

# Mad Crew

KRS-One

So in the clubs I get (mad)  
On the mic I get (mad)  
On the beats I get (mad)  
Yo,

I got the  
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)  
I'm wit the  
I be chillin' wit the  
I'm rollin' wit the

See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this  
Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris  
They watchin' too much television and they rocka  
This ain't the TV show "Taxi," and I ain't Lotka  
I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me  
Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me  
But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin' NOTHIN'  
You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or "Productions"  
I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets, believe me  
Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee  
You're rated PG  
Again I win when I begin  
I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend  
I don't bend  
I ravage and damage  
I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses  
Hot flashes, your style's with trash's  
Stay out of my classes, PUNK  
Stay out of my classes - yo

Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star  
I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar  
So here's a quick freestyle to my target:  
My core audience, (fuck) the rest of the market!  
'Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it  
Then break your legs if you try to chart it  
I got heart, it  
Doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it  
Some MCs can't rock for five minutes  
Sorry, that's not the way to approach me  
Use caution  
I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often  
You probably don't know this:  
I give birth to MCs  
And I also give abortions  
I'll do a number to your body structure  
You look like supper  
And I'm that hungry motherfucker!  
You don't wanna be on the menu!  
I'll end you, twist you up and bend you  
Like Gestapo  
Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco  
No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow  
That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem challenge trouble  
Me are number one of me there is no double!  
And you don't want no trouble

'Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double

Check

Me comin' on quick, me cominadance, now me a sing  
KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting  
Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one  
All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up  
We have the champion belt and lyrical cup  
Any DJ they want my title filled, no way now man step up  
But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up  
This ain't no game upon the mic  
Me bring the noise to you like Chuck

Kid Capri got the  
Gang Starr got the  
Ill Will got the  
Flavor Unit got the