

# 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 grimeiest 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?