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Yes, Scott LaRock you know you rule hip-hop Yes, Mr. Lee you can rule hip-hop And, be -57 you can rule hip-hop But, KRS-One rule it non-stop When I'm in Brooklyn, yes, we rulin hip-hop When I'm in Manhattan, we rulin hip-hop When I'm in Queens, we rulin hip-hop And when in Staten Island we rulin hip-hop But in the Bronx, we rulin why'all tonight But in the Bronx, we rulin why'all tonight
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We come to rock you whether you're Black or you're white 'cause KRS-One you know I'm never frank? Come catch a star The girlies are free 'cause the crack costs money I say the girlies are free 'cause the crack costs money Oh yeah Ridin' one day on my freestyle fix Jammin' to a tape Scott LaRock had mixed I said to myself "This tape sound funky" Ridin' past the 116th Street junkie Thought I saw Denise but I was only assumin' Took another look and that butt was boomin' Did a little trick on my freestyle fix And I was right beside the girl, she was all on the tip She said "Hi, DJ KRS" She kissed me on my neck so I gave her a peck She said "I'm really in a hurry so I cannot wait If you give me a life while we ride to the ?bait?" She jumped on my bike, I said "Huh, what's your stop?" She said "Right around the corner to the crack spot If you buy me a crack I'll know how to act But if you don't, you might as well step back" I said "Now how the hell we jump off to this? I'm doin' you a favor, I'm givin' you a lift" She said "KRS, you know it goes" I said "Yeah, you little it seems that you're a hoe" I did a little trick on my freestyle fix And she was right on the ground lookin after it Because

A girl tried to take my out one day
For a play, not your everyday trey
We walked to the spot, she says she want a rock
I looked in my pocket, didn't have a lot
I said "You better get yourself a job"
She tried to tell me that times were hard
I told the hoe, I said "Yo, that's not my fault
You need a vault", I'm out to assault
Any girl I find who try to take my for mine
I'm gonna have to ?pin? it just another time
But