

Boogie Down Productions "Ya Slippin'"

Visit "[Ya Slippin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Yo man, these people around here in '87 just slippin-dough, you know what I'm sayin? Boogie Down Productions not slippin-dough, so hold ya hands-you know what I'm sayin? (word) Yo! What's goin' on? Mr. Magic-you know what Happened? He slipped on us-he die. Pumpin KISS FM, we rock. To my man DJ Red Alert- we chillin' (word). Yo man! Yo do, heard about, man, this shit About this kid-Wearin' the, ah, Jerry Curls, man. Word up! He was slippin' Yo dough, word up, word up. He had a yellow coat on, but no description was Given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin
This is the warning, known as the caution
Do not attempt to dis 'cause you'll soften
Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress
You can't match this style or attack this
While I'm telling you, write on schedule
Fuck with K-R-S and I'll bury you
Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel
No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle
Total domination on stage
Kris is the name, 22 is the age
Those who wanna battle, I know who you are
You got a little girl, you drive a little car
You come into the place with that look on your face
Before you ran the mile, you lost the race
So assume you're doomed when you step in the room
I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom
I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete
I'll slide you to a funky beat
So what do we have here?
A sucka in fear
I snatched your heart
Put it way up on the chart
At ten you're fucked
At nine you suck

At eight you're a sucker
At seven-a mothafucka
At six you're slapped
At five you're just wacked
At four you're lost
At three, you're just soft
At two you're an ass
At one, you're a dick
But before you slip, I'll whip
'Cause homeboy, ya slippin'

(Yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on. A long time, ya see me
slip on, crop D
And I'll slip on, everybody-I slip on. Sayin? I'll come
back if I miss you
Sayin?)

I understand that music calms the savage beast
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by
piece
First a bass, a snare
A little cut over there
I add my name K-R-S
And the shit becomes fresh
I ask Moe and ICU for their thoughts
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are tough
One again, the tactics of original arts
We're gettin' payed to the end 'cause we were down
from the start
We're known as Boogie Down Productions, ain't no B-
boy stance
Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance
We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost
You wanna hear a fresh rhyme? You've come to the
source
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a
pedestal
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule
One after another, another to the next
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't
flex
Check your larynx
It may get lower havin' sex
Or may get higher
When bustin' as a liar
These are the things I teach so be tough
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you
fought?
If you come up with a number, notebook, or list
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed
I'm bringin' back that ol' New York rap

That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap
It's funny
Just dissin' you I can make money
But noone's tippin'
My message is simple Ya' slippin'

(They slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin'
all the way to the top
Man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? To my brother
KRS-1, you're large, I'm
Sayin, large-everytime, man, large. They're slippin')

E-N-O, S-R-K
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say
Goddam! They all seem to sound alike
Till you hear the crew standin' over in the light
Showing, glowing, on the top growing
The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing
Just like a river, or better yet a stream
I'm proud to be down with the winning team
So don't ever in your life even think about an
arguement
Cuz you'll get walked on like carpet
We'll pick you up, and dust you off
Stamp BDP on you're head and you're off
But you won't even change that to say instead
I'm down cuz I got a BDP on my head
So just before you inherit that ass kicking
I suggest you wake right up cuz ya slippin'
(Yo! They slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they
slippin'-word up

Word up
I
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-
dough, they
Slippin'
Man. B-boy Records, Magic, yo all the time they slippin-
ya know what
I'm
Saying? This other kid-I don't know what his name is,
but you know
What time
It is. (WORD UP!) He's slippin' too (everybody). Slippin',
and
Everytime
He do somethin', he's slippin'. Slippin'.)

Visit [Boogie Down Productions](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

