

Duty is called, I'm leaving you once more
I will be back, right back when I'm off from the tour
The tour is your
Duty is called for the raw and the raw one is me
It's me you see
All of them told me "Kris you're to old b"
When they step to the mic
None of them could hold me

Rhymes never running out, you know what KRS about
I'm all up in the game like Jordan when his tounge is out
The streets is mine these youngins busting is buggin out
You don't see no stars when the sun is out I'm coming out
Who you think the sun round here?
All that soft thug pop shit know but don't get done round here
I'm only making my uniqueness kris-style clear
So your head, I don't have to put a missile there
I do preach peace tho, I am hip hop
But when the Glock pops your brain goes into a dropbox
I keep the crowd jumping like hopscotch in the party
I'm the dopest emcee and I'm dressed like anybody
I show up, wanna fight, unshaven naughty
Battle a platinum rapper and take his Bugatti
Sell it in the hood, provide for everybody
Next week another rapper giving up a Ferrari

What they call dope today is wack, I'm sorry
I'm raw, sushi style I spit the wasabi
I'm at the corner store, gas station shopping
Go "where these other rappers really be at I don't know"
But everywhere our crews at people want the boom bap
Boom bap and we ain't taking nothing from no new cats
But KRS-One I come from where your shoes at
Where your soul at, this that real street new jack
Who's that, the masta with the blasta
I don't write song for cash, I write songs that last
They call me the teache cuz I'm from a different class
I preserve hip hop
These the the two kings, these are the greatest
These youngers claiming king and ain't even made this
When the true king touchdown you know it
No talk, no hype, just skills and we show it