

KRS-One, Still Slippin'

[KRS-One]
They slippin Duke

You slippin Duke, you trippin Duke
Rememeber you still livin in a corporate chicken coop
With a hundred other chickens yellin get that loot
Makin a hundred other chickens tryin to spit what's cute
But KRS spits the fruit
My words are not hollow, I'll lead you out the chicken suit
You slippin Duke, I got proof, spit truth in the club
So the colleges man, we get so loose
What's the use, you slippin Duke, how America great
when Iraq, had no nukes, now OOPS
Whatever happened to samples and loops?
The same thing that happened to organs and flutes, and real artists
Thank God for The Roots, the soldier that's home with his family
Support for the troops yeah, now let's start this
I've taught many groups, been through many suits
Teachin new recruits that can't take it back to hula hoops
I know we're on mute, stand up straight
I'm like Skywalker without the loot, you slippin Duke

{*scratch: "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker";*}

[KRS-One]
YEAHH!

Talk your talk, degrade my character
Your remarks are amateur, the future laughs at ya
I got much stamina, and I know my facts
I am hip-hop, I don't speak for blacks
I speak for hip-hop's preservation, and only that
Peace love unity, I'm known for that
What's your hassle with me man, no man is ownin me
You just mad cause I lead hip-hop globally
Your hassle is that, I'm an international cat
You know in any debate, I'm smashin your crap
When it comes to hip-hop, you behind
Cause I've been organizin this politically since 1989
I stay selective, the objective peace of mind
I am hip-hop and so are you don't be so blind
Use the key next time, you know my roots
But listen dog you slippin Duke!

{*scratch: "You wanna hear a fresh rhyme, you'll come to the source";*}
{*scratch: "Stamp BDP on your head then you're off";*}
{*scratch: "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker";*}
{*scratch: "Do not attempt to diss cause you're soft";*}