

KRS-One, Take It To God

[KRS-One]

Yeah, once again, word up urban inspirational
KRS-One, Professor Ecks, whattup Dan? Woo
Temple of Hip-Hop, let's do it

By the sound of the track, you know who is back
It's the teacher, philosopher of conscious rap
Rappers tired of me sayin where hip-hop is at
Cause they know they unoriginal, copycats
Watch me bump this gospel rap, never wack
In fact, I tell you where the tracks is at
TV is wack, they wanna show us beatin Iraq
When the question is, is where is Chandra Levy at?

[Professor Ecks]

Murdered God and left for dead like hip-hop
And admit to Condit like conduct, to kill Ecks the dread
And Kris crucified the false prophet
John F. Kennedy to these MC's, I draw and cock it
Cock on cocky cops for the love of the art
Punish the part, partition
Pardon the pause, poison pens penetrate the mental
I walk with Kris so my body's a temple
Body instrumentals and body your squad in the body of a God

[KRS-One]

Just think, just think, what if Malcolm X returned
or Dr. King returned, tell me what have we learned?
As we takin our turn, tell me what have we earned
or is the ice and the cars our only concern
Mo' money, mo' money, you be yellin it out
And on TV can't you see you be sellin us out
So in 2010, look to 2002
Who you think they gonna respect, me or you?

[Professor Ecks]

Behold, the God, in the form of the man
Walkin off water and (?) flesh absorbs in the sand
Moor gets the land, divorcin the clan, I'm off into sand
Off and I'm slayin delicate arms from porcelain hands
Slaughtered the lambs, charge it to the game
Cats take hip-hop's name in vain
Disrespectin the forefathers who came (uh-huh)
Goddess hurt 'em right now, like when Marvin was slain

[KRS-One]

They don't want it, nope, they don't need it, nope
Just stay weeded and hope, I don't read what you wrote
Best believe they ain't dope, they deceivin these folks
with they meaningless quotes, I got my feet on they throat
What they speak is a joke, they really weak and they broke
Have a seat and take notes, on the streets I'm the Pope
MTV is they hope, they repeat what they wrote
I'm an MC that won't, let them tempt me with coke

[Professor Ecks]

Nope, flesh of my flesh, blessed by KRS
Used to love her, they (?) haven't made a date with death
Follow no man, enslave the Ecks, Professin the student
I vibe with the teacher obliged to drop (?) liver than heaters
Lyrics liable to eat us like the survivors of Jesus
Now the, blind is the leaders, your styles is egregious
Gets now the brow beateth to underground emceeth
The game is overheated, overweeded, and misunderstood

[KRS-One]

Word, just a ride in they boat, with a platinum rope
No doubt, they sellin us out, what's happenin loc?
Quit this rappin I won't, cause MC'n is dope
If I can't do it for the love then do it I won't
How many times we note when these rappers is dope
Satisfied, that's why I'm renewin your hope
Broaden your scope, when cleaned out your mind
my rhyme is like a new bar of deoderant soap

[Professor Ecks]

In this land of men mice and mimes, I holds right for the laws
Live life like Christ, makin bread from mics and applause
The snakes fight with Tyson like jaws for what's rightfully yours
I might (?) 'em all, tell me - is it life or it's war?

[*singer*]

Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, Goooyyyiiyyiiiiiiod, Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod
My God, your God, our God.. is God, is God
Change is gonna come, where you goin to run, but to God?
To God, run to God, run to God
Run to God, and let him in your heart
Change is gonna come, the change is gonna come
Make it your change, run to God, in your heart
Let God in your heart, he will fillt he part
Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, in youuuuuuur heart
Take it to God, take it to God God
Take it to my God, your God, take it to God
Take it to Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, take it to Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod
Take it to Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, take it to God
Just take it to God, run and, take it God
Take it to Go-awd