

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-R-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 wanna 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-R-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 B-boy stance
 Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance
 We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost
 You wanna 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 noone'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
 Till 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
Cuz 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 cuz I got a BDP on my head
So just before you inherit that ass kicking
I suggest you wake right up cuz ya slippin'
(Yo! They slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-word upWord up
I
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-dough, they
Slippin'
Man. B-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'.)

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