

# Bring It To The Cypher

KRS-One

Every once in a while  
You got to put aside childish things  
And get with the teachers and the kings  
K-are-S, Truck Turner  
Bring it to the Cypher  
Like this, like this y'all

I'm at the end of my rope, I'm bout to snap  
Cut a nigga throat, put a bullet through his hat  
With his head attached  
What's the deal new jack? Who dat? Got his chest blew back  
Clak! Clak! Bullet through his teeth, nigga true that  
You in my way, move that, Truck coming through that  
Run up in your spot, come out, raising two gats  
Move back, give a nigga room, let me hit this  
Way back, since up in the womb, I was with this  
Every sentence, we doom with consistence  
Be the witness, let me spit this, Kris hit this

Yo, if it's all about the hundreds, let's try to get two 50s  
Don't stop and switch a temple, let's work and build a city  
You see the equation, to this whole situation?  
If I'm the God of rap and you battling me, you Satan  
And that's why you hating, creating debates  
When you know damn well that your title will be taken

You think you all that son?  
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!  
You only got platinum?  
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!  
You think you got props son?  
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!  
You living Hip Hop son?  
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!

Yo, daytime, nighttime, anytime, I got plenty time  
To kick many rhymes, big time, all time  
Taking it to you over time, so when I'm flowing rhymes  
Bright I shine, simply 'cause I'm  
Lyrically be kicking out the tighter rhyme, till I climb  
Bring in the chime, in your mind, you fall behind  
Picking up your rhyming skill, I am fulfilled, when I kill at will  
Still number one for fun, kill another one  
Battle your bugging son  
Look I cut your tongue, KRS-One is never done  
I am the proper one, this ass-whipping will make you better son  
Go and tell your mum I took a bite out of your bum  
Anytime you want it, doggone it, yo put me on it  
Never running up on it, you never disappointed, get on it  
I simply jam, not that I give a damn  
Let me tell you who I am, just ask your buddy  
Put your cash on Kris, I bet you double up your money  
You can call me Chris Rock, ain't nothing funny

Nigga what, let me change my style up, in a rough  
Nigga duck, dropped your face, pick it up, shook 'em up  
Automatic fire Æ?Æ?? Brrrrrrrrruh! Brrrrrrrrruh!

All up in the party, clip it out, give it up

Where's the money for this single, get it out, give it up  
Blastmaster's coming through Truck, what

That night I let the fo'-fo' bark, spark right off the dark  
Body parts chalked, where we live, how we get down  
Come up on my block making noise, keep the shit down  
I cripple you, pull up a wheelchair, permanent sit-down  
Perfect fit now, now clown, who the shit now?  
Fo'-fo' aimed at your dome, bout to spit rounds  
Me and you, getting it on? Don't even go there  
Once I bring it to you, you won't be save nowhere  
Oh yeah, your mom's funeral don't even show there  
It'll be a double burial dukes, when the smoke clears  
Love you like a brother, but I'll kill you if you rally  
Stay on my good side, my bad side, I annihilate  
Don't hold me back, get off me, told these kats never cross me  
But they crossed the line, I gotta show 'em  
My fo'-fo' snub is what I owe 'em, Kris you know him? (Nah)  
Ice pick, adequate style, I'm bout to blow him  
Dudes get trifle, catch the barrel of the rifle  
Fuck you, until more niggaz looking just like you  
Don't toot, when you hear me squeeze off the cycles  
I squeeze you load (I squeeze you reload)  
I squeeze you reload till this whole shit can roll  
Where I'm from, that's the code, BDP got your shit sold  
Like bad heads that fold at war, anything goes  
Made us, broke the mold, another Bronx episode nigga what

Truck... Turner... express, ya don't stop  
K... R... S.....  
Truck... Turner... express, c'mon y'all  
K... R... S.....