

# Crumbs On the Table

## D-Nice

(Is that a turntable? Well get on it, it's your turn)Who gets laid, the chicken or the egg?

How about the MC that has just been led  
To a renegade teacher, preacher then he got stomped  
Cause I'm a feature straight from the Bronx  
Productions, better known as Boogie Down  
If I was a king right now I'd get crowned  
The Nice is a teacher, not a prince or a rap lord  
I even write my rhymes on a blackboard  
To get specific, and probably make you understand  
What makes the 808 plan  
It's simple, I'm a round it off like this  
That's how many stupid MC's I've dissed  
But if the commence to try me I won't buy it  
I'll look them up and down and I'll say "Don't even try it"  
Cause I can go on and on without breathing  
The TR, another form of BDP-eating  
MC's like Chunky, moving real bluntly  
Shaking and baking MC's like a junky  
Fiending, hitting MC's like they was cocaine  
Calling them John Doe, meaning they have no name  
I'll spin you like a quarter, drink you like water  
Hit below the belt with things you never thought of  
I lay down the law that I am a slaughter  
I roll like a tital wave, so you oughta  
Float like a sailboat, move like a speedboat  
In water, now watch you soak  
Into a rhyme of mine until you hit the bottom  
It's heavy like an anchor, it's no problem  
For me to just bake you, eat you like a cookie  
I am a professional, boy, you're just a rookie  
I'm here to sing a song, but some are not able  
Compared to me you're just crumbs on the table  
In my prime, more vocal than I've ever been  
I'm not an amateur, sort of like a veteran  
Split from the bums, arriving from a long trip  
Now I'm back to just cold rip  
MC's like confetti, eat 'em like spaghetti  
I chill for a year and yet I'm still ready  
To house MC's, sink 'em like a boat will  
I roll heavy, thick like oatmeal  
So now you know the 808 is showing  
I do damage in just one moment

Here's a little message to those who want to hang out  
Just remember that I give pain out  
The TR-808 relates to a terrorizer  
Never hiding, clever always memorizing  
Poetry, history, math, or even paragraphs  
I'm not into b-boying, just hoeing  
Showing, blowing MC's like the wind does  
I might lay you, sort of like a hen does  
Cause your rhymes are weak and unstable  
Compared to me you're just crumbs on the table  
You must think, before you even get soup  
I'll put you on the corner and sell you like a prostitute  
Like a street whore, make you want more and more  
Move you to the side, up and down like a seesaw  
Pulling out a gun is uncalled for  
But I'm with it, so go for yours  
You may even try to diss, but I call it flattery  
I pack more volts than a Duracell battery  
Charging MC's, smooth like the breeze  
Scott made me funky, yo, that was one theme  
Or topic, showing I be rocking  
Every little city I play I leave a heat wave  
Burning up the industry, never try to get with me  
I'm the type of person that never needs rehearsing  
Just a little sex, a six pack of Beck's  
And my room to move about, and a Guinness Stout  
To make me feel able, chilling, and stable  
Sometimes I'm on the mic, sometimes I'm on the turntable  
I'm superb, sort of like herb  
A man of my word and I've never been served!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>