

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 blackWell, 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 smirkHe 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 niggazs 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 soOn 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 thatBo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack

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The only way to deal with racism if you're blackWell 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 doorI 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 overI 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 butThere'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 niggazs

Can only rely on the sound of a trigger goingBo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack

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Bo, bo, bo, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack

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
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 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
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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