

Ain't The Same

KRS-One

You know it's Kris!
It ain't the same now (it ain't the same)
They switched the game now (they switched up on us)
They talk 'bout chains now (bling bling)
Rims on the Range now
It's sounding plain now
Y'all rock the same style (sound of the mic)
I know the way how (I know)
Bring it back to one
It's supposed to be...

This is the way it's supposed to be
It's supposed to be like you more close to me
It's supposed to be about our families
It's supposed to be about avoiding catastrophe
But it's all about salary and flattery
Distrust, lust, hate and tragedy
It's supposed to be about you and me on the same route
Were you there in eighty-six when I first came out?
And you know about how they runnin' this game out
It's supposed to be about fun and getting' the pain out
But it's all about clout and poppin' them chains out
Instead of forgiveness, we poppin' they brains out
It's supposed to be about seekin' in the seek out
You witnessin' injustice, you got to speak out
If you claimin' you love this, you got to release doubt
Knowledge is what I'm all about

Well it's supposed to be sunlight over me
Light over you, not you runnin' over me
It's supposed to be a two dollar royalty minimum
A Hiphop guild we got to begin buildin' 'em
It's supposed to be NO police brutality
And the fact that we tolerate that crap is insanity
It's supposed to be museums and archives
Where people can see the importance of OUR lives
But it ain't about any of this
Cats are trying to get that diamond-studded Rolex on they wrist
You hear a voice in the wilderness you know it's Kris
Higher consciousness lyrics, they will persist
But it's supposed to be about makin' it better
You see, Hiphop's not a product like pants or sweater
Go aheadóbe a hero, get your cheddar
Even y'all gonna see when you look back you remember that

You can see in your heart how it's supposed to be
You doin' your part, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Pursuin' your art, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Today you will start, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
It shouldn't be about you movin' slowly
Then talkin' junk when you don't even know me
And you cats be pussy like Josie
I (Touch) "50 MC's" like (Tony)
Everybody in the hood ain't your homie
I spit the truth, but I'm not the only
There's plenty

K-R-S-O-N-E