

# Boogie Down Productions, Original

[Ms. Melodie]

Extra extra, read all about it!  
KRS-One's rhymes, have been doubted  
Suckers stepped up, and got MURDERED!!

[KRS-One]

Pump pump pom pom POING!  
Yo, this goes out, to George Bush  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Margaret Thatcher  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Bensonhurst  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... De Klerk  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick

It feels good to grab the mic and just allow yourself to chat  
The master of the microphone is here and he's black  
Recitin poetry, beautifully articulated  
Demonstrated by the never faded strong facial feature  
of the teacher, I am the teacher, you can check it  
The styles they're doing, is from my old record  
They bought my album, for \$8.99  
Studied the style, then wrote they own rhyme  
I don't mind because I'm here to show  
The lost MC's which way to go  
So here's my rep, to those that slept  
And didn't get the first concept in depth  
I am the manifestation of study  
NOT, the manifestation of money  
Therefore I advance through thought  
Not what's manufactured and bought  
Concentration, and calculation  
Goes into every song creation  
The first and second album rocked you  
Third album made you think and got through  
Didn't you think I knew?  
Number three, wasn't for the dance crew  
But it gave me a chance to see  
Who was REALLY down with BDP  
I set the warm milk, in the glass  
And the snakes came out the grass  
They don't realize I'm not confined  
Nor trapped by space and time  
I am a rebel, an overthrower  
Descendant of the black man Noah  
Radio DJ's, all around  
Constantly tell me how they are down  
To uplift Africa and unite black  
Yet they fronted when I dropped \_Why Is That?\_  
It's a fact, I don't beg for juice, I just get loose  
And demonstrate the truth  
Many MC's can only rock the many  
But I rock a few with my brother Kenny  
& From twenty-thousand to ten I'm housin  
African culture is what I'm arousin  
In your consciousness, soul and body  
Pay attention while I rock the party  
Cause now I'm gonna show ya how the East Coast rocks  
Bumpin sucker MC's out the box  
Rockin the dreadlocks and the flattops  
I like these ops, so I'll try not to stop, but drop  
The new hip-hop, and get props

Scott La, Scott La, Scott La, Scott LaRock  
Spins in heaven, while the earth I rock  
MC's adopt, the styles I drop  
They got no direction, they got no direction, they got no direction  
So they wanna go pop  
Chasin the charts up and down like suckers  
Totally ignoring their sisters and brothers  
They're the ones to say you're number one  
Not chart position, so pick up the drum and hum  
Sing along, it's a poetry session  
Mathematically applied, no guessin  
I'm fresh and dope and wild and wicked  
get your ticket, come straight to the jam I'll rip it  
Original lyrics, original lyrics, original lyrics, Kenny Parker on the mix!

[Special K]

Yes yes I'm Special K  
On New York's Two show on WBDP  
This is the brand new one by KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions  
And it's off the Edutainment LP  
Wanna send a shout out to the BDP Posse  
Of course to Teddy Ted, Nice and Smooth, D-Nice, D-Square  
And my man Fish, Sidney Mills, Ms. Melodie, Willie D  
And of course me... seeya!