

Krs-One

"Return Of The Boom Bap"

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Boom bap original rap
Boom bap original rap

See how it sounds, a little unrational
See how it sounds, a little unrational
See how it sounds, a little unrational
See how it sounds, a little unrational

Now, bad boy squad and bad boy crew
Everything I do, I do just for you
Another silly sucker wants the champion belt
But like a microwave, these days I make 'em melt

'Return Of The Boom Bap' means just that
It means return of the real hard beats and real rap
The ladies in the place like it just like that
I'm around the way guy with the baseball cap

You know my style, you know my name
I'm chillin' at the top but I'm still the same
I never crossed over, never went pop
You know KRS will give you real hip hop so

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People always callin' me a top celebrity
'Cuz when I'm on the mic, I like to speak freely
You hear me chattin' lyric but I'm not an MC
A one poetic member of the crew B.D.P.

I looked around the nation but I simply couldn't find
Another entertainer wit a rhyme like mine
I pick up the mic and I tear up the phone
At this point in the party I should be left alone

But uh oh, uh oh, I've come to show a brand new flow
Is the flow wack? No, listen to the pro
Come to the show in a B boy stance, bogle in the dance
Bogle and a bogle and a bogle in the party

Here's a likkle stylee, come an wake up everybody
Boom bap original rap, boom bap, boom bap original
rap
Refreshin' when you hear it hard rap is all that so

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Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance
Bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance
Bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party

On and on to the PM Dawn
I buck two shots and your squad is gone
You add a little street in your R A P
But never do you wanna challenge B.D.P.
'Cuz smashin' up a crew, one two is the least

When a sucka wants to battle that just gets me geesed
I never backed down to a MC feud
Never on stage KRS got booed
Stayed hardcore, never changed my attitude

I got the hip hop juice for the hip hop food
I eat when I drink and I drink when I eat
When I speak, what I speak, what I speak is not weak
Now Boogie down, boogie down, boogie down
Boogie down, boogie down product
With the buck buck buck buck buck buck buck

Throw ya hands high in the sky
Wave 'em around 'cuz I get down
Down to the nitty, to the nitty, to the gritty
Peace to all the hardcore kids in the city so

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See how it sounds, see how it sounds
Fresh for 1993 you suckas

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