

KRS-One, Hush

Uh-huh, whatchu thought? Uh-huh, we was done?
Uh-huh, whatchu thought?! Yeah, yeah
Yeah, whatchu thought? Uhh, uhh, uhh
Yo, yo, back again! What's that? Back again!
What's that? Word! C'mon

[Chorus 2X: Nyce]

A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, yo, check it, check it
Let us begin, KRS, winnin again, KRS-One did it again
KRS bigger than them, look at them they bit it again
I think my gun just gonna start clickin again
Click-clack, I always spit back
Anybody call my name I go get that
In fact we draggin 'em out, to a deserted route
The teacher returns, you must learn, the word is out
No doubt highly respected, Front Page Records
Off the hook, yet still connected
Are you teachin yourself, teachin yourself?
I'm like history repeatin itself
"Criminal Minded", you've been blinded again
Lookin for my style you can't find it again
You can find these others that may sound like Kris
but when it comes to the hands they don't get down like Kris!
They never ran up in the clubs with a hundred thugs
Never had the respect of Crips and Bloods
Never knew B.O., they never knew Big Pun
They never battled MC's, they never bust they gun
They don't know that, all they know is that show DAT
That's Digital Audio Tape if you don't know that
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus 2X: Nyce]

A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Word, yeah yeah, uh-huh, yo
Yo, yo, yo (hit 'em Kris!)
What mean the world to me? H-I-P, H-O-P
And S-I-M, O-N-E
And G-O-D, I stay low key
I go down to hell, and slap up Satan
Then return to heaven, where Scott LaRock is waitin
Resurrection, just like my brown complexion
when I speak, I don't need protection from the heat
I walk these streets and I'm quick to hit first
Throw on any beat I'll be quick to spit first
and rip town, I take one look around
And all you hear is, "Get down, get down, get down!"
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I stay on blast
That's why these rappers want me to go on last
That's the truth, that's the fact, that's the deal
Forget sex appeal, my tech is real
And my rep is real, K-R-S
Woo-woop-woop! That's the sound of E-M-S

The rag on your head, it best stay white
Cause I can turn that red in a mintue a-ight?
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch them diamonds from 'round your neck
Once again, get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus: Nyce]

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[KRS-One]

Yeah.. yeah.. yo, yo, yo
To all my heads who wanna see an improvement
in hip-hop culture, join this movement
We need more glocks than my man Freddie Foxxx
The knowledge I spit to the click it don't stop
That hardcore God-core, ready to start war
Rock more shock more top your pop tour
I'm sure I'll drop the grade to zero
When the teacher return, I don't chase DeNiro
Like where yo? Where yo? They livin in fear yo
It's a jungle sometime, but I got my spear yo
The album's called "Sneak Attack", that's what it is
KRS-One spittin facts to kids

[Chorus: Nyce]

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