

# Kid Capri, Do Or Die

Chorus/intro: krs-one (kid capri)

Do or die \*echoes\* (they know, know what I mean? )  
Bring your clique, come on do or die \*echoes\*  
Bring your clique, bring your clique  
(do or die \*echoes\*)  
Bring your clique, bring your clique (come on)

(krs-one)

Yo, yo; I flash knowlegde not scandal  
Watch me dismantle your handle, lyrics like candles  
They burn on waxes in your sandle  
Microphone vandal, krs-one'll make em scramble  
When they gamble, I tear them like flannel  
You wanna battle? you'se a dreamer  
I put up my benz, you put up your beamer  
I guarantee ya, I leave ya standin with your beaper  
Double or nothing, you put up your sneakers and your megaspeakers  
You'll have no sound; while I'll be uptown in your adidas  
Don't mess with teachers we pray for peepers  
We no cheaters is rare, but we wax that  
Fair and square, don't even stare too long  
Or dare the wrong, I'm there and gone  
With a ? really simple? sing-a-long

Chorus: kid capri and krs

(kid) do or die, I'm sayin it's you and i  
(k&k) bring your clique, bring your clique  
\*repeat 3x\*

(krs) yo, yo kid capri is the dopest

Open up the door, let me come in the place  
Before you recognize the raw, yo, it's right in your face  
Just a little taste, yo I'm kinda nuts like planters  
The haters save your money cause this album is bananas!  
I'm flashin just a little style, for a little while  
Been flowin like the Nile from when you was just a child  
Now it's ninety-eight, and I will not hesitate  
You'll be floatin in the lake, your not no heavyweight!  
Your lightweight, I devistate on the equal races  
No I'm not a racist, but no race could really face this  
I hate this, no I don't, you'll face kris, no you won't

You know you broke cause what you want ain't really dope  
Like a billy goat, I ram your set like blaow!  
Who cares how you like me now, your on the ground  
Boogie-down, let me make one thing clear  
Bx, baby this is our year  
Try here and die here, superfly here  
As I threw my spear near, think what to do my dear  
I'm new and clear, my clarity's amazing  
Still blazin, played the low on occasion

(kid capri)

We make hotter, john blaze  
You niggas rockin in the wrong ways  
I make your head knock while the song plays  
Kid capri bombs bural (boom!) bombs thorough  
Now you know what you can vibe f\*\*k talkin your mom's herald  
Let's make it happen, me and you rappin  
F\*\*k wack raps, f\*\*k where you sell your cracks at

Its all good but your rap style seems to be common  
If ain't no real shit you don't need to be rhymin

Chorus

(krs-one)

South bronx!

I'm smaller, not bigger, drink water not liquor  
So I slaughter quick your lyric-lick, you move like a ninja  
I'm all up in your white blood  
My style is devastatin, your renovatin like hud  
What, you expect when I'm on the set  
Don't forget, I'm givin in cash and wreck  
You still ain't ready yet, better yet  
When I connect all y'all hit the deck!  
Heck, you might as well sign over that publishing check  
You ain't worth, my style is ugly and dirty  
If you ain't close to the thirty you really haven't heard of me  
But don't worry, hurry in the clubs I get wit em  
Got styles for the eighties, nineties, and the new millenium  
Only sucker mc's be like kris got some ish with him  
Because they can't get wit him, only the best sit wit him  
Cops don't be friskin him, gangs be enlistin him  
Nations be missin him, you really think you dissin him?

Chorus