

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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