

How Bad Do You Want It

KRS-One

Yo, my man, how bad do you want it?
You know how many cats I threw the pitch, and they never caught it?
I told them to bring they lyric, but they never brought it
Scared to get ripped off, cheated, deleted, rejected and shorted?
Yo, how bad do you want it?
Fear—I ain't got no time for it
If you want it, yo there's the track—put your rhyme on it!

This hunger inside of me's unexplainable, Kris
The struggle we put in this box will be put into disc
Birth and ever, these family problems is hurtin'
Both of my sisters is pregnant, fuckin' feel like murkin'
All I have is my word and my balls
And my fam and my music speaks for them all
It's the Dominican animal ready to damage, you puttin'
Pressure to rappers that think they can challenge you, Kris (uh huh)
We been through it all, the grimiest days, this earth ain't
Ready for my brain, comin' to face (word)
Everyone plus everyone
Do you hear me, KRS-One?

Well listen
You grimy and hungry?
But how long you gonn' trust me?
You really down for this cause or just chasin' the money?
I be up in them spots to be hot, so dusty and ugly
Nothin' be funny, it's all dark, nothin' sunny
Can you walk with me? Talk with me? Pop the cork with me?
When we in other cities, will you rep New York with me? (yeah!)
I need respect and honor
Discipline and no drama
How bad you want it, poppa? (with all my...)

Loyalty is the key to it all (remember)
Get used to my face, we the winners of all
By mi gente, yo I go low to say-ah
Real like them Washington Heights
Niggaz there (say yeah!)

After you rap, will you stab my back? (never)
You gimme a track, will you take that back? (never)
I give the word, yo you bustin' your Gatt? (whatever)
Respect from your crew? They livin' like that? (they better)
This is no game! Why should I make you popular?
You know I'm the philosopha
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you need it?
If you see it, you can believe it, perceive it, retrieve it and flaunt it
How bad do you want, doggone it, there's the track, if you want it
You got to put your rhyme on it!

How bad do I want it? I'm ready to die like Big
A serious man with blood in my eyes for this
Success doesn't come overnight
It's gonna be dark a while until I see light (that's right!)
What is it?

This is no game, why should I do it?
KRS-One, me and Peedo runnin' through it
I saw you down the street in FedEx
You said you had the beats was comin', like "I Got Next"
So we went upstairs, my man Choco hooked it up
This is KRS-One—turn my voice up! Wha- (wha-,wha-)
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you see it?
How bad do you hear it?
How bad do you BELIEVE you can be it?
If you doubt, then you're out
If you believe, you can achieve
I got the city on lock, but I'm gonna hand you the Keys like Alicia
You know my style, you know I'm the teacha
Philosophia, minister, emcee, Hiphop's spiritual leader
With the heater
You comin' with me? You runnin' with me?
In the spirit Scott LaRock, JMJ and Pun is with me
Yo, cats be steppin' to me ALL the time
With the rawest rhyme
But two weeks later, they fall to crime
If you listenin' to this song, and you want to be put on
You must be loyal to the cats that made you strong
It could be your friend, your father, your sister, your mother, your brother
or some other
Just remember the days when YOU was under!
Before the Hummer, before the Benz
Before the hundreds, before the fifties, the twenties and tens
When you was thirsty, remember the living water, and who poured it
Now ask yourself, how bad do you want it?