

# I'm Still #1

## Boogie Down Productions

D.j. doc you know he's down with us  
D-square, he's down with us  
Keyboard money mike, is down with us  
I.c.u., you know he's down with us  
D-nice and mcboo, they're down with us  
Ms. melodie, she's down with us  
Just-ice and dmx, they're down with us  
My manager moe, he's down with us  
Castle-d boy, he's down with us  
D.j. red alert, he's down with us  
Robocop boy, he's down with us  
Makin' funky music is a must  
I'm number one  
People still takin' rappin' for a joke  
A passing hope or a phase with a rope  
Sometimes I choke and try to believe  
When I get challenged by a million mcs  
I try to tell them, we're all in this together  
My album was raw because no-one would ever  
Think like I think and do what I do  
I stole the show, and then I leave without a clue  
What do you think makes up a krs?  
Concise teaching, or very clear speaking?  
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble  
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid  
Not by financial aid, but a raid of hits  
Causing me to take long trips  
I'm the original teacher of this type of style  
Rockin' off-beat with a smile  
Or smirk or chuckle, yes some are not up to  
Bdp posse so I love to  
Step in the jam and slam  
I'm not superman, because anybody can  
Or should be able to rock off turntables  
Grab the mic, plug it in and begin  
But here's where the problem starts, no heart  
Because of that a lot of groups fell apart  
Rap is still an art, and no-one's from the old school  
'Cause rap is still a brand-new tool

I say no-one's from the old school 'cause rap on a whole  
Isn't even twenty years old  
Fifty years down the line, you can start this  
'Cause we'll be the old school artists  
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme  
A brand-new style, ruthless and wild  
Runnin' around spendin' money, havin' fun  
'Cause even then, I'm still number oneBlastmaster krs-one of course  
Comes to express with style the lost  
Ways of rhyming, old and new, past and present  
Knock, knock, who is it?  
A brand-new style, hup, time to change  
People talk about me when they see me on stage  
Live in action, guaranteed raw  
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor  
Now tomorrow you can say you saw  
Krs-one stompin' once more  
I play by ear, I love to steer  
The alfa romeo from here to there  
I grab the beer, but not in the ride  
'Cause I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive  
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local  
My album is sellin' because of my vocals  
You know what you need to learn?  
Old school artists don't always burn  
You're just another rapper who's had his turn  
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned  
About idiots posing as kings  
What are we here to rule?  
I thought we were supposed to sing  
And if we oughta sing, then let us begin to teach  
Many of you are educated, open your mouth and speak  
Krs-one is something like a total renegade  
Except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid  
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'  
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'  
Not to escape, but hit the problem head-on  
By bringin' out the truth in a song  
So bdp, short for boogie down productions  
Made a little noise 'cause the crew was sayin' somethin'  
People have the nerve to take me for a gangster  
An ignorant one, something closer to a prankster  
Doin' petty crimes, goin' straight to penitentiary  
But in a scale of crime that's really elementary  
This beat is now compelling me to explain in silence

Why my last jam was so violent  
It's simple bdp will teach reality  
No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like the p is free  
So now you know, a poet's job is never done  
But I'm never overworked, 'cause I'm still number one  
Kool moe dee, he's down with us  
Eric b. and rakim, they're down with us  
Stetsasonic, they're down with us  
Dana dane, he's down with us  
Sleeping bag records, they're down with us  
My lawyer jay, he's down with us  
Jive/rca is down with us  
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I'm number one

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