

**Jadakiss F/ Ann Nesby****"Ya Slippin'"**

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(Yo man, these people around here in '87 just slippin-dough, you know what  
I'm sayin? Boogie Down Productions not slippin-dough, so hold ya hands-you  
know what I'm sayin? (word) Yo! What's goin' on? Mr. Magic-you know what  
happened? He slipped on us-he die. Pumpin KISS FM, we rock. To my man DJ  
Red Alert- we chillin' (word). Yo man! Yo do, heard about, man, this shit  
about this kid-Wearin' the, ah, Jerry Curls, man. Word up! He was slippin'.  
Yo dough, word up, word up. He had a yellow coat on, but no description was  
given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin  
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin  
This is the warning, known as the caution:  
Do not attempt to dis cuz you'll soften  
Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress  
You can't match this style or attack this  
While I'm telling you, write on schedule  
Fuck with K-R-S and I'll bury you  
Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel  
No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle  
Total domination on stage  
Kris is the name, 22 is the age  
Those who wanna battle, I know who you are  
You got a little girl, you drive a little car  
You come into the place with that look on your face  
Before you ran the mile, you lost the race  
So assume you're doomed when you step in the room  
I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom  
I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete  
I'll slide you to a funky beat  
So what do we have here?  
A sucka in fear  
I snatched your heart  
Put it way up on the chart  
At ten you're fucked

At nine you suck  
At eight you're a sucker  
At seven-a mothafucka  
At six you're slapped  
At five you're just wacked  
At four you're lost  
At three, you're just soft  
At two you're an ass  
At one, you're a dick  
But before you slip, I'll whip  
Cuz homeboy, ya slippin'

(Yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on. A long time, ya see me  
slip on, crop D,  
and I'll slip on, everybody-I slip on. Sayin? I'll come  
back if I miss you,  
sayin?)

I understand that music calms the savage beast  
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by  
piece  
First a bass, a snare  
A little cut over there  
I add my name K-R-S  
And the shit becomes fresh  
I ask Moe and ICU for their thoughts  
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are taught  
One again, the tactics of original arts  
We're gettin' payed to the end cuz we were down from  
the start  
We're known as Boogie Down Productions, ain't no B-  
boy stance  
Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance  
We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost  
You wanna hear a fresh rhyme? You've come to the  
source  
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a  
pedestal  
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule  
One after another, another to the next  
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't  
flex  
Check your larynx  
It may get lower havin' sex  
Or may get higher  
When bustin' as a liar  
These are the things I teach so be taught  
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you  
fought?  
If you come up with a number, notebook, or list  
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed

I'm bringin' back that ol' New York rap  
That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap  
It's funny  
Just dissin' you I can make money  
But noone's tippin'  
My message is simple: Ya' slippin!

(They slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin'  
all the way to the top  
man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? To my brother  
KRS-1, you're large, I'm  
sayin, large-everytime, man, large. They're slippin')

E-N-O, S-R-K  
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say  
Goddam! They all seem to sound alike  
Till you hear the crew standin' over in the light  
Showing, glowing, on the top growing  
The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing  
Just like a river, or better yet a stream  
I'm proud to be down with the winning team  
So don't ever in your life even think about an  
argument  
Cuz you'll get walked on like carpet  
We'll pick you up, and dust you off  
Stamp BDP on you're head and you're off  
But you won't even change that to say instead  
I'm down cuz I got a BDP on my head  
So just before you inherit that ass kicking  
I suggest you wake right up cuz ya slippin'

(Yo! They slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they  
slippin'-word up, I  
don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-  
dough, they slippin'  
man. B-boy Records, Magic, yo all the time they slippin-  
ya know what I'm  
saying? This other kid-I don't know what his name is,  
but you know what time  
it is. (WORD UP!) He's slippin' too (everybody). Slippin',  
and everytime  
he do somethin', he's slippin'. Slippin'.)

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