

Get Your Self Up

KRS-One

Yeah
(Yeah)
Yeah
(Yeah)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Hardcore!
Word
Hardcore!

Yeah
Let's get this started
Word up

You gotta - get - your - self - up!
You been knocked down?
Get yourself up!
You been shot down?
Get yourself up!
You been locked down?
Get yourself up!
Get - your - self - up!
Been knocked down?
Get yourself up!
Been shot down?
Get yourself up!
You been locked down?
Get yourself up!

What is a real hip-hop MC?
Is it MTV, is it BET?
Is it five m-i-c's
So the people can see
I mean, how you think you're free
When you act like property?
Tell me, how do you judge an MC when he's rockin
I mean rockin it live, not pickin his cotton
I mean adjustin his clothes, I mean how do you know
Before you come to the show that you're not gettin heated
That you're not gettin cheated
That you ain't come to the club thinkin 'I must've been weeded!'
(Word)

You got to be a educated consumer
Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya
Ass they want is your cash, ass, grass, gas in a flick
When you ask for that autograph they ass-dash quick
Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter
He pulls his gat while we bust off the gatler

This is the "Sneak Attack"
The "Edutainment" style returns like that
Take it off your shelf
Cause all we deal with is knowledge of self, health and wealth
Not Stealth bombers, leather goose bombers
Original hip-hop armor on cd-rom - eh

You got to get with a
21st century philosopher
Representin the religion of hip-hop, sir
Those that oppose are foes and will get rocked - eh
Stopped, eh - I rise like a helicopter
Like Zulu I'll Shaka, crowd
With a beat that's loud
Huh, I'm black and I'm proud - irrelevant
I'm black and intelligent
I teach my kids to watch the education they give em
Cause it's really all about street wisdom

True hip-hoppers don't bleed
True hip-hoppers don't need
True hip-hoppers don't speed
No time for greed
True hip-hoppers do read
And will lead, not plead
Will sow seeds that breed
Ah-ha that's safer than weed, indeed
True hip-hoppers don't slave
True hip-hoppers don't crave
Silver and gold, we're not amazed
We live f-r-e-e
If you not into lyrics you can't really hear it nor see me
My philosophy keeps it plain and simple
Here it is: the kingdom of hip-hop is within you
Or is it the kingdom of hell that sends you?
I'm ringin a bell within you
You only seek in a cell, that's what sin do
It tells you to put your craft on a menu, a chart
So they can sell you and your art