

## 5 Boroughs

KRS-One

Yo yo brand new KRS y'all, Maximum Strength  
5 Boroughs of death we rep to death  
Yo Kris, set it for The Bronx..

We hit em and get em, we stick em and jig em  
we pick em and kick em  
Flippin them whip and I'm wing-clippin them lip  
cause I'm cold sick of them  
Much quicker than them lyrically trickin and my Tribe  
be on a Quest like Tip and them  
On every avenue puttin the full clip in em  
Splittin and strippin em down while spittin a round  
into them soundclash see winnin them, just begginin them  
Get rid of ev-ery bit of them with them negative idioms  
I don't even consider them  
In the new millenium we killin them  
Breeze Deep, Kenny and Will and them, KRS-One we thrillin em  
Many battles we been in them now we rebuildin them  
We blaze, fulfillin them, Keith ?, Jesse, Jamil and them  
We originate styles, other be stealin them

You got a good rise in your rolodex, who flow is next?  
Comin out to {fuck} with the best, put it in your chest  
Inhale it and hold that, blow it out when I say let go; let's see  
if you can hold your breath, by the time I flip to the next flow  
This sho' is real, this is the deal, guns I'm runnin  
Gotta make it out of town to flip my {shit} and keep it comin  
Then bring it back, with another stack, of raps to blow your back out  
How many of y'all wanna go for yours I keep my dogs in the crackhouse

Let's take a walk through Crown Heights  
Steppin through the city at night, with the ? and two mic  
Form a little lynch mob, and stomp through the five boroughs  
Head back to Brooklyn in the Expo  
Back on the block, I see the cops everybody clockin  
Buckshot, when you see the rocks, me I got you shocked  
Why not? You see the recipe  
Buckshot, I represent Brooklyn and my {nigga} Biggie

I'm from C-I, L-I, F-L-Y  
Where the {niggaz} and the {bitches} stay paid fly and high  
Where a slut'll get mad if you call her a {bitch}  
And a rat'll get mad if you call her a snitch  
Where the rich emerge, with the {niggaz} from the ditch  
And it's a myth, they get {niggaz} from the suburbs, that's herbs  
Yo this is for my {niggaz} on the block all day  
Who don't give a {fuck} waitin for crime to pay  
Put your money on it, yo we never fronted  
Long Island got some of the best {niggaz} that ever done it  
From Riverhead to C.I. to Brentwood to Wyndanch  
{Niggaz} comin through will not stand a chance  
From Roosevelt to Freeport to Hempstead to Uniondale  
Comin deep from the depths of hell  
I'm dead serious, even though you see me smilin  
Rough enough to break New York from Long Island

We destroy {niggaz}, need advice, cause I heard em sayin Jesus Christ

You should see the sight, cookin ox-tail, peas and rice  
Makin about a G a night, they can't read or write  
But I got every creed and type, you need a dyke, babygirl I see the light  
But sometime y'all get crimey crimey, grimy grimy  
But those with a tiny hiney they get whiny whiny  
So guard your girl, Harlem World, cock the gun, pop it son  
Fila fam, illa players, Killa Cam is still the man

Uptown massive, Uptown the borough  
Uptown let the ? kali, no sorrow  
Uptown trestle, Uptown of course  
I grab you ? they got me turn up to North  
And if dem turn up North ? hurt no tell de boss  
And if dem tell me off dey are a bunch of ghosts  
And if dem gal are up, well den dem know da gal are boss  
De rap dancehall try on de Mossinos  
And if dem tie me off, dem can call me Cedro  
I put a rap to singalong in all de ? crew  
And if da gal a bitch ? ? the rainbow

Yo, hit you with the force of an iron horse  
Tear your face off the planet, leavin one-third damaged  
Witcha back cracked the earth canvas, leavin mountains slanted  
Rock the earth of the axle, crabs who  
Polar bears beneath the sea gravel  
Thoughts be runnin wild like the Lil' Rascals  
Puttin dinosaurs inside of figure fours, rip you with nine inch claws  
Chasin {motherfuckers} through malls, and clash in halls  
Beatin {motherfuckers} through walls, stompin through floors  
and jumpin down elevator shafts  
Searchin for they {ass}, stayin low in the grass  
Wearin a gas mask, wrappin their hands up in plastic bags  
On stage like a savage goin mad  
WHAT? Yeah yeah, soooooooooooooooooo!

Yeah, by all means you know you gotta put Queens on it  
Put cream on it, Q.B. we rep often  
Take over your party, slamdance witcha hood  
Took your ladies back to the projects with us  
Then sent her {ass} back on the Q-train home  
Satisfied, she learned the words to my thug song  
See we one big borough of Dons with firearms  
And we never use those, til the man act  
other than he's 'sposed to, {nigga} what I'm 'sposed to do?  
Shots whistle, damn near missed dat  
Shoes get pissed at

From the, tip of my Timbs, to my eyebrows  
The hostile, english, Olde E widemouth  
Get PCP fiends, jumpin off cliffs  
And if you had the balls, you'd be walkin off stiff  
My paragraph alone is worth five mics (uh-huh)  
A twelve song LP, that's thirty-six mics (uh-huh)  
And while you win Un Hype (uh-huh) I spit on your snipe  
and tell you {fuck you} and that {bitch} on your bike  
Brick City!!

Aiyyo.. now bust it  
Never try me crimey I'm grimy so don't deny me  
I be Little like your Rascals and stymie to fly that hiney  
Buy me keys, to my Benz and my Coupe  
Like Jay and Run and D.M.C.'s, that's the name of my group  
(now speed it up)

Beat to the rhythm of the rhyme  
I'm givin up a dime, there go another line you figured  
Never drivin by nine, never givin up a dime if you was  
Never been that {nigga}  
If you really wanna test me, brother don't stress me  
Or you just be bowlin  
It's Reverend like a Jesse, brother that's just me  
and that's just my colon

The five boroughs of death, we rep to death  
Step aside little {niggaz}, show time yep  
It's goin down the moment we inside the spot  
Let's rock'n'roll, you know the M.O., it gets real  
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