

KRS-One, H.I.P.H.O.P.

[KRS] Yeah that the one -- yo Thor-EI just check your mic

Verse One: Thor-EI

So you wanna be the million dollar man, kid what your plan
Make a deal with the devil settle for a hundred grand
Not enough I call your bluff, hit you with the stuff
Deal with this and think youe tough, gimme a call when things get rough
You get no Vette and, if I could stay leaded
I leavin rappers one-legged from fakin like the prosthetic
youe artificial by cripple, rap is like your pistol
Grim Reaper, I got the whistle, death I pull no tissue
Hit you, like the Mac-11, MC subtract by seven
Callin callin for the reverand, lookin at hell like heaven
I on the map, makin it like the crazy on the track
Oh what the hell I get my mail while I raid you til it crack

Chorus: KRS and Thor-EI

H, I, P, H, O, P, we are
H, I, P, H, O, P, we are

Verse Two: KRS-One

Con, uhh
Dead two in the head before some A&R tell me
I must give up the streets you lift the company can sell me
What the sense in being large if you can take a risk?
Thinkin a risk upon a disc means youe written off the list
I not sayin you can have your fame and glory just don bore me
when I come to see you live, and I paid twenty-five
That, crazy loot Kris is saying I don play those games
Killing Rhyme Sessions is the meaning of my name
But don call my name in vain, cause I will appear
And your livest MC will get slain right here
See I do the homework, and I do the extra credit
You could sell a million records, and still can set it
Cause the Lex or Beem is probably just the matches and a Jeep so
I sure your rap career now if they come before your people
Ohh Lord!! You can be thinkin about Billboard
With the mic cord, and several thousand people just bored
Being dope live is like being insured for life
You always get called back twice, you are

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Thor-EI, KRS-One

I burn like hy-dra-cho-loric and my city got itty
He terrible, Thor-EI incredible and terrific
Is it, that youe under the influence of local obvious
Rappers that die, but why, explain the obvious

No stoppin this lyrics from the esophagus
rockin strictly the hip-hop populace