

## Poetry

### Boogie Down Productions

Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson  
Class is in session so you can stop guessin'  
If this is a tape or a written down memo  
See I am a professional this is not a demo  
In fact call it a lecture a visual picture  
Sort of a poetic and rhythm like mixture  
Listen I'm not dissin' but there's somethin' that you're missin'  
Maybe you should touch reality stop wishin'  
For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste  
If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest  
I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it  
It takes concentration for fresh communication  
Observation, that is to see without speaking  
Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin'  
A class, or rather school, cause you need schooling  
I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling  
This is an introduction to poetry  
A small dedication to those that might know of me  
They might know of you and maybe your gang  
But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang  
'Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and Scott is the crossbow  
Say something now ... thought so  
You seem to be the type that only understand  
The annihilation and destruction of the next man  
That's not poetry, that is insanity  
It's simply fantasy far from reality  
Poetry is the language of imagination  
Poetry is a form of positive creation  
Difficult, isn't it? The point, you're missin' it  
Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin' it

Scott LaRock is innovating, decorating hip-hop  
The beat may drop but not like all the others  
They just cover while I just smother  
Every single stupid mutha; wait wait brotha  
KRS-One will have to show another  
MC or self-proclaimed king or queen  
Or gang or crew or solo or team  
That I mean  
Business  
So tell me what is this  
See I come from the Bronx so just kiss this  
Boogie Down Productions is somewhat an experiment  
The antidote for sucka MC's and they're fearin' it  
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me  
The poetry I'm rattlin' is really not for battlin'  
But if you want I will simply change the program  
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"  
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical  
Boogie Down Productions attempts to prove somethin'  
I say hypothetical because it's only theory  
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me

So what's your problem  
It seems you want to be KRS-Two  
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack  
'Cause KRS-One means simply one KRS

That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less  
I've built up my credential financially and mental  
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental  
I speak clearly and that's merely  
Or should I say a mere, help to my career  
I'm really not into fashion or craze  
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise  
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy  
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me  
But what a pity, I'm rockin' New York City  
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf  
You as an amateur is outspoken  
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin'  
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up  
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up  
"Blastmaster KRS" a synonym for "fresh"  
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test  
Got DJ Scott LaRock by my side, not in back of me  
'Cause we make up the Boogie Down Productions crew faculty  
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite  
'Cause when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it  
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it  
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it  
I'm teaching poetry  
I'm teaching poetry  
Scott LaRock  
We're teaching po-e-try