

# KRS-One, Illegal Business

Ha! Ha! Huh! Huh! What's this?

Yo, huh, huh, huh

[Verse One]

I'm the one that steps in the club, ya not see it  
Givin dap, givin pounds and hugs, ya not see it  
In the club I'm not lookin for love, ya not see it  
Gimme the mic and I'll show you whassup, better believe it  
I'm not at the bar, whatever the pub, ya not see it  
Still they sendin me these bottles of bub, ya not see it  
But I will open the minds of thugs, ya not see it  
Who you think really bring in the drugs, ya not see it  
60 million people smokin the bud, ya not see it  
Cause the American way of life is bugged, ya not see it  
You never peep it, yo this ain't a secret, ya not see it  
They confiscate it, resell it, you retrieve it, ya not see it!  
So believe it while you sit there weeded, ya not see it  
Hip-Hop culture who gonna lead it, ya not see it  
K, R, S One, ya not see it  
Peace love unity and havin the fun, ya not see it

[Chorus]

Cocaine business control America  
Ganja business control America  
KRS-One still causin hysteria  
Illegal business control America  
Diamond business control America  
The oil business control America  
KRS-One still causin hysteria  
Illegal business control America

[Verse Two]

Yo, rise up brother, raise up sister  
Visualize wealth, put yourself in the picture  
Very few cats gon' tell you the half, ya not see it  
Cause they're really only after the cash, ya not see it  
But they wind up sellin they own ass  
One album, two album, they gone they don't last  
So hold on a minute now, don't be so fast  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme with me ya won't crash  
Ha, I'm the cat that spits the raw, ya not see it  
They can't believe when I hit the tour, ya not see it  
I'm not ready to retire for sure, ya not see it  
I'm from the 70's, I'm down by law, ya not see it  
We passed fliers door to door, ya not see it  
Popularity's growin more and more, ya not see it  
Conscious rap where the heart is at, ya not see it  
We be screamin WHERE THE PARTY AT, ya not see it  
But instead of the Bacardi sack, ya not see it  
Fallin out in the party in the back, ya not see it  
Let me show you where the art is at, ya not see it  
Put down your money I'm takin all of that, ya not see it  
All the clubs they be callin me back, ya not see it  
I'm never short cause I'm taller than that, ya not see it  
I'm only showin you the other way out  
Maybe I'm preachin but this is what love is about, ya not see it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

KRS, I speak when I must  
This that official underground rap, this you can trust  
I stand outside the industry and there's many of us  
Talkin mad shit but for those who not bilingual, plenty of stuff  
My whole crew is why you can't get with any of us  
Reason I'm not on TV cause I'm not sellin you nothin  
I'm not rhymin for a Bentley or a house this plush  
I spit for the conscious, what about us?  
Time's up, time to open that mind up

Temple of Hip-Hop sign up, devils we bind up  
When I'm up rhymin cuts your spirit hear it and shines up  
Climb up before you wind up takin