

Essays On Bdp-ism

KRS-One

You've got the time
I've got the time
You've got the time

Am I supposed to stand here?
These bright lights, I'll probably get a tan here
Scott, turn up the master so I can hear, and talk faster
I'm the Blastmaster, 'cos I'm blasted
I know a lot of y'all are shocked that I've lasted
But Blastmaster is a subtitle, KRS-One is more vital
And more lethal and more vicious

As the suckers always say, "He just dissed us
He got a problem, yo, he's conceited"
I'm not conceited, they just couldn't beat it
'Cos when I'm in a club I like to mingle
Seconds later they're playin' that single
Loud as a collision and pumped up dramatically
So the people in the place will automatically
Time it, and dance right behind it

Those that have it on tape will rewind it
It's not surprising, we rock parties
Anywhere, anyone, anybody
Some sound shoddy, like cardboard
But I'm blessed, praise the Lord
You see I like to study, I like money
I like eatin' wheat bread with honey

But to none of these am I addicted
I like to remain free and unafflicted
With the sickness of attachment
The material road of entrapment
Those that walk this road become weak
They can't think, they can't speak

Unself-sufficient, 'cos they're leeching
I'm not dissin', I'm simply teachin'
Well if you notice, not once
Have I said Scott's name to gain fame
See it's a shame that they're blinded
If they had a piece of paper I'd sign it

That's called an autograph, this is called a class
I've only come to educate the mass
Of young people, to this there's no sequel
Just a message, be peaceful and loving, but not a sucker
And stay away from negative motherfuckers
They only pull you down with their hate
But wait, here's somethin' to meditate

You've got the time, I've got the time

Down ratin' statements you always seem to make
You never wanna create 'cos b-boys you don't affiliate
You're self-whipped 'cos you claim it's not a gift
To execute the rhyme on time without a shift

You only utter negativity, never productivity
For the b-boy talent or b-boy productivity

Yet when all the currency comes in tax free you wanna see me
My name is Kris and now you guessed this
I got X-ray vision and I'm lookin' through your game
It's the same, what a shame, now take aim on what I shall obtain
Absolute respect from you, con, 'cos now you know it
I'm Blastmaster KRS One, short for poet

I do not read the paper, I read the dictionary
'Cos nuclear destruction, yeah, AIDS just doesn't scare me
The girls be lookin' sweeter, the cops be lookin' meaner
Carryin' bigger gun, shoot the people for fun
If you could realize this you won't be called a toy
But yet a b-boy, and I know you'll enjoy

Just coolin' out without a doubt, livin' life a little different
Yeah, different, never innocent, with a little delligence
I am only 20, yet here's my present level
Just one of the Boogie Down Production crew rebels
Our reputation grows as the music gets vicious
I will succeed while you suckers make wishes

Time and time again I prove to be exciting
But time and time again you prove to be biting
I need no judge, no jury, no lawyers
With DJ Scott La Rock, better known as The Destroyer

You've got the time, I've got the time
You've got the time, I've got the time
You've got the time, I've got the time
You've got the time