

# KRS-One, I Got Next / Neva Hadda Gun

It's meant to be evidently  
When I rock so eloquently  
Put the beat on and let me  
Kill another wack emcee  
Can't trust them, never test me  
I practice and study  
But I'm not in it for the money  
But to me they look so funny  
You can't test the teacher  
The teacher won't reach intact  
Through the speaker you're weaker, now sit your ass in the back  
My lyrical you hear it, you fear it, you can't get near it  
Cause the spirit eat Eric  
And Eric your rhymes is wack  
Like that, that, right back

Check it out!

Check it like this  
Just skills You know you gotta build just skills  
\*A phone is dialed a man says hello and a woman starts speaking in Spanish\*  
You know you gotta build just skills, uh come on get down  
Just skills You know we gotta build just skills, come on get down

Yeah, uh come on  
I got that rip track, flip that, underground rap  
When I kick back  
Most of what I'm hearin' be weak  
So I speak through beats and the streets as I teach  
I impeach, through speech, each lyric leech I reach  
Have a seat in the lecture  
Nothin' can protect you  
Hard is the texture  
Of the mic wreckin' rock in your sector  
Better than ever remember I am no beginner  
I like to shout out Eric Skinner  
Just skills, you know we gotta build just skills, come on a get down  
Just skills, you know we gotta build just skills, come on a get down  
Yo, we livin' in a world of private jets and limousine  
The fruit we eatin' as we prepare tangerine to nectarine  
See everybody livin' in the same routine  
We need the telephone, and yes, we need the fax machine  
You listen to the sound, well I think you know it's me  
Now, let me educate you with my conscious poetry  
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap  
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap  
Me love, me love, me love, me love, me love it when it's bad  
See if you wack rap you ought be steppin' out the back  
See emcees on the microphone forgettin' that they black  
See hear them kick the lyrics that are holdin' people back  
But when you hear the teacher, KRS will find the track  
You bound to see the light, and you don't want return back  
So listen very closely to the secret scientist  
I'm sending this one out to all my inner city kids  
Now you supposed to be apostle what you have inside your head  
Can make you more reliable, it can make you feel dead  
Now listen very closely to the way I say this rhyme  
It's the thing called the brain, and the thing called the mind  
But I'm outta time

Chorus (scratching on the word "can"):  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?  
No, you can't cause now you gotta get done!

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun  
Never had a gun, never had a gun?  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?  
No, you can't cause now you bouts to get done!  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun  
Never had a gun, never had a gun?

On the block you just yap a whole lot  
About the clothes that you got  
Yo, or the gold that you got  
Everybody sees all the friends in your Benz, yo, it's fat  
But they ain't gettin money like that  
Word to my brother Kenny, jealous one envy  
The rich are few, while the poor, many  
But you got gold cuffs and cars and stuff  
You eatin well, but still in the ghetto you dwell  
You know it's hot, so you make it known about your glock  
To any perpetrator tryin to blow up your spot  
You grab the microphone and talk a good ramble  
You the hardcore outlaw, criminal, vandal  
Burnin emcees like a candle, but you frontin  
You ain't got nothin, with your life you gamble  
One day you gamble up snake eyes  
Talkin all that junk about you don't take dives, you take lives  
Nobody on the block tries, cause you claim you got powerful ties  
So at the red light you arrive  
And to your surprise you get heffed up with just two steak knives  
You're terrified, they take your Benz, and what makes things worse  
You ain't got gun the first

Chorus