

Introducing

KRS-One

(Introducing... the world famous)
KRS-ONE, Kenny Parker
Let's Go

Now, let me introduce you to the one
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Now, let me introduce you to the one
One (one), one (one), one (one), one (one)

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One (one), one (one), one (one), one (one)

When I say "Stop the Violence", what do I mean?
I mean stop with the ignorance of you dumb ass teens
My lyrics are tighter than a hipster's jeans
I got that Malcolm X flow, by any means
Rip any teen
I spit chunky bars
How you hang with me, spitting monkey bars?
When I woo my Tang, I toast the place
My method man, will ghost your face
(Get down)
I hold my space
You rappers capping blanks
That's why you're getting Chased like Manhattan Bank
This isn't even my peak
I'm on half a tank
For your whole rap career, for me you have to thank
I'm an old school writer, out for fame
I be in DJ's mugs, like House of Pain
Y'all rappers' is lame
You're not violent
Cuz corporate tyrants are playing you clowns like clients

I spit yesterday and I spit today
I leave rappers on the side of the road like triple A
When I triple my A's like "Ay, Ay, Ay"
I be in more hoods than the KKK
RS-One, you can see I ain't done
I ain't in, cuz frankly, I ain't them
This word I bring, will burn your thing like Burger King
I'm not the police but you felt the sting
Yes, I helped to bring back the art
Cuz your CD and garbage, I can't tell them apart
Me, I had a hell of a start
I don't hustle my flow to my people
And start calling it art
You rappers are all in the dark
Rapping about money when the world economy is just falling apart
I never was about some chart position
And they not either
You better listen up to this teacher
Well...

Johnny Love in the building

Sean, what's up
Mondo, let's go
(Get down)
(The world famous... KRS-One)
(Get down)