

Like A Throttle

Boogie Down Productions

You wanna test me? Are you stupid?
Gotta be out of your fuckin' mind, KRS-One is the DON, seen?
Come down Kenny Park You know, I don't know what your management be tellin' you
I don't know what your producers be tellin' you
But yo, you step this way, you're gettin' played out of position
So let me give you a little start, check it out Every time KRS-One steps in the jam
The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand
Brooklyn's ready, Uptown's in the house
Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out That's it, none of the gimmicks tricks, oh it's
You either have the hits or the crazy hype lyrics
But MC's come half assed and lookin' pitiful
None of 'em lyrical but their ego is critical Like I said, I'm not a Muslim but to Allah, I'm obedient
Some MC's on the mic become Muslims when it's convenient
And I've seen it, real Muslims praise Allah and they mean it
Others are dreamin' it with sex me and do me
And I'd rather listen to the brand Nubians You know it's funny, everybody wants money
And material things from cars and chicken wings
When they sing, they sing for the cash
They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash You get respect by bein' creative and yes, a native to your audience
So you know reality, in other words if you ain't a gangsta
Why play you a gangsta? If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?
If you believe in Allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check? All of this is incorrect, first should
always come respect
The charts are not equal to the respect of the people
Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble, they know the difference
From a artist and a lip-syncin' model, right on stage
You'll get a bottle, you're holdin' my dick like a throttle I'm the freshest thing on the mic, don't mess with me
I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe
You don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry
You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry
You're no astronomer, why see me as astronomy? But I'm a Parker, so I'll play you like Monopoly
Don't entertain the thought of droppin' me, to think of me
As anything less than your teacher, crazy you got to be
These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily
I rip it up constantly, you're holdin' my dick like a throttle The teacher will come again and again and again and
again
To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend
So when their lyrics finish, KRS-One just begin
Rippin' up sucker, teachers put their courage to an end So once again, the trend setter comes a lot better

Forever too clever for a petty MC in leather
Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync
The lyrics I write, help me think
To guide ink off the paper through the air, smack in your face
And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace
Just in case, get the fuck out my face, I run this place
You're lucky you're from the same race
A simple technique will keep you on beat
With the style from the street, you compete with the elite
That's weak, flashin' gold and can't speak
I seek the direction of the brown complexion
So every year, I appear somewhere
That you hear, my dear to get one thing clear
Whether on welfare or millionaire
Don't step to this here or you outta here
Allow me now to please change the gear
And pick up the mic you missed those happen around me
Have me feared, come, we come in the dance
We haffa likka of a shot an towah? Let's get back to the hip hop
You come into the place you can't look in my
face
'Cause the light is bright and I'm towerin' in height
See there are millions of stars in the sky
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye
Why? The reason is the sun is the sun
You can't possibly rock until I'm done
And finished and like the evening, I'll fade
But when I return you'll cry for more shade
So check the dancestyle 'cause I am not softening up
It's time that I rock and sing not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling
But instead bring intellect pon ting
'Cause you can inject ignorance in rap
But Kenny Parker ain't tryin' to hear that

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