

# Ya Know the Rules

## Boogie Down Productions

Aiyyo aiyyo Kris they know the rules

Yeah ya don't stop, say what?

A ya don't stop, BDP in the house

A ya don't stop, check it out check it out Yo D

Yo bust it yo yo Kris hold on

Let me give a shout out to some people aight bust itA Scott LaRock and ya don't stop

A Sammy B and ya don't stop

A Mister Cee and ya don't stop

A Cool V and ya don't stop

Evil E, and ya don't stopA Easylee, and ya don't stop

A DJ Scratch, and ya don't stop

A Spinderella, and ya don't stop

Jam Master Jay, and ya don't stop

A PA Mase, and ya don't stop

So yo Kris, my mellow my man yo

Get on the mic and do the best you canWell, the teacher comes to you, in effect

From a different style, a whole different sect

I inject, force and intellect

When I hit the mic, suckers hit the deckI come correct and practice what I preach

I don't pimp you or rule you I teach

Come through the doors and slap up whores

Ordering them to put back on their drawers'Cause, I run their pimp

When I leave he leaves with a limp

Shrimp, I got the tartar sauce

Never underestimate the power of the forceOf the intellectual KRS-One

I don't think yet my job is done, because

I stand alone while others have to verify

Just why they are thought to be flyMakin' the public believe that they are way up in the sky

Sort of like a rap super guy

But I, horrify and terrify the super duper rap guy

Because you're soft as a lullabyWhile they sit on their throne lookin'

Well I'm walkin' in the streets of Brooklyn

Or Harlem and Queens and Bronx

I'm even out there walkin' in Compton'Cause everywhere BDP is schoolin'

So anywhere, KRS is coolin'

I'm not foolin', 'cause no, I'm not a fool

Don't act stupid boy, you know the rulesWord, aiyyo Kris, they act like they don't know the rules

But yo, I tell you what

Yo get on the mic and tell em what makes up KRS-One

YaknowhatI'msayin'? Huh, and ya don't stop Yo, from off the sidewalk I grab the mic and talk  
Born nineteen-sixty-five in the state of New York  
My name is Kris Parker, KRS-One for short

I slap up crews and rock parties for sportLived on the streets about eight years straight  
There I got my education and learned to debate  
So when I pick up the microphone I know what I'm sayin'  
Education doesn't come from simply obeyin'  
The curriculum, of the school criteria  
In fact what I learned I found inferior  
I'm not a Muslim but I do support them

My father in heaven taught me and taught themI'm not a Christian, but I won't diss 'em  
I'm not a Jew, I don't practice Judaism  
I'm not a Buddhist, but Buddha's a master

I don't eat beef pork nor Diet ShastaReason for this is very simple indeed  
When it comes to music everybody's in need  
You got wealthy artists spendin' money loosely

You ask about the culture, they talk 'bout GucciMetaphysics, the science of life  
And how to live, free from strife  
Walk with ease, and no disease  
Understand that I am the breezeAnd the trees, oceans and seas  
And the B and the D and the P's  
Suckers try it, but I don't buy it  
When I speak you seek to stay quiet  
Shut up! What what? You better stay cool

And heed the warning boy, you know the rulesAh one two yeah, and ya don't stop  
Ah three four, say what and ya don't stop  
Ah five six pop pop and ya don't stop

Ah seven eight get down and ya don't stopAiyyo yo Kris, this goes out to all them house nigga  
Foot shufflin' moonshine, hamhock eatin', pickled-pig tuggin'  
Tap dancin', jheri curl activist, program directors  
That don't wanna play rap music, that's right, ya know what?  
Yo, ya know the rules  
Ya know the rules

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