

Ah Yeah!

KRS-One

Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you see a devil down
Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you take the devil's crown
Ah yeah, stay alive all things will change around
Ah yeah, what? Ah yeah!

So here I go kickin science in ninety-five
I be illin, parental discretion is advised still
dont call me nigga, this MC goes for his
Call me God, cause that's what the black man is
Roamin through the forest as the hardest lyrical artist
Black women you are not a bitch you're a Goddess
Let it be known, you can lean on KRS-One
Like a wall cause I'm hard, I represent GOD
Wack MC's have only one style: gun buck
But when you say, "Let's buck for revolution"
They shut the fuck up, kid, get with it
Down to start a riot in a minute
You'll hear so many Bowe-Bowe-Bowe, you think I'm Riddick
While other MC's are talkin bout up with hope down with dope
I'll have a devil in my infrared scope, WOY!
That's for calling my father a boy and, KLAK KLAK KLAK!
That's for putting scars on my mother's back, BO!
That's for calling my sister a hoe, and for you
BUCK BUCK BUCK, cause I don't give a motherfuck
Remember the whip, remember the chant, remember about rope and
you black people still thinkin about vot-ing
Every president we ever had lied
You know I'm kinda glad Nixon died!

This is not the first time I came to the planet
But everytime I come, only a few could understand it
I came as Isis, my words they tried to ban it
I came as Moses, they couldn't follow my commandments
I came as Solomon, to a people that was lost
I came as Jesus, but they nailed me to a cross
I came as Harriet Tubman, I put the truth to Sojourner
Other times, I had to come as Nat Turner
They tried to burn me, lynch me and starve me
So I had to come back as Marcus Garvey, Bob Marley
They tried to harm me, I used to be Malcolm X
Now I'm on the planet as the one called KRS
Kickin the metaphysical, spiritual, tryin to like
get wit you, showin you, you are invincible
The Black Panther is the black answer for real
In my spiritual form, I turn into Bobby Seale
On the wheels of steel, my spirit flies away
and enters into Kwame Ture

In the streets there is no EQ, no di-do-di-do-di-do
So I grab the air and speak through the code
the devil cannot see through as I unload
into another cerebellum
Then I can tell em, because my vibes go through denim
and leather whatever, however, I'm still rockin
We used to pick cotton, now we pick up cotton when we shoppin
Have you forgotten why we buildin in a cypher
Yo hear me kid, government is building in a pyramid

The son of God is brighter than the son of man
The spirit is, check your dollar bill G, here it is
We got no time for fancy mathematics
Your mental frequency frequently pickin up static
Makin you a naked body, attic and it's democratic
They press auto, and you kill it with an automatic