

I brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrring!
Philosophy when I s rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr ing!
I step like wildabeasts killlll llll lllling!
MC's harming me I sling lllll ling!
Rhymes don't copy me you gots to be crazzzyaaayyyyy
Yet you believe that you can slay me play me maybe
Flip the style I be killlll illl ing the track
Obey me easssssse back you're silly wack and idle
Give me back the title my arrival questions the survival
of any rival rapper you're simply a promotional data
Me, Kris the Master, beat, this the Master
Seek, Kris the Master, eat, with the Master
Treat, this the Master, but don't compete with the Master
or you'll seek disaster
Faster than the BlastMaster's folk can say "Oh!"
That means YOU yo, you wrestlin with the style in your mind
but I'm like sumo, doin judo, you know
I go then you go, lyrics we run through run through
You think you got the 4-1-1
But I got the 5-5-5-1-2-1-2
You're done through rhyme sessions with the teacher
you know you shouldn'ta come to

"Once again back is the incredible, rhyme animal"
Canibus/Can-I-bust, like weed?
And give you what you need
There's the kickoff and KRS-One has the lead!
Indeed I'm all around your neck like beads, raw hell
I knock like doorbells, I'm hot while you chili/chilly like Hormel
I'ma sure sell, no doubt
How you think you gonna battle and take me out
with my phrases in your mouth?
Stop I rock your socks your blocks and set fire
to your Reeboks, can't you see dat de God of rap I be dat
From the highest tree top you'll hang
I ride the fly cars like Chitty Chitty Bang Bang
You can't hang, with my mic con-cep-tion
Cause we're not in the same gang, my juice is instant like Tang
You rhyme beginner, wack rap sinner
You attack next snap back CRACK and I'm the winner
But that's simple for me to do as I'm speakin defeatin you
Fairly beatin not cheatin you, heat-seekin and leakin through
All styles be creepin through, in amazement they keepin you
You be thinking, "What were you doin? The teacher competes with you?"
You can run like the people do or you stay and you see it through
I be lyrically eatin you anywhere I be seein you
On the hip like I'm beepin you in your mental you're peek-a-boo
No limit what we can do metaphorically teachin you
Tell me what can you show me, simply you do not know me
No I am not your homie, yo my lyrics are Epic
but I'm not down with Sony, in the middle like Monie
Scarfacin like Tony, your whole style is baloney
You think you off the hook... but you're simply a pho-ney

"Once again back is the incredible, rhyme animal" --> Chuck D

K-K-K, KRS

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