

MC's

KRS-One

Ladies and gentlemen, get ready here it come
Talib Kweli and I'm bangin on your eardrum

Ladies and gentlemen, get ready here it come
KRS ONE bangin on your eardrum

Ladies and gentlemen, get ready here it come
Nas bangin on your eardrum

Bangin on your eardrum

Bangin on your eardrum

Rappers spit rhymes that are mostly illegal
Emcees spit rhymes to uplift their people

Oh you went platinum, yeah that's nice
Now let me see you do the same thing twice

Rappers spit rhymes that are mostly illegal
Emcees spit rhymes to uplift their people

Real hip-hop is missin from the shelf
Yep, it's what you felt when you listen to yourself

Ghetto niggaz struttin' with nothin' but dreams and Queens broke
Mack-10's, you can smell the PCP smoke
Mele Mel told it real in the music he wrote
Those were the days I remember
We used to be close, then I was nine, coldest winter I remember
Was slippin' in December, two feet of snow
Yeah, that's the East Coast, that black ice
Symbolized the rap life
It was slick and smooth
I understood I had to come from the hood
Doin' the Pee Wee Herman, the Smurf
Before them phones chirped
The block's drugs flowin', didn't have your own work
You had to have somebody else's, a small chrome on your pelvis
Starter Jacket, Blue Georgetown or Green Celtic
Your girl's too expensive, she wants shellfish
Red Lobster was poppin', standin' on that line forever
I wish somebody would step on my Bally leather's
Now it's whatever... hip-hop's forever

Get it now, get it fast, get it right
Get it big, get it live, get it done, get it tight
But you don't really hear me though
I, spit it clearly so it's live at your stereo
To your heart while it's beatin in your chest
I'm speakin to execs in the seat behind the desk
To your spirit nuttin weaker than the flesh
So while you try to keep it fresh you gettin deeper in the depth
Real hip-hop is missin from the shelf
Yep, it's what you felt when you listen to yourself

Only a few is makin cuts that finish
So before you spend your hard-earned spinach
They like "What nigga? Wait right there
I got reservoir dogs, you be missin a right ear"
Get it clear, figure is my year
I'm everywhere makin appearances in niggaz nightmares

How many of y'all got Criminal Minded
You, you, you, y'all don't be blinded
Me, I got no jewels on my neck
Why, I don't need em, I got your respect
KRS-One, twenty years I rock
I do it for JMJ and Scott La Rock
This hip-hop and we's a nation
Don't you wanna hear more KRS on your radio station
Instead of broadcasting how we smoke them trees
On the radio we need to hear more local emcees
Where you at?, c'mon where you at
This is the difference between emceeing and rap
Rappers spit rhymes that are mostly illegal
Emcees spit rhymes to uplift their people
Peace, Love, Unity, havin' fun
These are the lyrics of KRS-One

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