

KRS-One, Rappaz R. N. Dainja

Verse One:

Blastmaster Kris I don't talk ish
Expand your consciousness and dismiss foolishness
No one is new to this or new to Kris
In hip-hop's atomic structure, I am the nucleus
That is the center of the group we/us
they/them/you, every squad every massive every crew
Dental floss is lost when a true rapper jumps off
The cash is incidental but not mental distract you off course
The style that I am kickin is like chicken
It will be bitten, rewritten, then performed for a \$25 admission
Reviewed in The Source
You will listen then find somethin missin of course... it's skills
That's what you're fishin for, it's lost
I'm gettin too explicit, the track jingles
I won't do a wack album then remix it for my single
Kickin rhymes til I wrinkle, and my brown eyes twinkle
God called hip-hop for the nine-cinco

Verse Two:

Tasty like a souffle french croissant on Tuesday
Rappers be boo-tay
Goo-fy that's how they crew stay
Bitin whatever you say to boost they ego
We know the steelo, your whole character is foul
Makes me want to shoot a free throw, BLAOWW
From the git go, no, get go, my flow hits low
Wherever all the dope shit go, there's where my shit go
Bee-dee-bee-bo, skank, I think
Self with ya groups everyone else and the bank
Others like to bring the shottie to the party
I bring knowledge of self, you cure the mind, you cure the body
Some rappers like to come to the party, hopin to leave with somebody
check, I come with skills and I leave with your motherfuckin respect
Ahh yeah... so check, UH!

Verse Three:

New types of verbal hip-hop I bring
When you know you can sing BOY you know you can sing
I do not clutter up the airwaves, with stacks of useless facts
MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks
Freak that, I'll snap your back as it cracks
you will experience, loss or lack of balance
Stop the violence, fry from week to week like an allowance
All of you are cowards hiding behind the mask of MC
I remember, thinkin back to eighty-three
No video, no you had to be a real live MC
Now you younguns grow up buggin, any new jock you're huggin
weak production, let me tell you somethin
Any MC can battle for glory
But to kick a dope rhyme to wake up your people's another story
Act like you never saw me
Cause when it comes to lyrics, I'm in a different category