

Bring It To The Cypher

KRS-One

Every once in a while
You got to put aside childish things
And get with the teachers and the kings
K-are-S, Truck Turner
Bring it to the Cypher
Like this, like this y'all

I'm at the end of my rope, I'm bout to snap
Cut a nigga throat, put a bullet through his hat
With his head attached
What's the deal new jack? Who dat? Got his chest blew back
Clak! Clak! Bullet through his teeth, nigga true that
You in my way, move that, Truck coming through that
Run up in your spot, come out, raising two gats
Move back, give a nigga room, let me hit this
Way back, since up in the womb, I was with this
Every sentence, we doom with consistence
Be the witness, let me spit this, Kris hit this

Yo, if it's all about the hundreds, let's try to get two 50s
Don't stop and switch a temple, let's work and build a city
You see the equation, to this whole situation?
If I'm the God of rap and you battling me, you Satan
And that's why you hating, creating debates
When you know damn well that your title will be taken

You think you all that son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You only got platinum?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You think you got props son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You living Hip Hop son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!

Yo, daytime, nighttime, anytime, I got plenty time
To kick many rhymes, big time, all time
Taking it to you over time, so when I'm flowing rhymes
Bright I shine, simply 'cause I'm
Lyrically be kicking out the tighter rhyme, till I climb
Bring in the chime, in your mind, you fall behind
Picking up your rhyming skill, I am fulfilled, when I kill at will
Still number one for fun, kill another one
Battle your bugging son
Look I cut your tongue, KRS-One is never done
I am the proper one, this ass-whipping will make you better son
Go and tell your mum I took a bite out of your bum
Anytime you want it, doggone it, yo put me on it
Never running up on it, you never disappointed, get on it
I simply jam, not that I give a damn
Let me tell you who I am, just ask your buddy
Put your cash on Kris, I bet you double up your money
You can call me Chris Rock, ain't nothing funny

Nigga what, let me change my style up, in a rough
Nigga duck, dropped your face, pick it up, shook 'em up
Automatic fire Æ?Æ?? Brrrrrrrrruh! Brrrrrrrrruh!

All up in the party, clip it out, give it up

Where's the money for this single, get it out, give it up
Blastmaster's coming through Truck, what

That night I let the fo'-fo' bark, spark right off the dark
Body parts chalked, where we live, how we get down
Come up on my block making noise, keep the shit down
I cripple you, pull up a wheelchair, permanent sit-down
Perfect fit now, now clown, who the shit now?
Fo'-fo' aimed at your dome, bout to spit rounds
Me and you, getting it on? Don't even go there
Once I bring it to you, you won't be save nowhere
Oh yeah, your mom's funeral don't even show there
It'll be a double burial dukes, when the smoke clears
Love you like a brother, but I'll kill you if you rally
Stay on my good side, my bad side, I annihilate
Don't hold me back, get off me, told these kats never cross me
But they crossed the line, I gotta show 'em
My fo'-fo' snub is what I owe 'em, Kris you know him? (Nah)
Ice pick, adequate style, I'm bout to blow him
Dudes get trifle, catch the barrel of the rifle
Fuck you, until more niggaz looking just like you
Don't toot, when you hear me squeeze off the cycles
I squeeze you load (I squeeze you reload)
I squeeze you reload till this whole shit can roll
Where I'm from, that's the code, BDP got your shit sold
Like bad heads that fold at war, anything goes
Made us, broke the mold, another Bronx episode nigga what

Truck... Turner... express, ya don't stop
K... R... S.....
Truck... Turner... express, c'mon y'all
K... R... S.....