

Represent The Real Hip Hop

KRS-One

Only a few
will understand
and appreciate what's about to happen
Das E.F.X., come in!

Well it's the super duper rhymer rhymer I'm about to set it
Niggas best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D
So what it B, the D to the fuckin' P
(Yo it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see)
I be's the ultimate, drop the ultra shit, fuck the other shit
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin' kid we runnin' shit
Now who you fuckin' with is Diggey Das E.F.X'n
We flexin', cause kid we got this rhyme and took effect y'all

Aye yo I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my pocket, watch it
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime scene
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green
Fuck a dime we, strictly fifty, the B.D.P. and Hit Squad committee
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot
Diggity Das K.R.S. East coast on lock

To corny niggas y'all get ate, my shit'll make you faint
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the fuckin' paint
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin'
Now look we comin' back and runnin' shit like fuckin' Michael Jordan
Accordin', to my niggas in the sewer
Yo you a, corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

This for my niggaz on the block, handlin' rock like Kenny Anderson
I'm brandishin', stiggedy styles to keep M.C.'s vanishing
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering
My pattern's amazing son Blazing like a Saddle and
Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C. niggas
Y'all know the haps we movin strapped on the East nigga

Yo, yo, well miggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy Drayz's payday
I riggedy wreck it eryday, kick shit like fuckin' Pele
But wait a, minute, cause we get in it for the masses
For classes, yo K.R.S. come get up in they asses

What, I say, follow me follow me
With my syllable syllable lyrical criminal
MC threats are minimal to my physical they just
Whittle and whittle away, with little and little to say
As they piddle and paddle away, they say OK
But I chop that ass up anyway
What's your handle I got mad MC heads upon a mantle
I got genuine M.C. skin sandals
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt
Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin' for help
When you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear it
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit!
As I fa-la-la-la-la, I'm comin' with that rara

Rockin' mics when you was goo goo gaga to your momma
You wanted to battle K.R.S. when you was young you told your poppa
He slapped you in your head and said uh, uh
But you didn't heed the warning
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face
Lookin' at your crew but they all broke out
because they nothin' but lace
K.R.S. is like mace, in your motherfuckin' face
Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place!