

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!