Dope Beat

Boogie Down Productions

[krs] i got a dope beat?
[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat..
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs] i got a dope beat..
[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat!!
[all] we got a dope beat!!My name is at the top of all of those that mix
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade
Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly
Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds
Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud
Everything must coincide with the way I feel
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel
So I take one step, to adjust the mic
I get around the whole city so I do wear nike
I like a funky beat, a studio like unique
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat
You can look me up and down, and my dj too
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew
Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3
No matter who they claim to be in society
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file
If they need a different style we can get wild
He's i.c.u., he's out to kill
I'm krs, and we get ill
Dj scott larock got his own beat
The extravagant life, is what we seek
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact
I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack
Captivatin the crowd, seven days a week
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat[krs] i got a dope beat
[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] i got the dope beat
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] i got a dope beat!!
[all] we got the dope beat!!For me to say again another verse of my rhyme
Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind
So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind
Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin
Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done
They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun
When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun
But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one
Not two, not three, but o-n-e
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways
Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days
I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt
Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion
Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!.. *guitar interlude* ..My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda young
I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run
Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete
I can rock an american or reggae beat
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason
Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you
This particular style may vary
The things I converse about are heard rarely
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!
You know what? ?[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] i got a dope beat!
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs] I got the dope beat?
[all] you got the dope beat
[krs] i got the dope beat!
[all] we got the dope beat!
[krs] i've got the dope beat!
[all] you've got the dope beat

[krs] i got the dope beat!
[all] we got the dope beat
[krs] beat that we got? ?
[all] the dope beat!I.c.u., is in the house...
Miss melodie, is in the house...
Lena love, is in the house...
D-nice, rocks the house...
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...
Flavois walker, turns em out...
40th street black, knocks em out...
To my mellow moses gun, rock the house...
Naughty, bust it out...
Mcboo, turns it out...
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...
Red alert, breaks it out...
Scott larock jr..
My pride and joy...
Krs-one.. his mother's first son
And no he'll never run...
Bd... bd...
Scott larock...
Scott larock

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/