

## **Julia Fordham**

### **"Heartbeat Props"**

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[Chorus]

People, get ready for the heartbeat props

(Heartbeat props!)

Everybody, get ready for the heartbeat props

(Heartbeat props!)

We're gonna make it funky with the heartbeat props,  
y'all

(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 proper respect is what we're giving

(We're giving heartbeats props)

[Shock G]

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 has 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! 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  
I thought you're 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

[Chorus]

[Big Money Odi\$]

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

[PeeWee]

With a dark complexion she was sex symbol befo'

Marilyn Monroe

But her heart stopped before they gave props to the  
old pro

[Big Money Odi\$]

It took a great man to mould 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

[PeeWee]

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

[Big Money Odi\$]

Pee, drop the bomb and end the pressure with the  
menace

Smith & Wesson clear the lesson that your mama gave

[PeeWee]

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 champion, 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 bet again

Now they want me in the army but they can't harm me

Cause I ain't no punk, I ain't [??????] 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

[Chorus]

[Shock G]

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, Stokley  
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 Adul-Jabbar, the Black Panther Party, James  
Earl Jones  
The FOIs, nucka, Howard E. Rollins, sister Naomi, yeah,  
nuff respect!

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