

KRS-One, De Automatic

(feat. Fat Joe)

Some fear de 'matic
Ah hah hah, heh heh heh, EHHH
Check it out

Some fear de 'matic, yes de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Crazy MC's waste they time chasin millions
While KRS-One, holds the minds of the children
I'm buildin a followin of a hundred and forty-four thousand
Chosen few heads up in project housin
A true rapper, street rapper, rappin to the center
I enter any cipher, with tales of adventure
If rappers are ridin beats like cars, I'm bendin mad fenders
Put down your mic and surrender
Youse a pretender, Blastmaster KRS rules the pavement
Kickin Edutainment while you wait for your arraignment
Save it friend before your chest I cave it in
I got my way again, I'm classical like a fuckin Harley Davidson
How do you think I kick a lyrical style no and you figure
It's simple, I'm a rap God, and youse a nigga
Don't mean I'm bigger, it simply means I'm smarter
For starters, I come at you poetically harder

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Ha hah, fake ass rapper, how you think you got juice?
When you rock a pair of panties underneath your bubblegoose
(Word) KRS-One will fuck up parties dramatically
My reflex'll slap a wack rapper automatically
When you was home witcha mother, afraid of the dark
I was sleepin out in Prospect Park
Eatin one meal every 48 hours
Writin dope rhyme styles that you now devour
Don't you realize, that I'm all about survival
I got only friends cause I KILLED all my rivals
Show up at the rhyme recitals, took they titles
From eighty-six to ninety-six completes my first cycle

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I spent 40 days, and 40 nights in the wilderness
I'm hard, from head to toe yo there ain't no killin this
I wrote over 100 rap hooks
and sociological books, while you worried about your looks
Now you wanna enter the dragon in sound
But I've got the live club show locked down
Platinum and gold don't hold in my arena
You gots to keep it real on the mic, when they see ya
I manifest, in the West the East and overseas
The vision in rap is wack, and I don't know of these
I represent New York to be specific
The South Bronx, but in Japan I'm still gifted
I grab a jet and land on your set, what the fuck?

Twenty bucks for a rap show is still, twenty bucks
I start from eighty-six, and bring you into ninety-six
No gimmicks, tricks or lip-sync lyrics

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[Fat Joe]
Yeah yeah it's the God Fat Joe
Representin the motherfuckin South Bronx
With my nigga Kris, knockin off frauds
Motherfuckers wanna do what?
Big shout out to my nigga Kenny Parker
Ill Will, BDP crew for life nigga
Naughty Gotto, the Big French productions
Of course the TAT crew, my nigga Brim
The T.S. crew, and the whole Godsville
South Bronx represent nigga, uhh

The South Bronx, the South South Bronx
South Bronx, the South South Bronx
Yeah! Uhh!