Like A Throttle

Crazy you got to be

These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily

Boogie Down Productions

snapping fingers and singing Ha ha, hah hah! Da-doo-doo, do-doo You wanna test me are you stupid? Gotta be out of your FUCKIN mind KRS-One is the DON, seen? Come down Kenny Park-ah!! Hahaha, you know I don't know what your management be tellin you I don't know what your producers be tellin you But yo, you step this way You're gettin PLAYED, out of position So let me give you a little style Check it out Everytime KRS-One steps in the jam The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand Brooklyn's ready Uptown's in the house Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out That's it! None of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's you either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics But MC's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful None of em lyrical but their ego is critical Like I said I'm not a Muslim but to Allah I'm obedient Some MC's on the mic become Muslims when it's CONVENIENT And I've seen it! Real Muslims praise Allah, and they mean it Others are dreamin it with Sex Me and Do Me and I'd rather listen to the Brand Nubians You know it's funny everybody wants money And material things from cars and chicken wings When they sing, they sing for the cash They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash You get respect by bein creative and yes a native to your audience, so you know reality In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta? If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex? If you believe in Allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check? All of this is incorrect First should always come respect The charts are not equal to the respect of the people Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model Right on stage, you'll get a bottle You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy But I'm a Parker so I'll play you like Monopoly Don't entertain the thought of droppin me To think of me as anything less than your teacher

I rip it up constantly
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

The teacher will come, again and again and again and again To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend So-when-their-lyrics-finish-KRS-One-just-begin RIPPING up sucker teachers put their courage to an end So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better Forever too clever for a petty MC in leather Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync The lyrics I write, help me think to guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace Just in case, get the FUCK out my face I run this place You're lucky you're from the same race A simple technique will keep you on beat With the style from the street you compete with the elite that's WEAK -- flashin gold and can't speak I seek the direction of the brown complexion So every year, I appear somewhere that you hear my dear to get one thing clear Whether on welfare or millionaire Don't step to this here or you outta here Allow me now to please change the gear ?And-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-mefeared, come!? ?We come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah? Let's get back to the hip-hop You come into the place you can't LOOK in my face Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height See there are millions of stars in the sky When the sun appears none are visible to the eye Why, the reason is the sun is the sun You can't possibly rock, until I'm done and finished, and like the evening I'll fade But when I return you'll cry for more shade So check the dancestyle cause I am not Softening up it's time that I rock and sing Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling! But instead bring intellect pon ting Cause you can inject ignorance in rap But Kenny Parker ain't tryin to hear that