

Bling Blung

KRS-One

Yeah, Word Up
Yeah
Yo

Bling blung, bling blung, First you see the bling
then you feel the blung
This is the way that the world is run
Can't you tell
Bling blung rock the bells

Move along, move along, along, this is a newa song
KRS-One the supa strong
Move along before you lose your tongue
Before you lose ya lung
Be sure MCs get done
Detour or move along
We teach the young
How many young men hung so we could sing a song?
You need to move along, along, along
The string of injustice stung those that bling cause now they blung
Materialism stings and now they stung
You need to move along
Life is like ding, dong, ying, yang, bing, bang, ping, pong, or ping, pong
Any lyrical battle we won
Yes, this a master flow, this how life go on
First you got it then your gone
So don't get stung
Cause after the bling it's blung
No material thing stays with you long

Move along, along, we can't get stung
We the one, my melanin stuns right up in the sun
I go and I come, don't mind me son
I'm just a teacher, them cats should't try me son
I'm that lively one
I roll with them grimey ones
At the Temple (of Hip Hop) you can find me son
What I bring and sing reflects what I brung
I be rolling, aling off the tongue
You can check them other ones
Maybe them younger ones
But I be that I witness just like Connie Chung
Some burn the paper
Some burn the bong
I'm burning rappers, I think you need to move along!

Move along you little singers
Never linger round a rhyme bringer
These rap blingers
I break you off a middle finger
Bell ringa, in your mind a dong dinga
Yo, that's what's wrong with these singas
When they sing all they bring is bling
THEY DUMMIES
But after the bling aling, aling is blung
Post bling is blung
A new ting son

I'm rockin these bells like ding dong
As you can see I got no rings on
Cause it got nothing to with what springs song
So ding dong
Open the door to freedom
Any of my books you should read dum and be strong
Or else you need to move along, along, along
Your lyrics are cow dung
There use to be a TV talent show with a gong
And when the gong gonged you were gone
Yes I am the lyrical Don
Beats for art um
But I am unattached to all of thum
The message of the song is bling blung
Don't get caught up in watcha bought up
Be Strong