

## 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, KLAKE KLAKE KLAKE!  
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