

# RAW B.E.A.T

KRS-One

Real c-l-u-bs that's where we go  
Drop raw b-e-a-ts live at the show  
Real E-m-c-e-es we spit tha flow  
Its KRS-o-n-e somebody say

Anytime you want the raw b-e-a-t I bring it crazy  
No if, and, buts, or maybes  
The whole spots hazy but ain't nobody lazy  
Blaze me  
I'm expressing the talent that God gave me  
Divinity  
The devil on every level is jittery  
No I'm not the average emcee, I'm the epitomy  
Think not, come to my spot see my delivery  
Then count back thirty years, lyric artillery  
People tried to get rid of me, diss me and belittle me  
But look a where these people were going  
Nowhere quickly  
So back to my delivery  
I mastered the enemy  
When I mastered the inner-me  
So what are you telling me  
I spit positive energy, the light is sent to me  
I will glow and grow into the next century  
Enter the dragon, enter the naga, enter the centre-me  
KRS is the realest emcee you'll ever see

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Welcome to the boom bap, yo who's that over the two track  
I'm hungry for the boom bap, you knew that shit so I dos that  
The hood is where I grew at, enlightenment I pursue that  
That boom-bap I renew that and microphone check one-two that  
That writing emcee and grafitti DJ and we does that  
Yo move back  
I rock the city but I ain't no new jack  
I prove that  
Your rhyme get batter with time yo who that  
Gimme the mic  
Beat loud with a crowd well Imma move that  
Cats don't do it like this no more  
But KRS will spit the raw  
You ain't with it, get the door quickly  
We ain't playing around with this sound  
We breaking it down  
And the real streets the block  
And the hood is standing with me  
So miss me  
Mi-mi-mix me like hickory dickory dock, hip-hop  
Yo hold up hold up hold up  
That shit is raw  
Imma go to a higher level on it  
Right now  
Yo gimme that track right there yeah

That one