

Poetry

Boogie Down Productions

One: KRS-One Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson

Class is in session so you can stop guessin

If this is a tape or a written down memo

See I am a professional, this is not a demo

In fact call it a lecture, a visual picture

Sort of a poetic and rhythm-like mixture

Listen, I'm not dissin but there's somethin that you're missin

Maybe you should touch reality, stop wishin

For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste

If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest

I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it

It takes concentration for fresh communication

Observation, that is to see without speaking

Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin

a class, or rather school, cause you need schooling

I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling

This is anduction to poetry

A small dedication to those that might know of me

They might know of you and maybe your gang

But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang

Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and Scott is the crossbow

Say something now ... thought so

You seem to be the type that only understand

The annihilation and destruction of the next man

That's not poetry, that is insanity

It's simply fantasy far from reality

Poetry is the language of imagination

Poetry is a form of positive creation

Difficult, isn't it? The point? You're missin it

Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin it

Two: KRS-One Scott LaRock is innovating, decorating hip-hop

The beat may drop but not like all the others

They just cover while I just smother

Every single stupid mutha -- wait wait brotha

KRS-One will have to show another

MC or self-proclaimed king or queen

Or gang or crew or solo or team

That I mean

Business

So tell me what is this?

See I come from the Bronx so just kiss this

Boogie Down Productions is somewhat an experiment

The antidote for sucka MC's and they're fearin it
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me
The poetry I'm rattlin is really not for battlin
But if you want I will simply change the program
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical
Boogie Down Productions attempts to prove somethin
I say hypothetical because it's only theory
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me
Three: KRS-One So what's your problem?
It seems you want to be KRS-Two
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack
Cos KRS-One means simply one KRS
That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less
I've built up my credential financially and mental
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental
I speak clearly and that's merely
Or should I say a mere, help to my career
I'm really not into fashion or craze
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me
But what a pity, I'm rockin New York City
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf
You as an amateur is outspoken
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up
"Blastmaster KRS" a synonym for "fresh"
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test
Got DJ Scott LaRock by my side, not in back of me
Cos we make up the Boogie Down Productions crew faculty
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite
Cos when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it I'm teaching poetry
I'm teaching poetry
Scott LaRock
We're teaching po-e-try

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