

Boogie Down Productions "Like a Throttle"

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[KRS-One]

snapping fingers and singing

Ha ha, hah hah! Da-doo-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
Crazy you got to be
These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily
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-me-feared, 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

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