Crumbs on the Table

DJ Yoda, D-Nice

Is that a turntable? Well, get on it it's your turnWho gets laid, the chicken or the egg?
How about the MC that has just been led
To a renegade teacher, preacher then he got stomped
'Cause I'm a feature straight from the Bronx ProductionsBetter known as Boogie Down
If I was a king right now, I'd get crowned
The Nice is a teacher, not a prince or a rap lord
I even write my rhymes on a blackboardTo get specific to probably make you understand
What makes the 808 plan
It's simple, I'm a round it off like this
That's how many stupid MCs I've dissedBut if they commence to try me I won't buy it
I'll look them up and down and I'll say, "Don't even try it"
'Cause I can go on and on without breathing
The TR, another form of BDP-eatingMCs like Chunky, moving real bluntly
Shaking and baking MCs like a junky
Fiending, hitting MCs like they was cocaine
Calling them John Doe, meaning they have no nameI'll spin you like a quarter, drink you like water
Hit below the belt with things you never thought of
I lay down the law that I am a slaughter
I roll like a tidal wave so you oughta
Float like a sailboat, move like a speedboatIn water, now watch you soak
Into a rhyme of mine until you hit the bottom
It's heavy like an anchor, it's no problem
For me to just bake you, eat you like a cookieI am a professional, boy, you're just a rookie
I'm here to sing a song but some are not able
Compared to me you're just crumbs on the tableIn my prime, more vocal than I've ever been
I'm not an amateur, sort of like a veteran
Split from the bums, arriving from a long trip
Now I'm back to just cold ripMCs like confetti, eat 'em like spaghetti
I chill for a year but yet I'm still ready
To house MCs, sink 'em like a boat will
I roll heavy, thick like oatmealSo now you know the 808 is showing
I do damage in just one moment
Here's a little message to those that tryna hang out
Just remember that I give pain outThe TR-808 relates to a terrorizer
Never hiding, clever always memorizing
Poetry, history, math or even paragraphs
I'm not into b-boying, just hoeingShowing, blowing MCs like the wind does
I might lay you, sort of like a hen does
'Cause your rhymes are weak and unstable

Compared to me you're just crumbs on the tableYou better think before you even get soup
I'll put you on the corner and sell you like a prostitute
Like a street whore, make you want more and more
Move you to the side, up and down like a seesawPulling out a gun is uncalled for
But I'm with it, so go for yours
You may even try to diss but I call it flattery
I pack more volts than a Duracell batteryCharging MCs, smooth like the breeze
Scott made me funky, yo, that was one theme
Or topic, showing I be rocking
Every little city I play, I leave a heat wave
Burning up the industry, never try to get with meI'm the type of person that never needs rehearsing
Just a little sex, a six pack of Beck's
And my room to move about and a Guinness Stout
To make me feel able, chilling and stableSometimes I'm on the mic
Sometimes I'm on the turntable
I'm superb, sort of like herb
A man of my word and I've never been served

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