

Jadakiss F/ Ann Nesby

"Essays on BDP-ism"

Visit "[Essays on BDP-ism](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

Am I supposed to stand here?
These bright lights, I'll probably get a tan here
Scott, turn up the master
So I can hear, and talk faster
I'm the Blastmaster, cos I'm blasted
I know a lot of y'all are shocked that I've lasted
But Blastmaster is a subtitle
KRS ONE is more vital
And more lethal and more vicious
As the suckers always say, "He just dissed us!
He got a problem, yo, he's conceited"
I'm not conceited, they just couldn't beat it
Cos when I'm in a club I like to mingle
Seconds later they're playin' that single
Loud as a collision and pumped up dramatically
So the people in the place will automatically
Time it, and dance right behind it
Those that have it on tape will rewind it
It's not surprising, we rock parties
Anywhere, anyone, anybody
Some sound shoddy, like cardboard
But I'm blessed, praise the lord
You see I like to study, I like money
I like eatin' wheat bread with honey
But to none of these am I addicted
I like to remain free and unafflicted
With the sickness of attachment
The material road of entrapment
Those that walk this road become weak
They can't think, they can't speak
Unself-sufficient, cos they're leeching
I'm not dissin', I'm simply teachin'
Well if you notice, not once
Have I said Scott's name to gain fame
See it's a shame that they're blinded
If they had a piece of paper I'd sign it
That's called an autograph, this is called a class
I've only come to educate the mass
Of young people, to this there's no sequel
Just a message, be peaceful

And loving, but not a sucker
And stay away from negative motherfuckers
They only pull you down with their hate
But wait, here's somethin' to meditate...

[Verse 2]

Downratin' statements you always seem to make
You never wanna create cos b-boys you don't affiliate
You're self-whipped cos you claim it's not a gift
To execute the rhyme on time without a shift
You only utter negativity, never productivity
For the b-boy talent or b-boy productivity
Yet when all the currency comes in tax free
You wanna see me? My name is Kris and now you
guessed this
I got X-ray vision and I'm lookin' through your game
It's the same, what a shame, now take aim on what I
shall obtain
Absolute respect from you, con, cos now you know it
I'm Blastmaster KRS ONE, short for poet
I do not read the paper, I read the dictionary
Cos nuclear destruction, yeah, AIDS just doesn't scare
me
The girls be lookin' sweeter, the cops be lookin' meaner
Carryin' bigger gun, shoot the people for fun
If you could realise this you won't be called a toy
But yet a b-boy, and I know you'll enjoy
Just coolin' out without a doubt, I ivin' life a little
different
Yeah, different, never innocent, with a little dilligence
I am only 20, yet here's my present level
Just one of the Boogie Down Production crew rebels
Our reputation grows as the music gets vicious
I will succeed while you suckers make wishes
Time and time again I prove to be exciting
But time and time again you prove to be biting
I need no judge, no jury, no lawyers
With DJ Scott La Rock, better known as The Destroyer!

Visit [Jadakiss F/ Ann Nesby](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.