

KRS-One, High School Rock

Wake up your mind black people, it's ill
Superior people use superior skill
We can defeat any congressional bill at will
The hip-hop nation will prevail
all problems in society with inner city philosophy
The hip-hop in me must come out or die to lock in me, no doubt
Executed properly
I begin to shout out, splat out approximately
three single syllable words per second
like I am God, you are God, we are God, forget it
Time to sell it in a lyrical battle, I'll never jet it
Like a shot to ya head I'm embedded in your mind
With constant conscience lyrical rhyme
At the end of time, I'll be in my prime
Read the sign, men, rhymin
like an oratorical shymin
I look still but I'm climbin
Newsflash here's the latest findin
Ya whole environment created in ya mind and in ya heart
Hip-hop displays art
The highest level of mental expression, play your part

Hook:

I'm the intelligent wise on the mic (x3)
Everybody knows

All these motherfuckers tryin to be large
with their two car garage just like El DeBarge
It's played out, fadin out, over
Talk to ya broker, time to give back that Range Rover, soldier!
I told ya woe onto the hip-hop perpetrator
Wholesome like a neighbour stealin all ya flavour
Danger danger ya better rearrange ya thinkin
Check what you eatin and drinkin, ya breath is stinkin
with the stench of a snitch with information, leakin
linkin up with the enemies of Kris speakin
But I'm already in 1999
feelin fine while most MCs will be out of sight and outta mind
Rewind cos I got a little bit of time
Negativity will be wiped out by pain after turpentine
I find my rhymes combines mobility, creativity
positivity, purger of sensibility
to a wide vicinity, engulfin your facility
O silly me, killin me I begin to see your stupidity
I rock way hard you can't get wit me
or go wit me or float wit me
Frankly, this is wrong, people, poetry
Forget ya little off-the-head rhyme
It's way past your bedtime, for the tenth time
forget tryin ta get mine
I went from the park with my arc in the dark
A simple spark, the little Park sparked now I'm in ya heart
Everytime you think I'm comin one way, I come another way
If you ain't got no fly rhymes, say today
Run away, run away, run away....little boy
Like the TAT crew I terrorise your toys
Noise is what I hear
when you shout your rhyme into the atmosphere
The blast master's here!

Hook (x2)

Now which motherfucker wants their title taken, defended

I see my schedule it's open-ended
I can move somethin around like ya booty ass sound, beginner
What happened? You couldn't be an Apollo Amatur Night winner?
Now the teacher you retrudge
Don't you know I am that lyrical gate keeper
You'll get railed like the sleeper
No peep tha, no peep mine, no peep this hard style
that keeps the party floatin like a foetus, meanwhile
you hold your head, you can't belive this godchild
This *?sins?* recommend ya and because you're not fertile
or fertile {pronounced "fertil"}
Your reflex's slow like a turtle
Yeah my picture you circle from papers and journals
Without rehearsal, *?mic is first all?* is the worst
I verse, I burst sua
Into a million children
in Tiananmen buildings
Willing and start illing, comin thru the ceiling
Enough of this reteric let's start building