

# The Kenny Parker Show

Boogie Down Productions

Indeed truly we are the mighty mighty BDP posse  
This is our fourth album and we're still not takin' no shorts  
Yeah, ha hah!  
On the wheels of steel is Kenny Parker  
As we say he can't get no darker  
All about action not a fast talker  
All the whick whack sucker DJ's  
Gotta try much harder  
My man Willie Willie Willie D  
Taggin up BDP with a fat marker  
And this is what's on today's charter  
Ha hah hah  
All the ladies in the place throw your hands up in the air  
BDP rockin' without no fear  
So Kenny Parker if you know what time it is  
Throw the funky fresh beat in like this

C'mon!

Ha hah  
Well it's me, down with BDP  
KRS-One rocks ANY party  
Rocks the beats, and the breaks  
Rock the socks off the frauds and the fakes  
The suckers shake, while I'm creatin'  
They get together and they start debatin'  
How can we take him out one time?  
So they push up the best with the freshest rhyme  
I might go first, and he'll go second  
I'll wreck him, deck him, say to him, "Just checkin' the mic"  
Droppin' fresh styles I like  
So throw up your hands and drop your mic  
'Cause I'll go third, and he'll go fourth  
By the fifth you're dissed cause you lost  
Six is your beat down, your title is seven  
Takin' out your four man crew makes eleven  
By the twelfth well I'll go for self  
Rockin' New York like no one else  
You can check any rapper from seventy-eight  
A few have rocked their whole career straight  
Some had dope twelve inches, count em  
But not many crews had slammin' albums  
BDP rocks consistently

From criminal minded to nineteen-ninety  
Why? Well that's my secret baby  
Here's a hint: the public pays me  
So you can call me a public servant  
Not a King but a teacher, I'll believe I earned it  
So I just walk, or ride my bike  
If I walk to a jam well I'll rock the mic  
Gimme a chance and I'll rock the house  
But don't let a sucker try to take me out  
'Cause male or female, I will strangle  
If it's a crew, they'll have to untangle  
Adidas, Nike's, arms, mics  
Turntables suckers in the wheel of my bike

Step right up if that's what you like  
But watch your head cause it'll fly like a kite  
In the night at a height right for flight  
Way out of sight, you bite, I recite  
My style is bright, still you're sellin' out to white  
As your faggot DJ would say, "Well alright"  
I am your mentor  
Victory is mine, it's time you surrender  
Sucker! And just back up quickly  
Your style is sickly, but you persist to get me  
Or outwit me with the style that I created  
Years ago when you was doin' a dollar fifty show  
Oh, all of a sudden you don't know  
Or can't remember, can't recall, can't bring to mind  
That rhyme that place do not chase  
I run a marathon a race of rhymes in your face  
In case you bass I'll erase your whole rap  
Tell you right now I ain't tryin' to hear that

I don't dress up to rap or keep a hairdo  
I only grab the mic and bust holes in a crew  
I deny your existence as artists  
You're puttin' out a record expectin' to chart  
But it's weak, but when you speak through the microphone  
You fail to realize nope you're not alone  
On the earth, the light comes forth as KRS  
Intelligence, force, and love manifest in the flesh  
I snatch the mic and shed light  
Behave, you're still a 20th century slave  
Headed for the grave in a wave  
So save the microscopic miniature small talk and walk  
And put a little pep in your step  
KRS-One will destroy any ignorant reputation  
In the nation, in creation  
Princes, Kings, Queens, or any occupation  
Like rappers with nuttin' to say  
I crush those idiots and throw em away  
'Cause no matter how fatter the wallet, I'd rather  
Gather together and splatter whatever  
Egotistic mystics, with macho poses  
If you ain't for black you're down for Guns 'n' Roses  
Yeah! C'mon!  
Throw your hands in the sky  
And wave em from side to side  
And if you're in this life just gettin by  
Somebody say, alright! (Alright!) Alright! (Alright!)

DJ Kenny Parker takin' out these sucker DJ's  
My man Willie D, never in a daze, ha hah  
We got Symone in the house  
We got, D-Square in the house  
We got Ms. Melodie rockin' the sound set  
My man D-Nice, hit it!