

# Kid Capri, Pay Attention

(Kid Capri)

Oh that'll work.. word.. ssssssmooth!  
Oooh, this one goes to all the coolouts  
All the old schoolers, all the new schoolers  
My name is the Kid Capri, with the Lords of Funk  
And we gon' smooth it out like this, bust it  
Make it real mellow, bet it be smoother than a cello  
And while we're at it, rest in peace to (?)  
Now make it real cute, make it sound like a flute  
It's gonna drop, just like a parachute  
I can't wait to see my name on a marquee  
They're gonna put it right there where it should be  
I'm gonna blow up, and man I can taste it  
And anyone that don't like it - face it!  
The Kid Capri is goin to war, and that's the truth  
I gotta prove to these suckers that I'm bulletproof  
I'm playin low key, for a little bit  
In the studio, tryin to make a hit  
I work for hours and hours and days and days  
Thinkin about all the cash this pays  
But nevertheless I gotta, be the best  
I gotta, dress to impress, and have a girl with the Guess jeans  
on her behind, the girl is so fine  
I love the way she light the candle when we, wine and dine  
I electrify minds, exterminate suckers  
Play a little music at the games, the Ruckers  
Be on the court, playin what they're taught  
Once it's finished I'll be chillin in a fly resort  
Now many, have tried to diss my face  
Cause the girls, stare, when I come in the place  
I'm not braggin, but I gotta say that I'm great  
The more you see me is the more that you a-ppreciate  
my talent, superb expertise for rap  
And everything that goes with, including your clap  
cause I'm strong, my strategy is highly talked about  
And I'm takin NO shorts, I'm goin ALL OUT!  
I despise those guys that come in my face  
and say I'll battle you, any time, any place  
I just - shake my head and say, "Mmm yeah right"  
But it's a whole different story once we're on the mic  
I'm not sayin I'm the best, but I never fall  
and I serve crab rappers like it's nothin at all  
You know the dope sayin easier said than done  
Well I did it, it was easy, and I had fun  
doin what I like, takin brothers off the mic  
Cold slammin over parties with the rhymes that you like  
Need I say to the crowd as the system kicks loud  
Just as long as I can keep your body movin I'm proud  
The sound we supply make you people keep in step  
I wanna make sure, the syllables connect  
And you think about a battle, well how could you win?  
You never wanna come across, the Lords again  
And Money Mark is a in, the house  
Without a doubt, Money Mark is in the house  
And my man Silver D, he got it goin on  
He won't steer you wrong, cause the brother got it goin on  
And the Kid Capri is definitely in effect  
The man Kid Capri is definitely in effect  
You ever try to diss I just might get WRECK  
The man Kid Capri is definitely in effect a word up  
And Biz Mark, he got it goin on  
And my man Kool V, he got it goin on  
And the DJ Doc, he got it goin on  
And my man Troy Outlaw we got it goin on

My man the Don, he got it goin on  
To my man Kid D, he got it goin on  
and the Troopa Luv crew, we got it goin on  
And it's the Lords of Funk, we never ever ever steer you wrong  
Ah yes yes y'all, it gets fresh y'all  
Ah yes yes y'all, it gets fresh y'all  
It gets fresh get fly, we get on down  
Lords of Funk baby doll we're the talk of the town

And that's for those that like to cool out  
in the old school, the new school  
whatever school, with all the schools  
Yknahmsayin? We do all that, we can do all that  
But there's one thing I must say before I go  
Rest in peace to my man Jigga G  
Rest in peace to my man Jigga G  
Comin from the immortal words of DJ Kid Capri  
Rest in peace to my man Jigga G  
And rest in peace to my man Poppa Duke  
Rest in peace to my man Poppa Duke  
Sounds so sweet like somebody playin a flute  
Rest in peace to my man Poppa Duke, word up  
And I'm outta here.. c'mon!