

Bo Bo Bo

Boogie Down Productions

Bo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack
Get your street knowledge, every posse know that, come again
Bo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack
The only way to deal with racism if you're black Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog
As I ran I began to wonder
Should I produce or should I tour this summer? Well just that second I heard, "Stay where you are"
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk He said, "Ah boy, you better watch where you run"
As he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun
I said, "Officer man, I ain't do nothin"
He said, "What's that word you niggaz use, ya frontin'?" "Well ya frontin, 'cause why were you running down
the street?"
At this time I had stood to my feet and said, "Wait a minute"
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his gun
I wasn't with it so On the ground was a bottle of Snapple
I broke the bottle in his fucking Adam's apple
As he fell his partner called for backup, well, I had the shotgun
And began to act up with that Bo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack
Get your street knowledge, every posse know that, come again
Bo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack
The only way to deal with racism if you're black Well I threw down the gun and began to run
I got back in no time and loaded the nine
First I took two clips and then I took two more
I went out the window 'cause by now they were right at my door I took three shots and then I laid
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade
It went boom like a supernova
Badges, arms, legs, heads, cops were all over I jumped out the fire escape down to the street
And I started to run you know I couldn't feel my feet
I was weak, I said to myself "Holy shit"
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but There's no time to stop, no time to explain man
I'm in too deep with this everyday ghetto game
Black men are judged by their clothes
Black women are looked at as hoes
So I as one of these uppity niggaz
Can only rely on the sound of a trigger going Bo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack
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The only way to deal with racism if you're black
Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore
Called 'The tree of life', yo D it ain't there no more
But when it was boy I was lucky
'Cause in the basement is where they stuck me
When I awoke at the 14th hour
Three black women had gave me a quick shower
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck
Driven by two guys, Rakim and Chuck
"What the fuck" I asked as I laid there
"How many guys do you drive a day here?"
Chuck said, "Many" Rakim said, "Plenty it's an everyday thing
When you're willing to sing a song"
"Bo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack
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The only way to deal with racism if you're black
Peace and love to DJ Scott Larock he's in here still man

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