

# KRS-One, For Example

[Chorus: sample from a live performance of "The Bridge is Over";  
Here's another example of the KRS-One (BO!)  
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They wish to battle BDP but they cannot  
They must be on the jock of WHO? (DJ Scott LaRock!)]

[KRS-One]

Yeah, one-two, what? What?  
Grab any tape that you think is hard  
Put it in your tape deck and press record  
Get this - what's a real hip-hop emcee?  
Is it MTV? Is it BET?  
Is it five M-I-C's so the people can see?  
I mean, how you think you free when you act like property?  
Tell me, how can you judge an MC when he's rockin  
I mean, rockin it live, not pickin his cotton  
I mean, adjustin his clothes I mean, how do you know  
before you come to the show, and you're not gettin cheated  
That you're not gettin heated, that you ain't come to the club  
thinkin, "Uh-uh - I must have been weeded!"  
You got to be a educated consumer  
Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya  
All they want is your cash, ass, glass, gas and a flick  
When you ask for that autograph, they ass dash quick  
Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter  
He pulls his gat while we BUST OFF the gatler  
He's more of an actor, someone, into theater  
Not an upright MC with styles who speaks clearer!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

MC's have no time for the bar  
Unless we politickin a tape to some drunk A&R  
We grab the mic and say who we are, KRS  
And start takin it to the chest of the best  
This is not a test or a demo  
This is when you let go of the limo, like many can't do  
They may wanna amp you and chant new, record sellin  
But movin the crowd is somethin that they can't do!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

C'mon!  
You got to be mistaken, I am not your boy  
You fake what you creatin, playin wit'cha toys  
G'wan with all that bullshit bout you bringin noise  
Time for somethin more than PO-PO-POI-POI  
All of hip-hop ain't seventeen  
Some of us still go back to "Microphone Fiend";  
Back when it was just MC's and DJ's  
No video that come on and just replay

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

Uhhh... uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh  
We can never stop, forever we rock, take a listen  
The t'cha is back, cause rap's whack when I'm missin  
Me, I would never want the future to believe  
that when they trust to look back on us there was no dope MC's  
There was, all these rappers grabbin more and more money  
And now that I'm A&R they look more and more funny

They rap for platinum plaques without building  
a cultural strategy worthy of our children!