

KRS-One, Ova Here

[Intro]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
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[Interlude]

Blaow Blaow!!! Blaow Blaow!!! Clear em out clear 'em out!!! Word!

[Verse 1]

Yo Nelly! You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal
Your whole style sounds like a N'Sync commercial
Ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status
With this ugly lookin billboard you could stop them
But I got enough albums to make my own top ten
You limited, like the spread of traffic
You bite my style off the radio so when you speak you bet I hear the static
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses
Of course it is ridiculous
Watch out, I begin to curve indispuous
Gotcha! On your, hands and knees
Ain't it about time for some real emcees?

[Chorus]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
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The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

[Verse 2]

(Uh!) Uh! We on the hunt tonight
When you see me comin, I don't front I fight
People say I'm contradictin, cause I'm all about peace
To say the least with a violent history
It ain't no mystery these rappers wanna get with me
My people don't see that all they hear is stop hittin me, huh
Stop beatin me Chris, you want to help my career Nelly?
Well you can help if you don't exist, huh
I think it's 'bout time we stop these pop rappers
Fuck these pop rappers, hip hop does matter to me
Does it matter to you? My crew
If it does, you know what the hell to do
Throw your guns in the air, pump it like yeah
Let these bitch ass rappers know we in here
Go to the shows huh, boo 'em off stage
Tell 'em KRS told you they at the end of they days
Let me tell you let's give hip hop a lift
And don't buy Nelly's album on June twenty fifth
That'll send a message to all them sellouts
House nigga rapper, your bottom done fell out
You don't even know how
I told you I wasn't talkin about you then, but I'm talkin about you now!
Blaow! one to the kness, blaow one goes right through
Even St. Louis don't like you!!!!