

KRS-One, Bring It Back

Ha, hahaha!

("Bring it back, that old New York rap

Bring it bring it back, that old New York rap") -- repeats in background

The only reality

Is now...

Yo!

Verse One:

I rock slow and easy like soul

The New York flow, is strictly for the pro

Hip-hop! Ladies and gents

So you can know, every word yo, of the sentence

Hey la, like De La, I got Common Sense

Save the compliments for after I commence

to evidence of MC's, rockin under false pretense

Yes they get burned like incense

Myrrh and frankencense, you know the consequence

When you rock with KRS and don't make sense

Kris represents all MC's, that rock with ease

I'm not conceited, I got confidence in my abilities

Agility's my credibility

Oratorical artillery in all facilities

It Takes a Village like Hillary

when killin me, KRS has wide range capabilities

On the microphone, in the combat zone

MC's get eaten like the ozone layer

Hey ya, I'm not a playa I'm a teacher

But if I wanted your girl

You'd be Living Single like Latifah

Action Uptown like Monifah

I hit like a beeper, and hot like the bunny on Easter

Lyricaly let me freak ya

With moves like Scoob and Scrap

Rock Steady, Stretch, Al and Kiko

I warm up any room like a heater

Bringin a New Balance to the speaker like a sneaker

Still a teacher, prove it, like medicine squared

This Garden of Eden, keeps the party movin

("Bring it back, that old New York rap

Bring it bring it back, that old New York rap") - repeat 2X

Verse Two:

I'm interested in skill and how we build as a culture

I don't eat off old material like a vulture

Repeatin myself for wealth is bad for my health

Everyday I express myself with a dope lyric

From my inner spirit, then I share it with others

As they hear me, enhancin

East and West, overseas, brothers and sisters

Sons and daughters transcended all borders

I deal with mind expansion

Anytime you aimlessly dancin, and romancin

It's your life that you be chancin

Not that I wanna sound gloomy

But I don't rhyme about Judy Judy, cutie and shake your booty

When you gonna grow up and be GOD?

Instead of making a rap a full time job

Yeah, it's a job and not an art

They only rhyme to get money;

cause true self-expression takes heart, and guts

Rhymes, and cuts

Tight minds and not tight butts
Reach your goal, like a puck
I wish you good skill and not good luck
Cause only skills put you up out the gutter so I utter

("Bring it back, that old New York rap
Bring it bring it back, that old New York rap") - repeat 2X

Verse Three:

That old New York flow means wrote for fun
And if the money come, THEN THE MONEY COME
But today and everyday, KRS speaks the truth
We dealing with unemployment in the city black youth
usin rap, to put clothes on they back
No culture, or disciplined, way to act
But soon yo, we'll take care of alla that
We're huntin fi de power help supress people tracks
That keep the culture intact, and soon you will see
In the black community, black unity
Not black nudity, after black puberty
For every crew to see, to breakin down the black community
The only one to blame is you and me
For not takin responsiblity for our artillery
Verbally, you heard of me, Knowledge Reigns Supreme
Over Nubians Everywhere, I kick it cause I care
The end isn't near, it's way over there
BLAOW! The only reality is now
But when I say bring back the old flava
That means bring back the ORIGINAL MC behavior

("Bring it back, that old New York rap
Bring it bring back, that old New York rap") - repeat 2X

Verse Four:

Now I got to show you how the BX rocks
MC's, are jumpin out shoes and socks
Body body rock body body rock
I'm the king of rock'n'roll, ahh yeah
Throw your guns in the air! Glocks down
Who the hell is, pagin me at 5 o'clock in the mornin
Where you gonna be, because...
Fresh is the word, many money missin many
Jenifa, oh Jenny
We make up all these rhymes inside our head!
Yo, let's connect politic ditto