

# KRS-One, The I

Where shall we land, there?  
Which city shall we destroy today?  
This one, or that one? This one?

[KRS-One]

Take a look a look around, we last forever  
We carry books around, manuals are bound in leather  
We rock the center, the only point that's in the circle  
We free MC's, what we decree will not desert you  
We know what we doin, we wise and we chillin  
We calculate against the continued cries of our children  
They may be cryin now but they won't be cryin later  
We love hip-hop, because WE are it's creators  
So we, build the Temple, write the books, teach the classes  
Create instrumentals, write hooks and rock masses  
NONE passes, without studyin this flow  
It's all good as long as you know Kris know!

[Chorus: Mad Lion]

While I deal with I, Jah talk to I  
When I dem go alike, only de one comply  
Whatchu see with de I, look twice toward de I  
If you don't unify your children them a gon' cry

[KRS-One]

I stand with the rejected, the unsuspected, the unconnected  
The neglected the one you, never suspected  
It seems you forget hip-hop plays the back  
Sayin that's my sound, and that's my sound  
And that's my track, and that's my rap  
And that's some chorus they did way back, look honey bringin it back  
I'm actually, I'm everywhere at every time  
Animating every rhyme and every dare in every mind  
KRS is my representative on Earth  
Challenge him not, he's been hip-hop since birth  
His main objective, is to put hip-hop in perspective  
Show pity, and DESTROY these wack cities

[Chorus]

[Mad Lion]

Inna style dem a {?}, yo alla dem a cry  
Dey worship slackness and to be under sky  
We lead dem to de water but we cyan't make dem drink  
Pussy to take a sip, cause it gon' make you t'ink  
We don't usually {?} shit {?}, yo alla dem a sing  
Wisdom wort more den any diamond and gold  
People use it and find it like de Dead Sea Scrolls

[KRS] Take dem Lion, take 'em, take it over!

[Mad Lion]

Cause of dem outer, dem outer, dem outer inter outer inter  
Outer inter outer inter out of control  
Dey neva find wisdom til dem dead ohhh  
Mad Lion make de {?} roll  
KRS make up a sea and bulge ya  
Of the story of never been told-a  
Cause we outer, outer, inter outer outer ese  
Out of control, out of control  
I'm so serious ay (what?)  
We don't have no time fi play, ay (tell 'em again)  
Some people diss dem {?} hell's in this world  
But dey'll come around one day

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, only Beezlebub think my voice is aggravatin  
Children of light hear my voice and start congregatin  
The mind's debatin, is he a prophet or is he Satan?  
But the tree is only known by it's fruit, what am I creating?  
What am I stating? Have I stood the test of time?  
Or am I fading, or has God blessed my rhyme?  
Settle your dissin, you better be listenin, forever we glisten  
The metaphysician with a better way, makin a better day daily