

## 7 Dee Jays

Boogie Down Productions

YES! Chillin in the place right now  
Harmony and Heather B, Ms. Melodie  
DJ Jamal-Ski, DJ Kenny Parker  
And of course we are gettin MUCH DARKER  
Because the Africanism is in EFFECT  
So check it out, MAN!  
And try not to bite the lyrics  
POI!

So come in now with the chorus of the day  
Because we don't play

Chorus: KRS-One

It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound  
But D-Nice, you're gonna make the party live

Bust it, yo  
I love to diss whores, I love to do tours  
Makin young ladies just drop their drawers  
and when they drop em, I don't kick em, check it  
Like the Fat Boys said, I "Brrrrrrrrr, STICK EM!"  
From that point on, I say we're on for the night  
But I love it when the girl just call me D-Nice  
And if she gets bold and try to ask for a fee  
I say, "Please hoe, it's all about me"

It's not the star spangled banner or the red white and blue  
but the underground sister from the Edutainment crew  
So what you do, is back up if you work for Bush  
Cause all the Presidential prison pushin politicians  
gotta get MUSHED, gimme back my land you SUCKA  
You beat down my father and you raped my mother Africa  
And now you wanna laugh at her  
I feel like pickin up a razor, and slashin ya  
Snatch up Margaret Thatcher and unmaskin her  
to find out she's a man without a manicure  
Go to President DeKlerk without askin her  
and BUST SOME SHOTS for South Africa  
And if Margaret jumps in, I start bashin her  
for every freedom fighter start crashin her  
And then Heather B will get nastier  
and pull out my two shot derringer  
Cause yes, Heather B comes classier  
Cause Heather B, Jamal-Ski, and KRS the trainer  
makes up the dope crew called, Edutainer  
You'll find the law of balance on the two turntables  
So look out for the FRESH Edutainer label

Biddi-by-by, by, by-by-by, Jamal-Ski, ki-ki-kiyah!

{best guess}  
Jump up and be upon the mic and stick em  
Come follow me the man me work for the mic  
They call me top celebrity

Me bigga me badda mad hatta me callin it well and dead-ly  
Me nah got no nine millimeter, me not want ya uzi  
But I kill run a leggin on Misses Dancee  
BLAM! BLAM! We comin out and yes you are the don  
You hold for the mic upon they call me lyrical champion  
Me bigga me black, me know if me chat, ya know me and ya done  
Me read from Genesis unto Relevation  
Me nice and into England, nice it up in Ja-pan  
Me have armitage, me have enough stylee  
Me whyla, grab the mic andna, sing to me, andna

Come in de dance with the NUFF stylee  
And KRS-One, now comin in with Harmony

Now I'm comin to the dancehall, everybody call  
follow me follow me, Sister Harmony  
I perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a  
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup-a  
Perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a  
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup  
I'm a, stimulator, administrator  
Activator, initiator  
Captivator, originator  
Perculator, perk you up  
It's Harmony, the minor key  
That moves with the rhythm passionately  
I ain't ego trippin I do it humbly  
Cause everybody's bound to hear the sound of BDP  
It's easy, for me you see  
I ain't the one or the two, I'm the three  
And three (badda-ba-ba-by-by) it's the magic numberrr  
(badda-ba-ba-by-by)

Chorus: KRS-One

It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound  
But KRS, you're gonna make the party live

Well now it's Blastmaster KRS-One  
When we come in the dance, my lyrics not done  
Pray to my father cause yes me are the son  
Cause you are the guide and my pro-tectioin  
Any sucker MC must run come  
Kyan't test the Boogie Down Production man  
Move ya ras claat, BDP stand alone  
1990 lyrics 'pon the microphone  
Every posse KNOW we come in the dance  
we teach reality-ta-tee an'  
reality, reality-ta-ta-tee  
We nah deal with sickness and negativity  
We come up in the dance in the ruff stylee  
In the discipline KRS-One is just a flyer  
Come up in the dance with my man called Edi Ayah  
On the con-sole we have the man D-Square  
Come up in the dance, and him must comb him hair-ah  
Come up in the dance, and me let off a clip-ah  
at George Bush, cause him D my nigga  
KRS-One, him the President come  
The crew called BDP, Melo-di-di-de-de

Comin live and direct in full effect

Ms. M-E-L-O-D-I-E on the mic check  
Well I'm up in your face like the wind from a blizzard  
Got my wrap around your throat, like you're chokin on a gizzard  
If someone said, well damn, who is it?  
It's Ms. Melodie, the real, so get with it

Fatalistic pessimistic, a big conspiracy  
The way they treat blacks, in white society  
It's erection rebellion, revolution uprisin  
Takin no shorts, because JAH is guidin  
Government they try to manage and rule  
Dictate, regulate, and perpetrate the fool  
That's why I search, explore, inspect, investigate  
Drop down knowledge, and KILL dub plates

Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah  
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah  
KRS-One, boy, must come fi straighter  
Comin up and doin the dance but not from eighty-eight-ah  
Every posse know me come in the dance not later  
Come in early, every posse captivator  
KRS-One, and enough herb gate-ah  
Come up in the dance, and we cannot debate-ah  
KRS-One, them call me KRS-One-ah  
KRS-One, me come to nice up any ja-a-am  
KRS-One, them call me KRS-One-ah  
KRS-One, me come to nice up any jam  
Me comin in the dance, with the crew called BDP-ah  
Down with the set is a Harmony-ah  
Ms. Melodie and my man Kenny P ah  
Come in Jam and look at what a raw stylee

{best gues}  
Them name me permanent, permanent, permanent, permanent  
Pick-a-dig-dinny  
Jump up upon me come to run it again  
Me work pon the microphone you betta tell your best friend  
Tell your mudda and tell you fadda  
and tell your sista and yuh bruda  
A when they hold fi di mic they call me DJ Murderahh  
Me lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion  
Lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion, FOLLOW ME NOW  
Lyrical champion, well they call me lyrical champion, FLASH IT  
Oil the mic and ah, me on the jam  
Jump upon the mala the mic in ah me hand an' a  
when me do that, the dancehall fi run  
Some of dem sell fi cocaine, some of dem sell ganjah  
But I'm the one msn Jamal me sell the culture stylah  
And me hold pon the microphone, they call me entertainer  
Now, top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin  
Top celebrity, top celebrity, hoo-hah, ha-hah!  
Top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin  
I'm the one Jamal-Ski dem from New York City-ah  
What dey call me, BDP posse an' a  
Jamal now can rewind stylee  
Rewind circulate, never ever imitate  
When me hold pon the microphone, say me lyrics dem great  
Test me, and you'll, test your fate  
BLAM! BLAM! Jamal now can know yes you are the Don an' a  
come in now KRS-One, an' a

Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma  
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma

Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma  
Me a melt down the sound-ah  
Melt down the sound, come mi say melt down the sound-ah  
KRS-One, the master of the verb and noun ah  
Jump in the dance and my skin is yes browner  
Kings, mash up, crown  
Queen, rip up, dancehall gown ah  
Every posse know that we ah rule every sound  
Jump up in the dance and run every town ah  
DJ, nuff, clown  
Come up in the dance, BUCKS em right down ah  
If you a Prince we'll flood ya and you drown ah  
KRS-One ah, mash up better sound ah  
Satan in the dance, we a mash right down ah  
Down, to the ground  
KRS him have the number one sound  
Sound sound sound, sound-sound sound sound sound  
Number one sound WHAT in creation  
Play with yourself it's called masturbation  
Chop it off, castration  
Jesus Christ get the crucifixion  
Three days later, resurrection  
He's comin back, read Revelation  
Close the book, pick up your gun  
And fight in the African revolution  
Righteous man, get liberation  
Wicked man get execution  
It's called the battle of armageddeon  
Through my mouth is a translation  
Unto recknoning to circulation  
Nuff African education  
DJ Kenny Parker YES you are the don  
Edutainer teach nuff wisdom

Chorus: KRS-One

It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 Dee Jays to control a sound  
But Scott LaRock, you're gonna make the party live  
It takes

1 dee jay, jigga jay ah jay ah jay  
ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay ah jay  
It takes 1, jigga jay jay, a jigga jay jay  
ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay  
It takes a jigga to your face, a jigga jay jay  
ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay, a jigga jigga  
1 a jay jay a jay jigga jay a jay  
1 jigga jay a jigga jay a jigga jay a  
1..