

Jadakiss F/ Ann Nesby**"Dope Beat"**

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My name is that top of all of those that mix
Turnin poetry into cash for eighty ... seven
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade
Go by, and why? Cos they wasn't fly
Others claim to be fresh
But they're not KRS
I cannot walk around the street with my head in the
clouds
Either runnin on my gear or havin colors too loud
Everything must coincide with the way I feel
And by the way, it's Scott LaRock on the wheels of steel
So I take one step to adjust the mic
I get around the whole city so I do wear Nike
I like the funky beat
A studio like to meet
I write the crazy fresh lyrics
And I don't eat meat
You can look me up and down, and my DJ too
Because we make up the Boogie Down Productions
crew
Takin out MC's on the 1, 2, 3
No matter who they claim to be in society
Because we know their games, we ?appall their? ???
If they need a different style we can get ?large?
He's I.C.U., he's out to kill
I'm KRS and we get ill
DJ Scott LaRock got his own beat
The extravagant life is what we seek
I will tell you like this cos I know for a fact
I will live a long life and I don't smoke crack
Captivat in the crowd 7 days a week
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat

For me to say again another verse of my rhyme
Means what you heard before must've blew up your
mind
So now it's time to find poetry like mine
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind
Pullin out, easy goin cos the money be flowin
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin

Stupid MC's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done
?They? study rhymes all week but I be rhymin for fun
When they lose they get upset, ?always? pullin a gun
But they will snap out of that because I'm KRS-One
Not two, not three, but o-n-e
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur
ways
Keep in mind that I been out there from back in the
days
I don't brag about the people I know
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nuthin
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt
Cos no matter how you front it's still the ones you want
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion
Takin out you suckas while Scott LaRock is spinnin

My name is KRS-One, I'm still kinda young
I don't wear Adidas cos my name ain't Run
Got Nikes on my feet and to be complete
I can rock an American or reggae beat
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason
Make the rhymes up every season, this style, I'm just
teasin
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin
you
This particular style may vary,
The things I converse about are heard rarely
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent
You know what?

I.C.U. is in the house...
Miss Melodie is in the house...
?Lena? Love is in the house...
D-Nice rocks the house...
?Gold Miss? ??? rocks the house...
Flavis Walker turns em out...
?42 Black? knocks em out...
Til my mellow pulled his gun, rock the house...
?Naughty? bust it out...
McBoo turns it out...
Chuck Chillout cuts it up...
Red Alert breaks it out...
Scott LaRock Jr. my pride and joy...
KRS-One
His mother's first son
And no ?he can? never run...

?BD?...
?BD?...
Scott LaRock...
Scott LaRock

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