

## Digital Underground "Heartbeat Props"

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People get ready for the heartbeat props  
(We're giving heartbeat props)  
Everybody get ready for the heartbeat props  
(We're giving heartbeat props)

We're gonna make it funky with the heartbeat props,  
y'all  
(We're giving heartbeat props)  
It's time to get busy with the heartbeat props  
(We're giving heartbeat props)

I give my man props 'cause he's living  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops?)  
Check it out, y'all, proper respect is what we're giving  
(We're giving heartbeat props)

Uh, I give my man props 'cause he's living  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops?)  
Don't you know that the proper respect is what we're  
giving

Seems like you wondered each day if the Underground  
Is going to stay down with the funky beats  
Even if you know that I'm a junkie for a bump that's  
funky  
And a fool for the loop, see, a groupie for the old one-  
twoiee

A bass freak would say oohwee  
Peace to DU 'cause I like the way you do me  
I love to go on about the funk, matter of fact  
I'd love to be another funk front runner

But first we gotta deal with the fronters  
So I can't go on, it's time to drop a few bombs  
Get busy, G, go on and take 'em to school  
Yeah, it's time spread the jewels

I ask you about Malcolm and you tell me that he's  
wicked  
Farrakhan comes you can't seem to buy a ticket  
And check what my man's got to say

Right or wrong, don't you think that he deserves a play?

'Cause he's living for you and you and you and you  
The brother X tried but he died trying to get through  
So why wait until the heartbeat stops?  
Yo, go on and give my man his props

If you're really that down then act what you say  
KRS and Chuck need support today  
I see you posing with the Dr King hanging on your wall  
Only difference is Chuck might give you that call

To march on Friday, yeah, it's kind of frightening  
Let me move so I don't get hit by the bolt of lightning  
Striking you down 'cause you're fronting  
A dead leader can't tax your mind  
Therefore he's not a threat to your personal time

All the lagging and the dragging  
Yo, I got something to do that day  
Yeah, you sound like an old bitch nagging  
Fuck that fronting, fuck that fronting  
We're pumping up the brothers 'cause the brothers  
keep it pumping

You got it all wrong  
When you wait for the TV to tell you what's going on  
Don't you hype on the mic ,yeah, they never get it right  
That's why you see we gotta thank God, y'all  
For niggas like Ice Cube

'Cause they'll tell the record straight  
Yo, my man's a prophet too, yo, god, you think he ain't?  
So do the right thing, it's not a black or a white thing  
We're here to let you know it's just a human being thing  
We're pulling out all stops 'cause it's time give  
heartbeat props

(We're giving heartbeat props)  
I give my man props 'cause he's living  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops?)  
Proper respect is what we're giving

(We're giving heartbeat props)  
I give my man props 'cause he's living  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops?)  
Don't you know, don't you know that proper respect is  
what we're giving

(We're giving heartbeat props)  
You're giving more respect to a dead man than you do

my man  
And my man's got the plans in his hand  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops?)  
(Heartbeat props)

I'm the type of guy that's sly like a fox  
An honor roll student in the school of hard knocks  
There was different type of brother that I used to look  
up to  
But I'm still giving props where the props are due

But let me start with a fool I don't give a fuck about  
I wanted to give a fuck you out  
To the nigga who went out on a whim  
He was a roody-poo for shooting Huey Newton

But I'm thanking God for niggas like Iceberg Slim  
And the chick the honky's ran to see  
She was the honky-tonk's fantasy  
Tina Turner, the living legacy  
And she's still got you tripping off the legs you see  
Another chick they used to beg to see

Was Josephine Baker, she had them hooked  
They loved the way she shook her money-maker  
But why did it take them so many decades  
To give a little praise to who they ran rave to see

With a dark complexion  
She was sex symbol befo' Marilyn Monroe  
But her heart stopped before  
They gave props to the old pro

It took a great man to mold those  
So I want to give props to my pops because he told  
those  
But there's a time to break necks and throw bolos  
Be a cold bro and throw low blows

When you want to close the shows of your foes  
'Cause foes are those that you got to break like  
windows  
Check it, when respect goes it's time to break a nose  
But give respect before the soul goes

Well, I suppose respect is what respect'll get ya  
So I'm giving them gifts before they're stiff like the  
pose  
In the pictures of Vogue and flashy fashion magazines  
You be thumbing in 'em, props to Beverly Johnson  
She was the first black woman in 'em

Pee, drop the bomb and end the pressure with the  
menace  
Smith & Wesson clear the lesson that your mama gave  
Mama gave PeeWee the same threats, she used  
drastic measures  
Told me to give her the full respect or get my ass  
kicked  
It was my intention to relent just till the last kick  
When she goes she'll roll over in a solid gold casket

When I was young Muhammad Ali had me sprung  
'Cause he was the champ, as the champion he was my  
idol  
Yo, they took his title when he wouldn't take the gun  
And fight in Vietnam the only way he felt, then he won  
the belt again

Now they want me in the army but they can't harm me  
'Cause I ain't no punk, I ain't under man to Uncle  
Tommy  
Props to Islam, it's getting brothers together before the  
big bomb  
Blast out, before we're all assed-out  
We need to see that we got to start giving the props to  
the living

(We're giving heartbeat props)  
I said I give my man props 'cause he's living  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops?)  
Uh, I said proper respect is what we're giving

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Yeah, Spike Lee, Alex Haley, Brand Nubian, sister  
Whoopi Goldberg  
Dick Gregory, X-Clan, sister Isis, BDP, Muhammad Ali,  
Stevie Wonder  
Poor Righteous Teachers, Andrew Jackson, Denzel  
Washington  
Sister Sarah Sahad Ali, Public Enemy, Stokely  
Carmichael

Sister Oprah Winfrey, yeah, Jesse Jackson, nuff  
respect, Paris  
Gangstarr, Gil Scott Heron, George the fuck Clinton,  
Louis Farrakhan  
Sister Queen Latifah, Bill Cosby, sister Angela Davis  
The entire Nation of Islam, nucka, know what I'm  
saying?

Afrika Bambaataa, Miles motherfucking Davis, sister  
Assata Shakur  
Once known as Joanne Chesimard, Robert Townsend,  
Nelson Mandela  
Karreem Abdul-Jabbar, the Black Panther Party, James  
Earl Jones  
The FOIs, nucka, Howard E. Rollins, sister Naomi, yeah,

nuff respect

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