

"One two, testing one two  
Alright party people in the place to be  
The party has already started  
An-an-an-and it's about to il-il-il-ill

Let me introduce you to another type of rapper MC  
where glamour and glitter don't matter gently  
I'm tired of the Chattanooga empty  
Classical like a German luger  
Deep like a tune for scuba diving who am I the hyper  
Like I said before my radar's going BIBBIT BIBBIT  
The microphone I grip-it grip-it, lyric lyric I live it  
Hear it my spirit is where it should be  
Don't push me if you pussy, HUH  
I spot em, it seems you want to ride the dillz  
I got em, KRS got skills in the place  
I waste megahertz of bass bottom, chill  
As I rock em and get ill, I build the perfect spot to kill  
Verbal excitement will lead to your indictment  
Whether or not you like it, still, number one I hype it  
Your album, rewrite it

How many MC's, wannabemceez  
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC  
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Triplet syllables for minimal criminals  
Lyrical riddles that got hard flavors in the middle  
Sit back and chittle as I stand and still rebuild on skills  
The admission of serial lyrics, calculated to weaken the spirit  
will be diverted by this lyric when you hear it  
Ricochet any style any day  
Any which way and you'll Cherish the Day like Sade  
The advanced oratorical techniques I speak  
Keep the heat at full peak! My grammar  
with stamina, grabs a rapper like the fresh catch of the day  
and crack the back of that DJ  
I'm strappin and attackin a pack  
And whatever happens after that just happens, FACT  
Flamboyant and flashy is one point in time when you're not ashy  
Focus on the syllable formats and the cash G  
G for guard your grill, I'm hard to kill  
Odd but ill, a job to fill is to refill on skills  
We built and killed style and skill  
while poetically recriminate you like a child I will  
get ill, and switch to earn  
Cause I prefer to slur but not blur  
Blurring you're stirring up trouble surely you don't need it  
be seated I'm undefeated dem not see it  
Observe me then beat it

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Let's get back to the point quickly, get with me  
The voice from New York City is too witty  
I come from a era of ?OJ cars?, Latin Quarter  
fake Gucci and fake Fendi, you can't send me  
Nowhere, that I ain't been to  
You can't tell me nuttin that I ain't been through  
Disrespect the teacher I gots to get you

\*cause they can't MC\*

But what you really sayin  
You sound like a bitch-ass rapper when he's saying  
"Yo Kris you hit too hard" stop playing!  
Switching and swaying  
Day in and day out, your styles are played out, see you way out  
Before you're laid out, your bright lights start to fade out  
The last thing you heard is "Who let the K out?"  
?No great area?  
Everything is black and white we took the gray out it's scarier  
Either you're winnin or losin, spinnin the rules of conscience  
But lyrically there ain't no stoppin  
I'm droppin a lot in your noggin  
Cause I know that you're lyrically starvin  
Carbon, your name, battle battle  
Everybody wants to battle but you BAB-BLE  
Who knows ya, battlin me, is the only way that you can gain exposure  
I feel for ya soldier  
I hate to say it but I told ya so  
You know that I know the ancient flow KRS-One  
is the holder of a boulder yo, money folder yo  
You want a fresh style let me show you slow  
your blow, I'm not your foe  
Battling me? No no no no no no NO!

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If a DJ think he man den he better prepare for war!!  
BDP crew get up in that ass like a piece of toilet tissue  
General Lion I chase them all and I am on fiyah  
Represent the hardest crew, you know how we do  
Anything tess, dead! Gun shot to dem head  
Gwan