Crumbs on the Table

D-Nice

(Is that a turntable? Well get on it, it's your turn)Who 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
Productions, better 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 blackboard
To get specific, and 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 MC's I've dissed
But if the 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-eating
MC's like Chunky, moving real bluntly
Shaking and baking MC's like a junky
Fiending, hitting MC's like they was cocaine
Calling them John Doe, meaning they have no name
I'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 tital wave, so you oughta
Float like a sailboat, move like a speedboat
In 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 cookie
I am a profressional, 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 rip
MC's like confetti, eat 'em like spaghetti
I chill for a year and yet I'm still ready
To house MC's, sink 'em like a boat will
I roll heavy, thick like oatmeal

So now you know the 808 is showing
I do damage in just one moment
Here's a little message to those who want to hang out
Just remember that I give pain out
The TR-808 relates to a terrorizer
Never hiding, clever always memorizing
Poetry, history, math, or even paragraphs
I'm not into be-boying, just hoeing
Showing, blowing MC's 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 must 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 seesaw
Pulling 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 battery
Charging MC's, 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 me
I'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 stable
Sometimes 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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