

KRS-One, You Gon Go

[Verse 1: KRS-One]

I'm bringing back the style that others have pushed to the rear
Now you see me, now you don't, now I'm everywhere
Maybe you can see that knowledge does reign supreme
Rap is like a ballclub and I coach the team
Move the crowd, that's what MC mean
How many albums I got? Mmmm...12, 13
I've told y'all before
You are not just doin' hip-hop, you are hip-hop
Them jokers need to stop, be hip-hop
I mastered this and him, her, they, them, that one
she and he did not
I speak a lot
I hit 'em in they weakest spot
Come see me rock, yo, you'll leave in shock
KRS, you ever wonder why he's so hot?
It's because he's not pop yo, he's hip-hop
West to East the sound of the police will rock
If you don't love this you won't have the heat I got
Disciplined if you listening the beats (?)
Fuck the dumb shit yo, we gotta teach the tots
They say I preach a lot
And last year the took the jeep and shot
But this year the beat will knock

[Hook x2: KRS-One]

I know where
We can go
To see how a real MC flow
No video
No radio
Just a live show
C'mon now you gon' go?

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

I'm still standing, demanding playing my lex jammin'
Cats wanna really see me start blam-blammin'
Put away the cannon for this overstandin'
I'm landin'
Let the music play like Shannon
I'm so hot, why not, I bring all the fans in
Watch me now come alive like Peter Frampton
Listen to me people, listen to me loud and clear
It's time I found out what type of people up in here
When I shout out the classic if you know it say yeah
South Bronx-Yeah!
My Philosophy-Yeah!
Black Cop-Yeah!
You Must Learn-Yeah!
Yeah we gonna do it up in here
I'm still standin'
And rappers be mad-mad
Cause they know they'll give birth like the American
flag in Baghdad
All they do is blab-blab, that head chatter
Why the dopest MC always a dead rapper?
I'm a real live rapper, I'm out to set it
I pay dues, while your crews still on credit
You talk that shit till I come out the school
And all y'all sound like Trina sayin' 'That's Cool'
Time for the streets again
Time for them cats to pop gats into the mic you speakin' in
I'm creepin' in with a hundred soldiers
When I step on the stage it's over

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: KRS-One]

They don't play me a lot
KRS you don't see a lot
On TV a lot, but I do MC a lot
I don't duck and hide when I see the cops
I'm free with the knowledge to free the block
Live on the radio I'm sendin' my rhyme, you can see
I'm behind enemy lines
You already heard about plenty of crime
Now hear about the sciences that could really open ya mind
I only got a little bit of time to rhyme before the
producer over here says "Ok, that's fine"
So let's get to it, I got my whole squad with me
On top'a all that I got God with me
You can go far with me
From New York, to Atlanta, to LA
You know they all with me
You might not see me on this station cause this is a
Rapcity and KRS leads a Hip-Hop nation
Even though y'all chase ends
Why can't weeeeeee be friends, it all depends
Cats wanna thug it out
Isn't it true that Hip-Hop was bigger when we all loved it out?
Look at the difference in raps
See when I'm spittin' the facts
Louder than anyone could rap, the industry collapse
No one's special anymore
Variety is gone for sure

[Hook x2]