

Come To Da Party

KRS-One

One, two, three
Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is fightin
So they fired up, up and away
Come to da party, come to the dance
To pull out the vinyl
So they fired up, up and away

Yeah, yeah
Hardcore lyric comin at ya they attackin ya
Rappers bite like Dracula the soul of hip-hop
I'm puttin back in ya, with the South Bronx vernacular
Bound to put the crack in your armor, I am much sharper
Than a lot of other mic rockers, slightly eccentric
But everything's authentic, when I said, "I'm hip-hop," I meant it
Emcees want to debate the issue, but false though
If they studied they would see that they are hip-hop also
Hip-Hop you can't do it, you gots to be it
You can't confine it, you have to free it, so you can see it
As your expression, and learn the lesson, on life in ghetto sections
And what you feel is the forward direction
For black people, not these Star Wars save that for R2-D2
I got five fingers like Bruce Lee do
And with the five fingers I grab microphones and bring the
Stinger to DJ's, rappers, singers and beer drinkers
This MC's a thinker, unlike others but I won't diss yaz
You're still my brothers and sisters, Kris is
ONE aspect of hip-hop rap
Negative rap, positive rap, forget that black it's a trap
To set us back, concentrate on various rap talents
Presently the rap radio format is unbalanced
You either got the player, or the conscious rhyme sayer
All day, on your radio, not with a different flavor
Someone has to DIE before you hear a conscious record
People don't like gangsta rap, but conscious rap, they don't respect it
The truth is people are afraid of black youth
Our expressions, our lessons and gold teeth, so..

Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is shoutin
So they fired up, up and away
Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is singin
So they fired up, up and away