Tight

KRS-One

Let the drums rip
Woo
Yeah
Turn my voice up a little bit
I don't deal with silly shit
I am not illiterate
Gun clapper, street rapper this is what you're dealing with
Boom bap, new rap only the real feeling it
Truth I'm revealing it, beef I ain't dealing with
Others put their bread to the beat and make a meal of it
I'm the quiet type, banana clip I'm concealing it
Kick up on you with the banana and start peeling it
Hit the captain and America, no time for shielding it
Their crew got nicked with the fury, I'm real with it
Flow so sick I should be healing it
But instead I'm on the German autobahn wheeling it
You heard these millionaire, now hear a skillionaire
Rich with the skill and the cut, people I drill them there
Yeah savage, you can hand them out
No silverware, true legend
No jewels, black gorilla wear
Yeah where them skills at, Imma drill that
Too many rappers claiming OG and still wack
They sleeping and you can see how they act
Red pill, blue pill, I gave the red pill back
So I hear what they mumble 'bout me me but it don't penetrate
Young rappers want to be large and diss whoever's great
Me, I'm a legend been busting weapons since '88
Blast off the top of your dome, let it ventilate
Skills I will demonstrate, lyrical rap heavyweight
You ain't never heard of this feature, you bitches hella late
You better wait, KRS is never fake
That wack shit that sells out the culture I'll never make
That boom bap raw speak op who generate
I stay ahead, like you 8 o'clock, I'm ten to eight
I got ends to make with the bass kicking
These rap turkeys are fishing for beef but stay chicken
My rhyme style finger licking, keep mixing no quitting
No need for a vacation you tripping
Tock ticking, Imma spit this right
Like handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight

Let me get to it
Yo
Drum ready I'm about to begin
You've been living without well try living within
You heard these others speak but I am not them
They talk paper but here's what I do with the pen
Sword in the air I don't fear anybody
We was criminal minded when they was on the potty
Been spiritual minded the devil can't stop me
Been political minded, nope they can't lock me
This is an original, not a copy
Me and the mic we got together like swordfish with aki
Mashing any jam, and club, any party
Same shoes, same views, black tee, hair knotty
You could be stoned and you still can't rock me

You could be wood and you still can't knock me
Properly fulfilled and they still want to mock me
Behold it's obvious, the universe got me
Skill, that's my credential
When my words get sent to your mental they turn sentimental
No I will not be gentle
Most rappers are followers
The only thing they lead was a pencil
Money won't defend you
When I A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M end you
I'm that raw shit, hip hop call of war shit
That DJ and MC shit tagging, breaking on the floor shit
Street lyric you heard it I never lost it
Like Yasiin Bey I'm bringing you more shit
Double metaphors it's hard to target
Effortless I flow like a shower no need to force it
You saw it real shit you the witness, the listener
I stand behind my bars like a prisoner
Yeah Imma spit this right
And like them handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight

Ah shay
To the ancestors
Ah shay
Let them drums rip

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