

# High School Rock

KRS-One

Wake up your mind black people, it's ill  
Superior people use superior skill  
We can defeat any congressional bill at will  
The hip-hop nation will prevail  
all problems in society with inner city philosophy  
The hip-hop in me must come out or die to lock in me, no doubt  
Executed properly  
I begin to shout out, splat out approximately  
three single syllable words per second  
like I am God, you are God, we are God, forget it  
Time to sell it in a lyrical battle, I'll never jet it  
Like a shot to ya head I'm embedded in your mind  
With constant conscience lyrical rhyme  
At the end of time, I'll be in my prime  
Read the sign, men, rhymin  
like an oratorical shymin  
I look still but I'm climbin  
Newsflash here's the latest findin  
Ya whole environment created in ya mind and in ya heart  
Hip-hop displays art  
The highest level of mental expression, play your part

I'm the intelligent wise on the mic  
Everybody knows

All these motherfuckers tryin to be large  
with their two car garage just like El DeBarge  
It's played out, fadin out, over  
Talk to ya broker, time to give back that Range Rover, soldier!  
I told ya woe onto the hip-hop perpetrator  
Wholesome like a neighbour stealin all ya flavour  
Danger danger ya better rearrange ya thinkin  
Check what you eatin and drinkin, ya breath is stinkin  
with the stench of a snitch with information, leakin  
linkin up with the enemies of Kris speakin  
But I'm already in 1999  
feelin fine while most MCs will be out of sight and outta mind  
Rewind cos I got a little bit of time  
Negativity will be wiped out by pain after turpentine  
I find my rhymes combines mobility, creativity  
positivity, purger of sensibility  
to a wide vicinity, engulfin your facility  
O silly me, killin me I begin to see your stupidity  
I rock way hard you can't get wit me  
or go wit me or float wit me  
Frankly, this is wrong, people, poetry  
Forget ya little off-the-head rhyme  
It's way past your bedtime, for the tenth time  
forget tryin ta get mine  
I went from the park with my arc in the dark  
A simple spark, the little Park sparked now I'm in ya heart  
Everytime you think I'm comin one way, I come another way  
If you ain't got no fly rhymes, say today  
Run away, run away, run away....little boy  
Like the TAT crew I terrorize your toys  
Noise is what I hear  
when you shout your rhyme into the atmosphere

The blast master's here!

Now which motherfucker wants their title taken, defended  
I see my schedule it's open-ended  
I can move somethin around like ya booty ass sound, beginner  
What happened? You couldn't be an Apollo Amatuer Night winner?  
Now the teacher you retrudge  
Don't you know I am that lyrical gate keeper  
You'll get railed like the sleeper  
No peep tha, no peep mine, no peep this hard style  
that keeps the party floatin like a foetus, meanwhile  
you hold your head, you can't belive this godchild  
This ?sins[?] recommend ya and because you're not fertile  
or fertile {pronounced "fertil"}  
Your reflex's slow like a turtle  
Yeah my picture you circle from papers and journals  
Without rehearsal, mic is first all is the worst  
I verse, I burst sua  
Into a million children  
in Tiananmen buildings  
Willing and start illing, comin thru the ceiling  
Enough of this reteric let's start building