

KRS-One, Temple Tactics

All rise!

From around the way to around the world
The ever-sinner of Matthew Netta, gets it together
Every time I manifest the vocals we think
My voice is registered with your local presinct
I lead through knowledge, you don't see me till college
KRS-One is like that oatmeal porridge
When you get older and you realise you need it
That's when you retrieve it, now class be seated
This Boogie Down lingo is produced by Domingo
Wild styles I bring you, now go re-write your single
My last name should be Kringle for the gift
On the drummachine I program songs like Steve Smith
Don't Rif, Kin, you're not loud
you're not listening, I self-create my position
Any room I enter I transform to a church
Before you see through battle you should do some research
For we break

samples:

-Has more rhymes than a train has tracks-
-Able to leave sucker MC's in a single rhyme-
Break-over, take-over, total make-over
When I rap it slabs a flack on your Range Rover
You's a joke clown plus you broke down
Like a coat of a cardigan KRS-One be flowing at your party
Your whole crew jetting they be seriously threatening
My lyric weapon be upsetting the jamsession
Gather round now for a very important lesson
KRS-One is not the one you should be testing
No guessing, we follow strict mathematics
Temple tactics and word magic
So step up if you wanna get hurt
All year around our shows be worth
The force I observe lifts up your skirt
Leave your space cabin Captain Kirk covered in dirt

samples:

-Has more rhymes than a train has tracks-
-Able to leave sucker MC's in a single rhyme- 2x
You got the long lasting, floors matching without asking
Rhymes with a passion, KRS-One, broadcasting
Never crashing cos I'm never speeding
You should be heading, what do you trick and I be reading
Leading the new school, with new rules for new fools
Flash styles and young MC's it makes they crews drool
Some say you cruel when I bust off like a new tool
Making a man you do as I drop two jewels
Positive and negative, mutualist disadditive, but I'm not giving it
The Godess is my relative, knowledge I be living it
I creep with it, come to elect ya and you'll witness it
Lyrics I'll be flicking it
Don't step this way if you begin in it
Push your hands up if you've been in it
Let me now get into it, straight rhymes hit the innercit'
When it splatter they say "Damn, those rappers"
Switching ya, fixing a glitch in ya
Pulling the b*tch in ya out, taking a bum a ridiculour route

samples:

-Has more rhymes than a train has tracks-
-Able to leave sucker MC's in a single rhyme- 4x