

# Like A Throttle

Boogie Down Productions

\*snapping fingers and singing\*  
Ha ha, hah hah! Da-doo-doo-doo, do-doo

You wanna test me are you stupid?  
Gotta be out of your FUCKIN mind  
KRS-One is the DON, seen?  
Come down Kenny Park-ah!!

Hahaha, you know  
I don't know what your management be tellin you  
I don't know what your producers be tellin you  
But yo, you step this way  
You're gettin PLAYED, out of position  
So let me give you a little style

Check it out  
Everytime KRS-One steps in the jam  
The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand  
Brooklyn's ready Uptown's in the house  
Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out  
That's it! None of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's  
you either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics  
But MC's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful  
None of em lyrical but their ego is critical  
Like I said I'm not a Muslim but to Allah I'm obedient  
Some MC's on the mic become Muslims when it's CONVENIENT  
And I've seen it!  
Real Muslims praise Allah, and they mean it  
Others are dreamin it with Sex Me and Do Me and  
I'd rather listen to the Brand Nubians  
You know it's funny everybody wants money  
And material things from cars and chicken wings  
When they sing, they sing for the cash  
They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash  
You get respect by bein creative  
and yes a native to your audience, so you know reality  
In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta?  
If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?  
If you believe in Allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check?  
All of this is incorrect  
First should always come respect  
The charts are not equal to the respect of the people  
Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble  
They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model  
Right on stage, you'll get a bottle  
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me  
I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe  
don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry  
You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry  
You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy  
But I'm a Parker so I'll play you like Monopoly  
Don't entertain the thought of droppin me  
To think of me as anything less than your teacher  
Crazy you got to be  
These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily

I rip it up constantly  
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

The teacher will come, again and again and again and again  
To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend  
So-when-their-lyrics-finish-KRS-One-just-begin  
RIPPING up sucker teachers put their courage to an end  
So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better  
Forever too clever for a petty MC in leather  
Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync  
The lyrics I write, help me think  
to guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face  
And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace  
Just in case, get the FUCK out my face I run this place  
You're lucky you're from the same race  
A simple technique will keep you on beat  
With the style from the street you compete with the elite  
that's WEAK -- flashin gold and can't speak  
I seek the direction of the brown complexion  
So every year, I appear somewhere  
that you hear my dear to get one thing clear  
Whether on welfare or millionaire  
Don't step to this here or you outta here  
Allow me now to please change the gear  
?And-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-me-  
feared, come!?  
?We come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah?  
Let's get back to the hip-hop  
You come into the place you can't LOOK in my face  
Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height  
See there are millions of stars in the sky  
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye  
Why, the reason is the sun is the sun  
You can't possibly rock, until I'm done  
and finished, and like the evening I'll fade  
But when I return you'll cry for more shade  
So check the dancestyle cause I am not  
Softening up it's time that I rock and sing  
Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
But instead bring intellect pon ting  
Cause you can inject ignorance in rap  
But Kenny Parker ain't tryin to hear that