

# **We In There**

**Boogie Down Productions**

Yeah ah back to that old shit!  
For all you fake ass teachers out there  
Aiiyyo Kris break this shit up!

The type of lyrical terrorism I present  
Educates people at the same time pays my rent  
You've been hearin' me now for the past twelve semesters  
When the suckers stepped up I had to use the drastic measures  
I know you want to step to me kid!  
But you're thinkin' "Damn Kris is kinda big!"  
Plus he rolls wit a crew that don't care  
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year  
From your eye drops a tear  
I don't play that shit, I play that hit  
Your whole gangsta image is not legit  
You heard "Criminal Minded", and bit the whole shit  
Now if I punch you in your face I'd be wrong  
Don't even think about battling with a song  
You'll be gone, your career ain't strong enough to call my bluff  
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed  
With your ribcage crushed  
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks  
You know my fuckin' name  
Blastmaster KRS is thinkin' long range!  
Yeah we in there, yeah yeah  
Yeah we in there, yeah yeah  
Yeah we in there, yeah yeah  
Yeah we in there, yeah yeah

They are in there, like you'll soon be in prison  
(You await and this is faggot, your ass you'll be given)  
Who you kiddin'? You're only tryin' to rock a party  
You ain't really down to shoot nobody  
So why you frontin'? Sayin' from the cops you be runnin'  
In jail in a pair of panties you look just stunning  
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl  
Until your ass is bein' pumped by some faggot named Lionel  
In jail you ain't got respect  
You a fairy, I'll be takin' your commissary  
And the picture of your sister, mister  
As seamy as Pee-Wee Herman, I ain't trying to diss her  
This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed  
I'm just thinkin' long range  
People died so I can rhyme  
You think I'm gonna grab the mic and waste my nation's time?  
Step up with that weak shit  
You're psychologically, historically, and spiritually sick  
Plus you're on my dick  
Changin' the subject, your rhyme style ain't correct  
You know my fuckin' name!  
Blastmaster KRS is thinking long range!  
Yeah we in there, yeah yeah  
KRS, Kenny Parker, Willie D from Long Island  
Heather B, Ska-Danks  
D-Square, Sidney Mills  
Ha-ohhhh go Brooklyn, go Brooklyn!  
Go Bronx! (Go Brooklyn, go Brooklyn!)

The Bronx! Yell Southside Bronx!  
Southside Bronx! Southside Bronx!  
Southside Bronx! Southside Bronx!  
Southside Bronx, argh!