

Reputation

Chubb Rock

[KRS-One]

Can we hear the track please..
BLAOW! Who are we? (We..) {Reputation!}
Who are we? (We..) {Reputation!}
Only the best touch the microphone
(One two, check one two) You know whassup
Chubb Rock, KRS-One, get 'cha mind blown
Now we gon' talk about.. {Reputation!}
Your reputation
(It's about to blow.. shit's about to blow big)
Reputation {Reputation!}
(Mental countdown) {Reputation!}
Lyrical skills we bring for the nation
(We have liftoff) Chubb Rock come down!

[Chubb Rock]

I am the big time figure, the bass drum hitter
The I am what I am rogueish nigga
A flow like lava, to heat up the chatta
Heat up ya mat'ta, then go stick her daughter
I oughta, Joe Cocker your opera
Crowd rock ya, I make you scream 'Oooh ah ah!'
I, indubital mental big head
Praying for a battle if ya battle, you're dead
Get diesel, I do ya like they did Buggy Siegal
I'm on the mic and Kris is really on the me-tal
Cuttin, backspinnin and recuttin
Your english bugged so you can't do me nuttin
Laced up lyrics and the beat real tight
Your song is wrong and I get focused right
With the EQ, be who, be you
When you're trying to be me, you and your crew
Just stop, before the shit gets too hot
You need respect - just to get a rep

[KRS-One]

Tra la la la la la la la lay
We the freshest DJ in America today, hey hey!
Tra la la la la la la la lay
We the freshest DJ, in America today - hey hey!

[Chubb Rock]

Well the lyrics of my peers have changed course here's
Platinum LP's, the subject is to swear, yeah!
And who wears what and what, fashion is up
And which designer cut is more corrupt
It's an open and shut case, no ill look is on my face
While the bass growls, profound nouns buy a vowel
I'm concerned because, 'You Must Learn'

Before you croak, I've been dope since I was sperm
Sellin records, but of course with no return
On the mic you know I burn baby {*inhales*}
With your beats you know you have no respect
Kids haven't walked wild since 'Go Stet'
And I bet when they stage rock they get booed
They need qualuudes to get crude and extra rude

The spirits have haunted your lyrics so I slept
Got nuff Z's, tryin to get a rep

[KRS-One]

If you thinkin that it's KRS you want to take out
You better reroute quick you got it, all wrong
See when I grab the microphone career is finished
You better reroute quick you got it, all wrong
I do not mean to diss you but we simply are the best ones
And you can call him Chubb or you can call me KRS-One
Either way you'll get done, anywhere, any one
Me and lyrics one ton, straighten up and choose one SON
In nineteen-ninety-sess, KRS is in his peak'n
You will weaken and collapse like Michael at the (?)
You talk more ish than a senator
You can't last, just call me enema, cause I'll be in that
Ass-teroid, heaven to merkatroid
I'm that 6L microphone holdin humanoid
Psychological like Sigmund Freud
But I get annoyed, cause these rappers have no brain
These hardcore rappers crack me up like cocaine
They got no skill or game
They sound like that commercial that be sayin
'Ask for Minoxonil, with Rogaine'
True skills I will explain
The T'Cha breaks the campaign down plain

{People always talk about..}

Complete blowout, complete blowout {Reputation!}

Check, complete blowout {Reputation!}

{People always talk about..}

'Now I understand what they're talkin about' {Reputation!}

'Now I understand what they're talkin about' {Reputation!}

'Now I understand what they're talkin about'