

Heartbeat

KRS-One

Alright everybody move back from the ropes
If you don't move back we're gonna turn this music off
and that's my word, move back!
Word is bond let's get this shit goin
Word up, it's the Funk Doc in the house
say hell yeah! HELL YEAH!
Say fuck yeah! FUCK YEAH!
Word up, it's the Funk Doc Spock you don't stop
It's my man KRS you don't stop
It's the girl Angie you don't stop
With the hah haha ha haha hah!!

It's the Butter Pecan Rican speakin deletin
other radio jocks that think they competin
they pre-sweetened, like candy, I'm hot like pepper
Big up to Sandy but my name is Angie
Martinez, what a true microphone fiend is
Steppin up lovely with MY, AD-IDAS
through your speakers, representin
boriquas, and all hip-hop rhyme seekers
You may think I'm crazy right, but I'm crazy hype
Slay this nice y'all, everytime Angie grab the mic
I jams it right tonight, not the hardest
But peep the style of this Puerto Rican Goddess

Aiyyo yo yo yo, stop the music!
Aiyyo back up off the ropes, man, word up!
Yo get from the off the ropes
Now aiyyo yo yo, KRS-One, come again the selector!

It's been a long time but we made it, you waited
You gettin frustrated cause these MC's in trainin
Skills on the mic for a royalty save it
Pullin down rap so that others can't make it
They can't fake it in front of KRS they naked
That same old MC trend I'm here to break it
The highly conceptional multidirectional
Hot in ninety-seven so I guess I'm flexible
Rap relieve stress so yes I guess it's medical
All your wrecking and raping is still theoretical
Redman, you know you must understand (Whatup?)
Redman, you know you gots to understand (Hah! Whatup love?)
Angie, rockin with the one BDP (Ha, haha)
Representin right now at Hit Factory

One two hah, and you don't quit
It's Kris and Angie with the ultimate
One two hah, and you don't quack
It's Funk Doc smoke weed and don't smoke crack
Hahaha, hah, and you don't quit
Hooahhahah, and you don't quit
I rock jams like, Samsonites with mics
Stage two boomin system and flood the lights
The lyrical, fo'-fo's lettin off like suppose
Reggie Reg is rockin on the ra-diooooo!
Hahh, huh, the oooh-child too chill
Caps peeled, Someone In My Bed like Dru Hill

Raise em up, cause I feel my spot can't be touched
No time for the Pauline jack, hit the clutch
Shotgun what?? It's the high exalted
Ruler of the buddha, the cash make my pockets
stick out like a tumor, for the consumers
I get busy with La Pluma, detonate the bomb
to make you hibernate sooner, certified luna-tic
My click run deeper than Charlie Tuna
Kahunas, raw for the able key movers
all over the hood like them Crooked I coolers
Bang maneuvers, from Jerz to Vancouver
Back to the Bronx with heartbeats ample looped up
I Blastmast like Kris, funk abyss
like a phone chauvenist with a Roley on the wrist
Sike! I can afford it, less I slaughtered
three platinum niggaz and none of em prerecorded
KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butter Pecan Rican -- tell them to get off his