

Slap Them Up

KRS-One

Tellin' it like it is, right about now D.J. Premier is in the
motherfuckin' house and shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? But yo,
yo Kris, run that shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? That, that shit,
my joint. Run that motherfucker...it's only right kid
(Do it, do it, do it...)

Drop that bassline...
You want lyrics? We give ya lyrics. Check it out now, one time...
(Do it, do it, do it...)

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Ill Will, slap dem up
MC's get ate, get broken like a pretzel
and get dissed if they ever try to step to
They can't take a MC with loose lips
Talk a lotta shit (but sink no motherfuckin' ships)
Lyrics make bigger holes than hollow tips
Watch another rapper body get stiff
Just like in church, we pass the basket
as I preach over his casket
Fuck it, kick the body right over
and say "See ya, hmm...nice to know ya"
Got another rapper to see
Yo Kris, bust that ass (certainly)

If you're shiverin' get off the pot
Let the original rapper rock the spot
You stand there and jock, goin' (mumbles)
This is absolutely ludicrous, what can you do to Kris
Chattin' foolishness, step along quick with that stupidity
It's me rippin' this for self, where else ya lookin'?
I got more rhymes than all the Jamaicans in Brooklyn
So beat it or be seated, Gee I'm mad undefeated
Young boy, you can't see me, run along and make pee-pee
I was rockin' rhymes when "La-Di-Da-Di" was a demo
Admit you been on my tip for years and just can't seem to let go
Go, go call your mother, tell her you wanna battle KRS quick
I bet the minute you get home you'll get your ass whipped
Crazy ill mad styles is what I give'em
Not a run-of-the-mill'em, I drill'em, I got ridiculous rhythm
None of my styles you can get with'em
Still um, will um, your crew come get some so I can kill'em

Well I roll by myself but don't let it fool ya
If I got beef my crew'll damn step to ya
We don't play no games, I'll come straight to your rest
Lift up your shirt and blast you in your chest
[Well that was fresh]

A fad doesn't fill the bill, but mad skills will
Don't let me have to kill you kid, god forbid still
Greed will lead your need to succeed
but your speed, your speech
Your outreach is a breach of what I teach

For lyrical styles you're a leech
If I was Spanish I'd say, ("You lie like a beech")
Wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow...
Wow, for a amateur you really looked hard
But you're really a bitch, when you get it together
call me, here's my card
Check the list: you lack breath control, mental behaviour
Lyrical talent, imagination and flavour
I got no time for amateur rhyme, you could be hurt
Thinkin' you're hard because you wear a gangsta T-Shirt
I'll smash your wanna-be ass in the deep dirt
Black, you'll come up dizzy sayin' "How da fuck he do dat?"
'cause you're yappin' like you can't be reached
If your name ain't Arrested Development, well save your speech
Time to ill, I got mad skills to fill
Not a fake, I got more styles than Drake's got Tasty Cakes
Gotta be the best Gee, don't try to test me
You'll get jacked son, even if your name is not Jesse
Let's be up front when I meet ya
Peace, uh, I'm the motherfuckin' teacher
When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up, up, up, up, up...

(Do it, do it, do it...)
Yo...South Bronx, South South Bronx
South Bronx, South South...yo, Uptown
Brooklyn's in the house, lemme tell ya 'bout Staten Island
What about...Queens?