

# KRS-One, Alright With Me

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)  
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)  
But you still want to act like you don't know  
Well, that's alright with me  
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)  
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)  
But you still want to put me down  
Well, that's alright with me

[Verse One]

The Kristyles is officially on blast  
Don't worry about what he say, cuz he wont last  
If you want to learn the way take a seat in this class  
I write albums like singles and release them so fast  
I get around the whole country on foot like Flash  
I don't fly across country I be there with the mass  
Drivin, drivin, pulling up to your hood spot  
You sayin to your son, "now this how radio should rock."  
I pray for these radio cats cuz they don't know  
how fast I be movin when they be movin slow  
This ain't no fast food rap dude, get it and go  
This that home cooked type meal, lyrical flow  
Spiritual grow, ya know cuz ya was there, fo sho  
Like Joey Greck I'm not the average Joe  
(Yo, welcome cats to the BDP show  
with KRS, Kenny Barker, G Simone, and Chalk-o)

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[Verse Two]

I spit when I speak, when I speak I spit  
When I spit what I spat it splits ya clique  
Spit, spat, speak, spoke, either way  
I spat that your rap's not dope any way  
When you spoke I spit that splattered your scope  
I split that and spit that unanimous quote  
No hope when I battle I'm staggering folk  
They slip-sliding away there rappers ain't dope  
Get my coat, I make sure you can see shells  
For sure you gon' see them cuz all you see is sales  
Forget it you ain't wit it, admit it  
Every thing you did I already did it

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[Verse Three]

Too many emcees not enough time

nine out of ten niggaz say they wanna rhyme  
Four out of nine talk about drugs and crime  
Three out of four say they wit it but they not  
Two out of five spit fire plus the underground  
One out of three spit righteous but they never shine  
One out of two claim they ballin all the time  
And only one make it to prime  
Do that math, only one Biggie, one Pac, one Jay-Z  
one Nas, one Fifty, one X, one Slim Shady  
One KRS-One, one L, one K, one Busta, one Pun, one Love, only one me  
Take that TNT, that spit is my property  
You copy me, fuck you, pay me (nigga)

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