

# Boogie Down Productions, Poetry

Verse One: KRS-One

Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson  
Class is in session so you can stop guessin  
If this is a tape or a written down memo  
See I am a professional, this is not a demo  
In fact call it a lecture, a visual picture  
Sort of a poetic and rhythm-like mixture  
Listen, I'm not dissin but there's somethin that you're missin  
Maybe you should touch reality, stop wishin  
For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste  
If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest  
I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it  
It takes concentration for fresh communication  
Observation, that is to see without speaking  
Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin  
a class, or rather school, cause you need schooling  
I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling  
This is an introduction to poetry  
A small dedication to those that might know of me  
They might know of you and maybe your gang  
But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang  
Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and Scott is the crossbow  
Say something now ... thought so  
You seem to be the type that only understand  
The annihilation and destruction of the next man  
That's not poetry, that is insanity  
It's simply fantasy far from reality  
Poetry is the language of imagination  
Poetry is a form of positive creation  
Difficult, isn't it? The point? You're missin it  
Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin it

Verse Two: KRS-One

Scott LaRock is innovating, decorating hip-hop  
The beat may drop but not like all the others  
They just cover while I just smother  
Every single stupid mutha -- wait wait brotha  
KRS-One will have to show another  
MC or self-proclaimed king or queen  
Or gang or crew or solo or team  
That I mean  
Business  
So tell me what is this?  
See I come from the Bronx so just kiss this  
Boogie Down Productions is somewhat an experiment  
The antidote for sucka MC's and they're fearin it  
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me  
The poetry I'm rattlin is really not for battlin  
But if you want I will simply change the program  
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"  
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical  
Boogie Down Productions attempts to prove somethin  
I say hypothetical because it's only theory  
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me

Verse Three: KRS-One

So what's your problem?  
It seems you want to be KRS-Two  
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack  
Cos KRS-One means simply one KRS  
That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less

I've built up my credential financially and mental  
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental  
I speak clearly and that's merely  
Or should I say a mere, help to my career  
I'm really not into fashion or craze  
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise  
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy  
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me  
But what a pity, I'm rockin New York City  
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf  
You as an amateur is outspoken  
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin  
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up  
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up  
"Blastmaster KRS" a synonym for "fresh"  
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test  
Got DJ Scott LaRock by my side, not in back of me  
Cos we make up the Boogie Down Productions crew faculty  
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite  
Cos when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it  
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it  
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it

I'm teaching poetry  
I'm teaching poetry  
Scott LaRock  
We're teaching po-e-try