satan in the dance, we a mash right down ah
Down, to the ground
KRS him have the number one sound
Sound sound sound, sound-sound sound sound sound
Number one sound WHAT in creation
Play with yourself it's called masturbation
Chop it off, castration
Jesus Christ get the crucifixion
Three days later, resurrection
He's comin back, read Revelation
Close the book, pick up your gun
And fight in the African revolution
Righteous man, get liberation
Wicked man get execution
It's called the battle of armageddeon
Through my mouth is a translation
Unto recknoning to circulation
Nuff African education
DJ Kenny Parker YES you are the don
Edutainer teach nuff wisdomChorus: KRS-One
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound
But Scott LaRock, you're gonna make the party live
It takes1 dee jay, jigga jay ah jay ah jay
ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay ah jay
It takes 1, jigga jay jay, a jigga jay jay
ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay
It takes a jigga to your face, a jigga jay jay
ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay, a jigga jigga
1 a jay jay a jay jigga jay a jay
1 jigga jay a jigga jay a jigga jay a
1..

Songwriters
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