

Blowe

KRS-One

Hey baby bring me something to drink in here
Sit down and watch a little TV.

(static) Yo they comin'. It's crazy but I know it they comin'. Maybe not
lately I feel it coming. I knew it, they comin'. (static) This just in.
President (static) I guarantee (static) Jim...Jimmy, Jimmy wake up. Jimmy!
(static) Only the Lord can save (static) 5.99 no obligation (static) Let me
start to rock this mic (static) Now the polar bear hibernates (static) And
and what was going through your mind right now.

Look aat these weak MC's getting G's
Never wore BVD's or even bellbottom Lees
Please, with these fantisies about you selliing keys
When you know you bees in front of the TV eatin' grilled cheese
On your knees you know my steez
Kris is nice with theses M-I-Cs
I'm Poison like BBD the plot thickens while I be hitten
And lyric lickin', flippin' any mix and over the skippin'
And cable clippin', still sickenin'
Even though some people ain't admitting
Through they system I keeps it kickin'
And tippin' the scale I pay tuiton not bail
Drink water not ale, MC Hammer hits it right on the nail
I can't fail with my 7 stripes
Strike one pierces the lung over the drum MC's become dumb
Like "um?" They numb, bite the tongue over the bass drum
I am D the MC like Run, spittin' lyrics for fun
And for a sum of the bread crumb
You missed when you swung, I connected whole hum
Another one done underestimated KRS-1, yeah so...

Say blowe
If you really want true skill
Say blowe
If you want the hip hop to build
Say blowe
We rock it all year round
You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

It's just beguuuun, to bubble
KRS-Onnnne spells trouble
On the mic soooon there is no double
I emerge from under the rumble
Count the truth poetic construction, audio abduction
Showbiz production for wack lyric reduction
And fly rhyme instruction keep the party hoppin'
Keep the DJs buggin' for the orthodox
Non Xerox hip hop chatter box
It was dope first crack out the box with Scott LaRock
How MC's are washed up like sweat socks
KRS-1 makes the heads nod

KRS-1
Yes my son
Tweet tweet (2x)
You know they can't compete, ain't that right
No doubt. You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

When it's my turn kid, look at what you done did
Like my head is dreadful you edible
I kick incredible shit, for my poeple
I'm jackin' these like me so sue and Stretch like Bobbito overloops
While you sittin' on stoops I'm rockin' mics for U.S. troops in group
You screwed up, oops, I can read a true crook
Like I can read a good book
I'm hooked on hip hop culture
Look at the tip top lyrical structure
Floatin' like a soap bubble that you don't wann puncture
Or rupture, I write what I udder, mother mother mother
There's too many of us dying still trying and not doin'
Not succeeding still pursuing what you doing?
What you doing? What you doing?
The session is started departed on schedule
I beg you please lookover my lyrical menu
What other can't do I can do
Enhancing seven levels of your mental
I dismantel stress, you're listening to the advanced lyrical best
Worldwide qualified to administer any MC test
Stop guessin' class is in full session
Now Showbiz show 'em how