

# KRS-One, Clear 'Em Out

[KRS-One] Uh! Domingo  
[Tone Def] Domingo y'all  
[KRS-One] Uh! Tone Def  
[Tone Def] It's Tone Def y'all  
[KRS-One] Whoo!  
[Tone Def] Yeah (WITH K-R-S)  
[KRS-One] Word Up  
[Tone Def] And it goes like this  
[KRS-One] Here We Go

[Chorus]  
Let's take these rappers out, No doubt  
On the streets they ain't got no pout, No doubt  
Haven't they figured it out, No doubt  
Don't nobody like what they shout, Clear 'Em Out  
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[KRS-One]  
I am the incarnation of what you do  
When you try to forget KRS, I try to forget you  
You tired of me saying what's real hip hop  
Well I'm tired of you biting my shit to go pop  
This is why we need hip hop history  
'Cause if we had it, you knew you shouldn't get with me  
I'm free, I don't need MTV  
I could smash your click like 1-2-3  
You think I care if you plat-in-um  
Where I come from, we be slappin' em' uh  
Sales dont make you the authority  
It only means you sold out to the white majority  
What you know about seniority you ain't major  
Ya whole album appeals to little second graders  
Grow up already, before I slap that hiny  
And put you out of work like Tavis Smiley  
I got that razor tounge, you be on the ground with paramedics saying &quot;We  
can't save this one&quot;  
I stay alert like red, you keep sucking me uh 'cause you think I'm ahead  
But you ain't street soldier, I'll take one of ya members  
Cut off his head and send it to Lisa Evers  
We will be here for ever and ever and ever  
While you'll be over by next September

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[Tone Def]  
We got a million DMX's, a thousand Jay-Z's  
A hundred Eminem's and two million Master P's  
But I think for drastically, 'cause Tone Def always flow with originality,  
that's the way it has to be  
And if you patchin' me for the first or the third time  
And even if you search wide for new styles  
You still ain't never heard mine

With the thrust of a turbine, I blur by  
Most of y'all niggas can't really get with me  
But I know your girl sure try  
But that's alright, 'cause you probably prefer guys to fur pie  
That's why your shorty turned bi, she like that silky stir fry  
With her skirt hiked to an absurd height  
She by the curb like, "Don't swerve alright";  
If you got the wood she got the termites  
It's Tone Def, the vocalism more tread than a dirt bike  
Cats be like ram ya tounge is rough, "Yo that hurts right?";  
I blurt my explanation on my worst night, last heard that twelve mics  
thought I was siamese 'cause you got served twice  
I don't want to hear about your perp life  
Forced to record CBS just to remember what it's like to survive  
You hypocritical types a pitiful willin' to serve lies  
To reserve ice, but need to work for Adidas to earn stripes  
My first strike, leave you with burned eyes all for the turn-pike  
And man be looking for you surfside armored the search light  
Most cats that use the term nice never been in a word fight  
Don't think you just observe for return price  
Well your church might

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[KRS-One]

See I could care less if you carry a gat  
You a liar brothers getting locked for that  
All that olympic size pool you could drown in that  
I'm a true school cat and I'm proud of that  
You could see me decked out in a gown and cap  
While you killin' our people with a pound of crack  
What you think player, you ain't going down for that  
Your lyrics prove you ain't looking out in fact  
You a traitor and the worst kind at that  
In the future your kids gonna account for that  
We will never stop spittin' the facts no trouble  
He forgot about the struggle, I'm bringing it back  
I ain't mad or angry or any of that  
All I know is my people died so I could rap  
And what we do when we spit nigga, bitch, ho, dick  
We need to switch that to my brother, my sister quick

[Chorus]

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