

## Build Ya Skillz

KRS-One

Check, I control your mind with one rhyme I speak  
And get you open like a prostitutes buttcheeks  
Rapper get kicked in they mouth with cleets  
cause they're speech refuses to reach beyond the beach  
Have a seat quick I speak or spit flicks on your [?]  
Time to complete shit, no weak shit, I mean freak shit properly  
I can feel myself becoming a lyric monopoly  
Others will copy me but repeat my shit sloppily  
Shocking me with inclinations of rocking me  
Insanity it got to be  
My true identity is never meant to see  
I simply use the gifts sent to me mentally

Yo! Word up! Get from out my face, before you get bust quickly!

Thats the hip hop, the hibby  
I rip it in a minute cause I'm gifted  
Like December 25th  
Now let me flip  
I'm all knowing lyrically syllable growing  
Even when it's snowing I'm party going  
Free flowing and stomping!  
Never tip-toeing  
Overthrowing the comp  
Big up Bronx!  
I got more styles than the planet got women  
I got as many rhymes as is many styles of women  
Don't make me come out on that ass start flippin'  
Your mental I'm afflictin'  
Actin' ill and sickin'  
Pickin' the victim at random, slammin' 'em  
Draggin' them to the stage and dismantlin' them  
As my Hydrogen turns to Helium I shine!  
None of your lyrics I'm feelin' 'em  
You rhyme  
Like you should be wearin' an apron scrapin' a pot with a name like Mariam

But rappers talk too much shit  
And can't back it up with lyrics  
Build ya skills

It's time for the raw shit  
Not that on tour shit  
That real hardcore shit  
KRS-One runs shit like diarrhea  
Bitin' motherfuckers hear my shit and get up outta here!  
I don't care this year  
Alot of albums is wak this year  
"Will KRS bring it?" Ahh yeah!  
Thanks for the invite  
It's just about to get hype  
That straight up raw street type shit is what it feel like  
I will be displayin' lyrical styles I'm saying  
Lyrical styles from the miracle child  
Want a pile of ill styles wildin' on your radio dial?  
Smile  
I been here for awhile

Peep my style while I go on with the song  
I rock the microphone then it to the streets with the Krylon  
clicka clacka! clicka clacka!  
Take a spraycan and slap a wak rapper!  
Stacks of money for videos I don't have it  
You're lookin' at the last MC with true talent  
Get your tape recorder fast kid  
Boombastic another classic  
Turn up the cassette!  
All my styles are lyrically fantastic and movin'  
While soothin' any urges for booing  
Ungluing your mouth from my private  
The more the merrier  
Syllable superior  
East Coast - West Coast battles are inferior  
Cause I by myself will take out the whole North America  
We need to expand rap beyond this land  
Set up competitions with England and Japan  
World cups for rappers that really fuck shit for fun  
Yeah I know I'll get one