

## Paul Simon

### "I Get Wrecked"

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Intro:

KRS One : Pop pop pop pop!  
KRS One : Go uptown, go uptown, go uptown, go  
uptown (in the background)  
(repeats while Tim Dog is speaking)  
Tim Dog : Yeahhhh, ha hah, you have been warned  
The Boogie Down boys are gonna get ya  
KRS One : That's right boye, you are now jammin to the  
sounds of the Boogie Down  
Hit em like this, hooooooooo

Chorus: Tim Dog (KRS-One in parenthesis)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, can I get a yes (yes)  
Can I get another one, yes (yes)  
Do I get wreck and get respect (yes)  
Lyrically I can get wreck (yes), ha hah  
Well can I get a ho (ho)  
Can I get another one, ho (ho)  
Do I get wreck at any show (ho)  
Lyrically I got the flow (ho), there ya go

Verse One: KRS-One

What does KRS and Tim Dog have in common  
We both hate corny ass soft commercial rhyme  
I don't sound like Phyllis Simon or the Wynans  
I rock Central Park but do not mistake me for Paul  
Simon  
I can't hear nothin but wreck, do not force me  
I can't hear Fred Astaire sharin Tommy Dorsey you lost  
me  
Pure hip-hop rhymes beats I see  
Singers dressed like rappers kickin love songs you can  
keep  
Give me the boom bap when I kick my rap  
No need for background singers and dancers, fuck all  
that  
What you see you see, what you hear you hear  
When you cheer and you cheer, I'm every fresh MC's

nightmare

The instrumental is fundamentally essential  
When I practice I get sharp like a pencil  
But the pencil's made of oak, so don't provoke  
You'll get broke, whaddya take I for a joke?  
I'm radical, mathematical if I have static I'll  
Pick up the mic or automatic either way I won't have it  
I cover the whole gamit  
Mic I'll rap it leaving with your ass out like a faggot  
This is a losing battle your like cattle  
The sound of my name KRS makes your tail waggle  
Better yet you're a snake so it rattles  
I'll dice you up like you're apple, smash you into  
Snapple  
I'm not, the one you wanna battle that bad  
Or just give me your ass I'll make a shoulder bag  
I bring the blade all around  
By the time I'm done you'll be \$2.99 a pound

Verse Two: Tim Dog

Coming from the butcher shop  
Fuck with KRS and the Dog and get chopped  
Chopped, say stopped, hah think stopped  
Stop listen to the hip-hop while others slip-slop  
Till they hit the tip-top now it's time to get props  
Wack MC's I just tax  
I'll eat tracks shit it out with Ex-Lax  
Bitch ass niggaz step aside  
Tenderoni rappers, means your homicide  
Toyin non-believers, here's the menace side  
Shit aside, come inside, you're goin on a murder ride  
I'm energetical theoretical copastetical alphabetical  
Hypothetical yeah that is cool, no I'm not a fool  
Takin you to school, don't be late for school, fool  
I'm suckin your girl while your ass in school  
Fool, why bother drool, cause I'm too cool  
I'm the man with lyrics that jam  
Kickin MC's in the face like Van Damme  
Shazam, hot damn, thank you ma'am  
Don't eat Spam or no types of ham  
You thought I fell off? You're smokin somethin  
You thought I was soft? You on dope or somethin  
You must be on a can of dope and dog food  
You actin real rude, don'tcha know I'm Tim Dog dude?  
So go ahead and flex, if you got necks  
But when I get the mic I get wreck  
So come on, come on, come on, come on  
I'll eat that ass that's word is born  
Rarrrrrgh!

Chorus: Tim Dog (KRS-One in parenthesis)

Can I get a yes (yes)  
Can I get another one, yes (yes)  
Do I get wreck and get respect (yes)  
Are you the king the K the R the S (ohhh yes)  
Well can I get a ho (ho)  
Can I get another one, ho (ho)  
Do I get wreck at any show (ho)  
Lyrically I got the flow (ho), there ya go

Verse Three: KRS-One

Now don't say nuttin while I'm checkin ya  
Causin hysteria been in more battles than America  
Rap messenger, comin in quick I pick up the mizick and  
watch em stagger  
Rip another verse and watch his body splatter  
Whether you like me or not don't matter, Kris is not a  
actor  
I'll burn your favorite rapper and leave him in stitches  
Weak bitches, real renegade rap rebels rip rhymes  
Ferociously, which one of these pussy MC's can go at  
me  
So if you wish to play me like a farmer  
I get calmer, chop ya ass up like Jeffrey Dahmer  
My psychopathic fantastic pathic puts you in a casket  
On top of that, you can get your ass kicked  
Quick, awww shit  
(undecipherable)  
And I got more rhymes than Madonna gets dick  
And I'm the lyrical lunatic, that flips offness with the  
quickness  
Yo I get heated like cough menthalypus now  
The micraphone I must feel it I must touch it up  
Kris One and Tim Dog's come to fuck it up  
Evidently I bust shots till the glock is empty  
No safety, pull the trigger tip don't try to chase me  
Down, chase the sound you must be buggin  
This is Boogie Down, Boogie Down, Boogie Down  
Boogie Down Boogie Down Produc-tions  
Jump around be the one is the function  
Tim Dog, why don't you show em a little somethin

Verse Four : Tim Dog

Baby baby um, maybe maybe um  
You better run, cause you know I have a gun  
Bang bang boogie, up jumps the boogie  
Take that bullshit rap down the street  
A skippedy be bop be bop, Scooby Doo

That bullshit's not me, that bullshit is you  
I come correct, get much respect  
Do some hummina hummina shit, and still get wreck  
Cause I'm the Dog, the muthafuckin Dog ya hear  
I'm the Dog, the muthafuckin Dog ya hear  
MC's come close but never could get near  
Cause I just smash, throwin keys through glass  
Take his cash, whip his ass, and do a yard dash  
So take your ass home, write a poem  
And when you get nice, use the god damn phone  
Cause I get buckwild, do some ole freestyle  
And beat ya down with the turnstile  
Doggie doggie bo boggie fanana fanna fo foggie  
Me mi mo moggie, doggie  
Rappers goin platinum doin this bullshit  
I do the same shit, and make a big hit  
Cause if you don't like my lyrical flow  
I gotta make dough, don'tcha know, ya little ho-  
Mo- sexual I bet you will  
Be on the dick if it turns into a hit  
But that type of shit is jumpin the fuck off  
So I do the same, now I'm comin off  
So don't get upset if you can't get lyrical respect  
Don't get mad, get wreck

Closing : Tim Dog

Yeahhh, this track has been dedicated, to real hip-hop  
The lyrics, peace to all the true hip-hop followers out  
there  
Peace to the Zulu Nation  
Peace to Willie D and the Boogie Down Production  
posse  
And peace to the South Bronx, peace! (echoes)

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