

# Boogie Down Productions, Duck Down

You say ah-one for the trouble, two for the time  
Ah-come on y'all, let's rock that...

Duck! Or wind up DOWN!!  
Fiyah! Huh  
Pal Joey in the house, D Square in the house  
Check it out

You're stuck up, your luck's up, you fucked up, you're mud up  
You can't even jump up, so shut the fuck up  
Whattup? Tough love, buck buck bucka  
is all you're gonna hear when KRS-One step up  
I'm thick like syrup, no, I'm not ?Kura?  
Sit back and relax and watch the KRS era  
No I won't let up, because of how I'm set up  
I come in the jam with the crazy fresh lyrics so you get up  
MC's get wet up, they met up with atypical  
subliminal, I'm original metaphysical Criminal Minder  
Fighter, petty gangster that flips em neither  
I simply grab the mic and make the party get liver  
I'ma, rhymer, with a tim-er attack  
to your mind, a reminder of what kind of headliner  
you'll see, when you come to the show  
BlastMaster KRS-One, Leo -- the Lion  
Cryin MC's they be cryin  
when they sizzle in a big pot grease beggin, "Please, please!"  
But I'll be efficient and flexin wisdom cuisine  
Then dismiss it as Kris and Kenny  
Rockin many, good n plenty  
Any MC tests me gets done  
Lyrically hung, I surgically remove his tongue  
Lyrics by KRS-One

DUCK! Sucker MC's DUCK!  
BO! Duck down!  
Sucker MC's duck!  
DUCK! Sucker MC's Duck down!

I don't battle to lose or win, I battle  
to ruin your whole career, yo, watch what you doin  
I'm permanent punk, like a metallic marker  
KRS-One, but you'll call me Mr. Parker  
A pity I'm K-R, you ain't no superstar  
ha ha hee hee, BlastMaster KRS-One be  
ripping up MC's with their meaningless words, y'know  
There's more wit, to one of my turds of shit  
You ain't shit, you never was shit  
So I spit, on your number one hit, now quit!  
Leave the poetry, it's just too strong for thee  
Maybe we should rethink the strategy see  
Poetry I speak, fluently I think youse a sucker  
cause the only word you know is motherfucker  
Yo, you don't see a whole race in bondage  
No, you grab the microphone and feed em garbage  
Yo, everything about me is fresher than fresher  
than fresher than fresh, of COURSE it's KRS  
Flashing lyrics, metaphysics, unlike you idiots  
be doing, I'm pursuing, chewing your whole crew  
and what you feel like doin, your face they be ungluin  
like a gift, don't step to KRS, you're dismissed!

DUCK! DUCK!  
Sucker MC's duck down!  
DUCK! BO!

Ree-WINNNNND!!

DUCK! BO!