

## Heartbeat

KRS-One

Alright everybody move back from the ropes  
If you don't move back we're gonna turn this music off  
and that's my word, move back!  
Word is bond let's get this shit goin  
Word up, it's the Funk Doc in the house  
say hell yeah! HELL YEAH!  
Say fuck yeah! FUCK YEAH!  
Word up, it's the Funk Doc Spock you don't stop  
It's my man KRS you don't stop  
It's the girl Angie you don't stop  
With the hah haha ha haha hah!!

It's the Butter Pecan Rican speakin deletin  
other radio jocks that think they competin  
they pre-sweetened, like candy, I'm hot like pepper  
Big up to Sandy but my name is Angie  
Martinez, what a true microphone fiend is  
Steppin up lovely with MY, AD-IDAS  
through your speakers, representin  
boriquas, and all hip-hop rhyme seekers  
You may think I'm crazy right, but I'm crazy hype  
Slay this nice y'all, everytime Angie grab the mic  
I jams it right tonight, not the hardest  
But peep the style of this Puerto Rican Goddess

Aiyyo yo yo yo, stop the music!  
Aiyyo back up off the ropes, man, word up!  
Yo get from the off the ropes  
Now aiyyo yo yo, KRS-One, come again the selector!

It's been a long time but we made it, you waited  
You gettin frustrated cause these MC's in trainin  
Skills on the mic for a royalty save it  
Pullin down rap so that others can't make it  
They can't fake it in front of KRS they naked  
That same old MC trend I'm here to break it  
The highly conceptional multidirectional  
Hot in ninety-seven so I guess I'm flexible  
Rap relieve stress so yes I guess it's medical  
All your wrecking and raping is still theoretical  
Redman, you know you must understand (Whatup?)  
Redman, you know you gots to understand (Hah! Whatup love?)  
Angie, rockin with the one BDP (Ha, haha)  
Representin right now at Hit Factory

One two hah, and you don't quit  
It's Kris and Angie with the ultimate  
One two hah, and you don't quack  
It's Funk Doc smoke weed and don't smoke crack  
Hahaha, hah, and you don't quit  
Hooahhahah, and you don't quit  
I rock jams like, Samsonites with mics  
Stage two boomin system and flood the lights  
The lyrical, fo'-fo's lettin off like suppose  
Reggie Reg is rockin on the ra-diooooo!  
Hahh, huh, the oooh-child too chill  
Caps peeled, Someone In My Bed like Dru Hill

Raise em up, cause I feel my spot can't be touched  
No time for the Pauline jack, hit the clutch  
Shotgun what?? It's the high exalted  
Ruler of the buddha, the cash make my pockets  
stick out like a tumor, for the consumers  
I get busy with La Pluma, detonate the bomb  
to make you hibernate sooner, certified luna-tic  
My click run deeper than Charlie Tuna  
Kahunas, raw for the able key movers  
all over the hood like them Crooked I coolers  
Bang maneuvers, from Jerz to Vancouver  
Back to the Bronx with heartbeats ample looped up  
I Blastmast like Kris, funk abyss  
like a phone chauvenist with a Roley on the wrist  
Sike! I can afford it, less I slaughtered  
three platinum niggaz and none of em prerecorded  
KRS-One need to be runnin for office  
So Butter Pecan Rican -- tell them to get off his