

## Let 'em Have It

KRS-One

What, yeah  
Shoutout Minister Server  
Word up Super J  
My man Byron is goin off  
Marlowe, Inebriated Beats, word  
Uhh, you know what this is, word up

Who be rockin it constantly? (KRS)  
Who be droppin philosophy? (KRS)  
For the real it got to be (KRS)  
Them niggaz ain't stoppin me (KRS)  
Whack rappers they got to go (let 'em have it)  
So they front on that microphone (let 'em have it)

I be comin in all wild with raw styles  
Goin that long mile, makin 'em all smile  
Make it happen, MC'n no rappin, believe me I'm strappin  
You see me I'm slappin, believe me you deceive me  
It can greasy, I'm cappin, bring the action, ADD the clips  
Start subtractin, multiply them shots, you a fraction  
Raise up, blaze up, get made up  
You wanna bug out you'll get, sprayed up - NOW~!  
(Bo bo bo bo... yeah!)

It's the Temple, expandin your mental  
Inebriated instrumentals believe me nothin defends you  
When I spit, rappers be runnin out really quick  
They come with that silly shit, but them not really it  
Kris is it, them an idiot, if it wasn't for radio programmin  
you wouldn't be feelin it, or willin it  
Original, metaphysical, meta-lyrical  
Forever spiritual, really man, I ain't feelin you  
(Yeah! Yeah! Whattup?)

I'm somethin like a phe-nom-enon, fast like ramadan  
You can never tell what style I'm on  
Wise like Solomon, unlike any udda mon  
If you lookin for that bling bling, go check dat udda mon  
What I utter mon be butter mon, straight from the gutter mon  
Boxcutter in one hand, buck in the other one  
Lyric I got a ton of 'em, gunnin 'em, not frontin 'em  
Back again, it's KRS-One and them, OHH~!  
(Woooo! ... So)

Feel it (let 'em have it)  
So they front on the microphone (let 'em have it)  
Y'all better catch up! Ha ha  
Y'all better catch up! Word up