

# Heartbeat Props

## Digital Underground

People, get ready for the heartbeat props  
(Heartbeat props!)

Everybody, get ready for the heartbeat props  
(Heartbeat props!)

We're gonna make it funky with the heartbeat props, y'all  
(Heartbeat props!)

It's time to get busy with the heartbeat props  
(We're giving heartbeat props)

I give my man props cause he's living  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops)

Check it out, y'all, proper respect is what we're giving  
(We're giving heartbeat props)

Uh, I give my man props cause he's living  
(Why wait until the heartbeat stops)

Don't you know that proper respect is what we're giving  
(We're giving heartbeats props)

Seems like you wondered each day if the Underground  
Is going to stay down with the funky beats  
Even if you know that I'm a junkie for a bump that's funky  
And a fool for the loop, see, a groupie for the old one-twoiee  
A bass freak would say "Oohwee,  
Peace to DU cause I like the way you do me"  
I love to go on about the funk, matter of fact  
I'd love to be another funk front runner  
But first we gotta deal with the fronters  
So I can't go on, it's time to drop a few bombs  
(Get busy, G, go on and take 'em to school)  
Yeah, it's time spread the jewels  
I ask you about Malcolm and you tell me that he's wicked  
Farrakhan comes you can't seem to buy a ticket  
And check what my man has to say  
Right or wrong, don't you think that he deserves a play?  
Cause he's living for you and you and you and you  
The brother X tried but he died trying to get through  
So why wait until the heartbeat stops  
Yo, go on and give my man his props  
If you're really that down then act what you say  
KRS and Chuck need support today  
I see you posing with the Dr King hanging on your wall  
Only difference is Chuck might give you that call  
To march on Friday, yeah, it's kind of frightening  
Let me move so I don't get hit by the bolt of lightning  
Striking you down cause you're fronting  
A dead leader can't tax your mind  
Therefore he's not a threat to your personal time  
All the lagging and the dragging  
(Yo, I got something to do that day)  
Yeah, you sound like an old bitch nagging  
Fuck that fronting! We're pumping up the brothers  
Cause the brothers keep it pumping  
You got it all wrong  
When you wait for the TV to tell you what's going on  
I thought you're hype on the mic  
Yeah, they never get it right  
That's why you see we gotta thank God, y'all  
For niggas like Ice Cube

Cause they'll tell the record straight  
(Yo, my man's a prophet too)  
Yo, god, you think he ain't?  
So do the right thing, it's not a black or a white thing  
We're here to let you know it's just a human being thing  
We're pulling out all stops  
Cause it's time give heartbeat props

I'm the type of guy that's sly like a fox  
An honor roll student in the school of hard knocks  
There was different type of brother that I used to look up to  
But I'm still giving props where the props are due  
But let me start with a fool I don't give a fuck about  
I wanted to give a Fuck You out  
To the nigga who went out on a whim  
He was a roody-poo for shooting Huey Newton  
But I'm thanking God for niggas like Iceberg Slim  
And the chick the honky's ran to see  
She was the honky-tonk's fantasy  
Tina Turner, the living legacy  
And she's still got you tripping off the legs you see  
Another chick they used to beg to see  
Was Josephine Baker, she had them hooked  
They loved the way she shook her money-maker  
But why did it take them so many decades  
To give a little praise to who they ran rave to see

With a dark complexion she was sex symbol befo' Marilyn Monroe  
But her heart stopped before they gave props to the old pro

It took a great man to mould those  
So I want to give props to my pops because he told those  
But there's a time to break necks and throw bolos  
Be a cold bro and throw low blows  
When you want to close the shows of your foes  
Cause foes are those that you got to break like windows  
Check it, when respect goes it's time to break a nose  
But give respect before the soul goes

Well, I suppose respect is what respect'll get ya  
So I'm giving them gifts before they're stiff like the pose  
In the pictures of Vogue and flashy fashion magazines  
You be thumbing in 'em, props to Beverly Johnson  
She was the first black woman in 'em

Pee, drop the bomb and end the pressure with the menace  
Smith & Wesson clear the lesson that your mama gave

Mama gave PeeWee the same threats, she used drastic measures  
Told me to give her the full respect or get my ass kicked  
It was my intention to relent just till the last kick  
When she goes she'll roll over in a solid gold casket  
When I was young Muhammad Ali had me sprung  
Cause he was the champion, as the champion he was my idol  
Yo, they took his title when he wouldn't take the gun  
And fight in Vietnam the only way he felt, then he won the bet again  
Now they want me in the army but they can't harm me  
Cause I ain't no punk, I ain't man to Uncle Tommy  
Props to Islam, it's getting brothers together before the big bomb  
Blast out, before we're all assed-out  
We need to see that we got to start giving the props to the living

Yeah, Spike Lee, Alex Haley, Brand Nubian, sister Whoopi Goldberg

Dick Gregory, X-Clan, sister Isis, BDP, Muhammad Ali, Stevie Wonder  
Poor Righteous Teachers, Andrew Jackson, Denzel Washington  
Sister Sarah Sahad Ali [?], Public Enemy, Stokley Carmichael  
Sister Oprah Winfrey, yeah, Jesse Jackson, nuff respect, Paris  
Gangstarr, Gil Scott Heron, George the fuck Clinton, Louis Farrakhan  
Sister Queen Latifah, Bill Cosby, sister Angela Davis  
The entire Nation of Islam, nucka, know what I'm saying?  
Afrika Bambaataa, Miles motherfucking Davis, sister Assata Shakur  
Once known as Joanne Chesimard, Robert Townsend, Nelson Mandela  
Karreem Adul-Jabbar, the Black Panther Party, James Earl Jones  
The FOIs, nucka, Howard E. Rollins, sister Naomi, yeah, nuff respect!