

South Bronx (Instrumental Version)

Boogie Down Productions

Yo what's up Blastmaster KRS One, this jam is kicking
Word, yo what up D-Nice?
(Yo what's up Scott La Rock?)
Yo man we chilling just funky fresh jam
I want to tell you a little something about us
We're the Boogie Down Productions crew
And due to the fact that no-one else out there knew what time it was
We have to tell you a little story about where we we come from South Bronx, the South South Bronx
Many people tell me this style is terrific
It is kinda different but let's get specific
KRS-One specialize in music
I'll only use this type of style when I choose it
Party people in the place to be, KRS-One attack
Ya got dropped off MCA cause the rhymes you wrote was wack
So you think that hip-hop had its start out in Queensbridge
If you pop that junk up in the Bronx you might not live
Cause you're in South Bronx, the South South Bronx
I came with Scott La Rock to express one thing
I am a teacher and others are kings
If that's the title they earn, well it's well deserved, but
Without a crown, see, I still burn
You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel
KRS-One is the holder of a boulder, money folder
You want a fresh style let me show ya
Now way back in the days when hip-hop began
With Coke LaRock, Kool Herc, and then Bam
Beat boys ran to the latest jam
But when it got shot up they went home and said "Damn
There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day
B-boys getting blown away but coming outside anyway"
They tried again outside in Cedar Park
Power from a street light made the place dark
But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out
I know a few understand what I'm talking about
Remember Bronx River, rolling thick
With Kool DJ Red Alert and Chuck Chillout on the mix
When Afrika Islam was rocking the jams
And on the other side of town was a kid named Flash
Patterson and Millbrook projects
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it

The Nine Lives Crew, the Cypress Boys
The real Rock Steady taking out these toys
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seems
I didn't hear a peep from a place called Queens
It was seventy-six to 1980
The dreads in Brooklyn was crazy
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop
Because the pistols would go
So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack
Instead of tryna take out LL, you need to take your homeboys off the crack
Cause if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot
And that would leave the job up to my own Scott La Rock
And he's from South Bronx, the South South Bronx
The human TR-808, D-Nice
The poet, the Blastmaster KRS-ONE
The Grand Incredible DJ Scott La Rock
Boogie Down Productions
Fresh for '86, you suckers!

Songwriters

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Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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