

# Musika

KRS-One

Yeah, uh, huh  
Use your real eyes to realize these real lies  
Yo Marley, let's hit 'em, word up  
I don't know why these cats tryin to front

Marley Marl on the musika, KRS on dem lyrics da  
On the side I teach meta-ta-ta-physica, Kris is a  
Master MC, challenge he, no nigga nah  
Let me get this-a, clear like vinegar

Kris is the hood of America, I stay ahead of ya  
What I spit will better ya, retire? Me? No, never, nah  
Way too clever for cats that want me to sever this endeavor  
I'm like whatever, hah

The opposite of a lie, many tried to get with this guy  
But only the best can spit with this guy  
It's the teacher, go on and give him a try  
I take you all the way back to ba-da-bad-ba-ba-bi

Stay fly, without the flashyness my  
Jewels is the gift that I apply, so I ask why  
These Kentucky Fried Chicken DJ's promotin' breast and thighs  
Marley Marl test these guys, it takes real eyes to realize these real lies

Oye repeta mietro  
This for the hood, for the ghetto  
Do the math loc or get goin  
Huh, 'bout that cuenta

How can I get in the front if I ain't gettin in front  
That's why I spit what I want and slide credit to pun  
Lies spread it to none, rely on heaven and funds  
A two-faced nigga's what I'll never become

Used to be a [unverified], now I see my rhymes get applied  
To a track with two live nayendas  
Marley, KRS cono dude well that makes it tres  
Make a tape, no crosshairs, my aim is great

This ain't the top 8 at 8, it's Hip-Hop 88  
When it wasn't all about guap' in a baby face  
Back then  
How all them entiendo porque

Soy un free ya boy, hundred percent loco see the toys  
Can't win on the streets dog you need a lawyer  
Use your real eyes and realize  
That real lies are upon us and stop gettin cornered

Mira, Mira, the teacher  
Mira, see the teacher, he a come tina rap eater  
The teacher, a specialist speaker  
To stand next to the leader you must be next to BE leader

We free and we strive to be freer  
The one that helps you to become a better you, that's your teacher

Through these lyrics I reach ya  
The truth speaker, roof reacher, proofreader, meaner no one

We chosen, lyric shogun  
Young gun turned old gun  
Challenge me? No son  
Use your real eyes to realize these real lies