

Live

"Down Wit Us *"

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* a '97 update of Boogie Down Production's "I'm Still #1"

Ha ha, yo, yo
My man Keith Murray, is down wit us
My nigga Erick Sermon, is down wit us
My man Lil' Jamal, is down wit us
My Def Squad click, is down wit us
The Pack Pistol Posse is down wit us yo
My L.O.D. click, is down wit us
We're number one!
Ha ha ha, ha ha, yo yo, yo well yo

It's the Red Moolie, yellin for the villain in the movie
I'm like Kentucky, I pack a biscuit and a two-piece
Ya nod thorough, blows like the tri-borough
I die thorough with a metal on my chest sayin Def
Check out the rhythm that I cook up
You too scared to look up, you're merkin
I Set it Off like La in that big-ass Suburban *errrr*
Bumrush your villa then I'm closin all the curtains,
LIGHTS OUT
Who's next to get stomped? I smash hardcore from
Jerz
to the South South Bronx, the bizarre rap non-superstar
of course, my Actions Affirmative like Nas Escobar
Flip a quarter, heads or tails you're gettin slaughtered
I blow the S-L boy out of order
My mental disorder is pure water
I hit your wifey doggystyle in the Land
while the CD program's on 'Whatever Man'

My peoples up in Jersey, is down wit us, uhh
My peoples locked down, down wit us, uhh
My peoples in New York, is down wit us
The housing projects, is down wit us
My people who be hustlin is down wit us
Cause makin funky music is a must
I'm number one!
Ha haa! Check it check check check here we go huh
huh

Aiyyo, throw yo' hands up in the motherfuckin air
And wave em, until y'all cash flows hit the pavement
Fuck the B-X, I roll on fours like G-S
Signed truly yours, Funk Doctor Spock, P.S.
Rumble in the Jungle, I bumped into Fugees
on the humble, on the one-deuce, my bundles
be raw diggy, surprise you like you saw titties
on that, milk chick, watch me damage your acoustics
The Muddy Waters be blowin your tape recorders
Pull out the four niggaz steppin like they on a Nord(ic)
Track, cool out black got no time for scratch
You wanna battle, here's a lyric with a bomb attached
psst

These your peoples, you better call em back before I
beat through
his windpipe, with the cordless mic and the cerebral
HAHH, look up in the motharfuckin sky, it's a
widow, pushin a fifteen zero zero
With tinted windows, so it's hard to look through
Chickenhead shotgun, pumpin Erykah Badu
Don't snooze, you'll be like damn is it the shoes?
The way I maneuv I could slip a uz in school
I been a raw dog since I brought me an eighth
And Can't Nobody Hold Me Down like I'm Puffy and
Mase

Ha hah, ha ha ha! Ha ha, aiyyo, aiyyo
Fox Boogie Brown, is down wit us
My nigga Meth-Tical, is down wit us
Yo, Thuggish Ruggish Flesh, is down wit us, yo
Yo, my homie Richie Rich, is down wit us, yo
That nigga LL Cool, is down wit us, yo
My dog Warren G, is down wit us
We're number one!
Ha hah, ha hah, ya-ha-ha, yo yo

Trigger the Gambler, down wit us, yo
My peeps West coast, is down wit us, yo
My peeps who pack toast, is down wit us yo
Atlanta, G-A, is down wit us yo
My peeps in Virginia, is down wit us yo
North Carolina, is down wit us yo
My peeps in D.C., is down wit us yo
My peeps in...

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