Word From Our Sponsor (Instrumental)

Boogie Down Productions

This is a test
Of the boogie down production
Prevention against sucka MC's
In the event of a real emergency
You would have been instructed
On which jams to play
And how loud to blast your radio
And now, a word from our sponsorI'm from the Bronx, blast master KRS-One
Provin' that my job ain't done until I get some
More, no need to roar or yell
Cos I can still tell what will sell
And would have sold without yellin over a drum roll
That style is old, so unfold
Blossom, bloom, you got the room
So go ahead and consume
A new era, KRS-One comes better
Bite another lyric? never
Cos I'm too clever, however
I own my own label
Partners with Scott Larock, he's on the turntable
And partner lee smith
I'm exercising a true gift just to uplift
Hip-hop, hip-hop
My voice is like a monster
And now a word from our sponsorTwo, three, four, five, sex, seven, eight, nine, ten
I gotta start this rhyme again
How many words can I find that rhyme
And still keep in mind every lyric must come out on time
Not many but I have plenty
Scott Larock sent me just to devastate any
One, any daughter, any son that comes my way
Hey, you got to go the other way
I represent my DJ Scott Larock
D-nice, the beat box
I only wear Nike's, not Adidas or Reeboks
Many people know me, yet I'm known by few
My name is KRS-One, son
Not two or three or four or five or six
The mix is on Scott Larock and Scott Larock is on the mixCool like the air we breathe

Inhale, exhale, perpetrators will fail
As sure as my name is "blastmaster KRs"
Sit and listen to the very essence of this tale
From the days of prison I have uprisen
To my family members I'm marked down as missin'
Listen, circumstances put me right in the street
With the will to survive, get paid, eat, and sleep
Some weep, or should I rather say some cry
Can't get by so later on they die
Because the strong will survive
The weak will perish
Ignorance is a poison and knowledge will nourish
I love what I got and like what I had
I'm glad, not sad, and I don't even get mad
I get even, myself and some others I believe in
Cos these others are my brothas and perfection we're achievin'
Yes, my name is KRS, my brother is a rasta
Let me pause, and now a word from our sponsor

Songwriters
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