

## Real Hip Hop - Part II

KRS-One

Hah! They not ready, uhh uhh  
Set it off, South Bronx  
Set it off, uhh, check it

The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there

It's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo  
Steppin out the limo, KRS-One, gettin in you  
From the get-go kiddo throw em out the window  
Flip em like a nickel  
Peep the hottest single  
He'll sink them like the S.S. Minnow  
That same kid that rocks the Benz rocks the Pinto  
Watch my signal, I rock the rap game like Nintendo  
Hey diddle, diddle, get played now like a fiddle  
I watch you wiggle, in front of the audience that was fickle  
Now you can't make a nickle, the sour pickle you are  
KRS-One, ninety-seven superstar  
I got one thing to say and let me make this clear  
Everywhere, now throw your hands in the air

The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!

Yo, been rockin rooftops, knahmsayin?  
Internat', yaknahmsayin?  
KRS, vandalizin, yaknahmsayin? With the Mic Vandalz  
Boogie Down, Uptown, yaknahmsayin?  
It's dope, check it out

When I ain't doin a show, or bringin all the money in  
Or at the studio, or home studyin  
I'm checkin out Funkmaster Flex on cassette  
As he wrecks turntable sets with many subjects  
Huff now that's the Blastmaster connects, the larynx  
To a high-tech mic set, you get what you get  
Tech and Sway, index of singles is complex  
On Technics sets, he wrecks, collects a fee next  
While you rejects practice, suffix and prefix  
Hip-Hop I reads it, and mark your album incompleated  
I seen it, saw it, back in eighty-five  
Platinum rappers yo that can't rock live  
Their mental facilities, lack the ability  
For lyric agility -- battle? You're killin me

The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is it over here?  
The real hip-hop, yo it's over there

The real hip.. now throw your hands in the air!

Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)

Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)

Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)

Aiyyo I'm breakin, in this rap thing, I've been waitin

Ready for the world, rude like awakening

Homo sapien, ? ? rock every stadium

Scholars and players, here to Las Vegas

Embrace the papers, land of money makers

Brothers hate us cause the brothers ain't us

Yo yo, from coast to coast I'ma overdose you and BDP you

And Kris-Kross your mind, wouldn't wanna be you

A Uptown thing, world premier

Throw your hands in the air baby it's on

How many MC's wanna get they rep torn?

From Joe to Cage and mics in my juvenile days, I abuse

The mic get lifted, the crowd gets amused

I got next.. you lose!