

## South Bronx

Boogie Down Productions

This what you call hardcore, fat gospel street gospel

South South, Bronx  
Yo where my people at?  
South South, Bronx  
Yo where my heart is at?  
South South, Bronx  
C'mon let's bring it back  
South South, Bronx

Raw rhymes for raw times  
My albums are underground, but this blessing is all mine  
And when it's tour time, we open more minds  
You need to rethink who you think is the "Greatest of All Time"  
I got this -- I'm raw like Freddie Foxxx is  
Hardcore like The LOX is, Scott LaRock is where Tupac is  
Where hip-hop is, Digital-ly Underground like Shock is  
Oh yes -- I know where the top is  
But I'd rather rhyme about how crooked some of these cops is  
My synopsis ain't pretty  
I'd stay, off them plains and, out the city if I were you  
Do what you gotta do  
But while you wave them flags, remember Amadou Diallo  
Here's what we gotta do, follow  
I'll put hip-hop in you if you're hollow  
Those that already filled, still take swallows  
Goin over potholes with Tahoes  
You don't think +I+ know? Huh! I'm lookin at you right now  
You ain't dancin in the club, you in your car, sittin down  
You in the crib, on the low  
You got them headsets on the go  
You just saw me at the show oh you don't know?  
It's the Temple of Hip-Hop, comin, with a whole different flow  
Yo where them hoes at? I don't know  
But wherever God at, I'ma go  
I give 'em a hard rap and a flow  
That's why when they call back for the show, with no video  
We get up and go

Yo where it started at?  
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Peep it out while I tell ya like this

In every single hood in the world I'm called Kris  
It's the, truth for ya, it's the proof for ya  
My Cristal passes more bars than lawyers  
The underground sound, this is not easily found  
You don't need no rings to be down  
This is, past the platinum and gold  
We already had 'em, it's old  
Here's the truth if it be told, gather 'round  
Philosopher style is known to be wild  
If you only holdin them guns, who's holdin your child?  
You got to be thinkin you know that you shrinkin  
When the art of Navigation has been reduced to a Lincoln  
Change the dial! I was free then and I'm free now  
You free, runnin to MTV? I don't see how  
You know the real from the fake, you know they stealin they cake  
You know it ain't about the art, it's all about what they make  
You know the radio's late, you know they play what you hate  
That's why you got that Kay Slay tape, tryin to escape  
You know the love of the cars and the rims  
Tattooed arms and Timbs, are also called sins  
You know you got to pay for these spins  
You know the rap magazines be wack from beginning to the end  
BO

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I never was a king and I'm not the Pres  
I'm a teacher like that reefer goin straight to your head  
I'm a preacher tryin to bring my people back from the dead  
I'm a leader tryin to keep you all away from the feds  
You my sister I'll be tryin to get you out of the bed  
I'm a philosopher sayin what has got to be said  
I don't fill you with lead, I bring that knowledge instead  
Follow this dread, I'll take you from A to Zed  
Who am I? Just a scholar called K-R-S  
You can spend your money on others but they ain't blessed  
You can spend your money drugs and still be stressed  
Look around for conscious rappes yo there ain't none left  
I'm holdin it downbetter yet I'm holdin up  
Waitin for some young buck to come and sip from the cup  
And continue with the menu puttin new knowledge in you  
I got a question and a lesson cause I know what you been through  
But

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The South South Bronx, boyeee