

Self Destruction

KRS-One

Well, today's topic, self destruction
It really ain't the rap audience that's buggin
It's one or two suckas, ignorant brothers
Trying to rob and steal from one another
You get caught in the mid
So to crush the stereotype here's what we did
We got ourselves together
so that you could unite and fight for what's right
Not negative 'cause the way we live is positive
We don't kill our relatives

Pop pop pop
when it's shot who's to blame?
Headlines, front page, and rap's the name
MC Delight here to state the bottom line
That black-on-black crime was way before our time

Took a brother's life with a knife as his wife
Cried cause he died a trifling death
When he left his very last breath
Was I slept so watch your step
Back in the sixties our brothers and sisters were hanged
How could you gang-bang?
I never ever ran from the Ku Klux Klan
and I shouldn't have to run from a black man
cause that's

Funky Fresh dressed to impress ready to party
Money in your pocket, dying to move your body
To get inside you paid the whole ten dollars
Scotch taped with a razor blade taped to your collar
Leave the guns and the crack and the knives alone
MC Lyte's on the microphone
Bum rushin and crushin, snatchin and taxin
I cram to understand why brother's don't be maxin
There's only one disco, they'll close one more
You ain't guarding the door
so what you got a gun for?
Do you rob the rich and give to the poor?
Yo Daddy-O, school em some more

Straight from the mouth of Wise and Daddy-o
Do a crime end up in jail and gotta go
Cause you could do crime and get paid today
And tomorrow you're behind bars in the worst way
Far from your family, cause you're locked away
Now tell me, do you really think crime pays?
Scheming on taking what your brother has?
You little suckers... you talkin' all that jazz.

It's time to stand together in a unity
Cause if not then we're soon to be
Self-destroyed, unemployed
The rap race will be lost without a trace
Or a clue but what to do
Is stop the violence and kick the science
Down the road that we call eternity

Where knowledge is formed and you'll learn to be
Self-sufficient, independent
To teach to each is what rap intended
But society wants to invade
So do not walk this path they laid.
It's

I'm Ms. Melodie and I'm a born again rebel
The violence in rap must cease and seckle
If we want to develop and grow to another level
We can't be guinea pigs for the devil
The enemy knows, they're no fools
Because everyone knows that hip-hop rules
So we gotta get a grip and grab what's wrong
The opposition is weak and rap is strong

This is all about, no doubt, to stop violence
But first let's have a moment of silence
Fresh beatboxes... swing
Things been stated re-educated, evaluated
THoughts of the past have faded
The only thing left is the memories of our belated
and I hate it, when
Someone dies and gets all hurt up
For a silly gold chain by a chump