

# I'm On The Mic

KRS-One

When you least expect it  
(This is just one style)

We back up in this piece like yeast to bread  
Underground you gotta find me like an Easter egg  
No need to beg, I hit the club hard on the red  
While you check for CDs I'm sellin' books instead  
I travel the country by car, by foot and leg  
What's worse than being behind is being ahead  
Prophetic visions of President Jeb  
Five storms hit Florida on his head and nobody said  
"What's the meaning of this? It's like God is dead"  
In the minds of the people hanging onto a thread  
You gotta go where your heart is led  
I spit truth but some cats, they just got the hardest head  
As you can see, I'm artist-led  
I take it to the black, to the green, and to the darkest red  
I write, recite and of course go off the head-top  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, man - don't forget that

KRS and I'm on the mic  
(Class is in session, so you can stop guessin')  
KRS and I'm on the mic  
This is just one style  
KRS and I'm on the mic  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody  
KRS and I'm on the mic  
Listen

Here's the mission, plain and straight  
We gotta nurture and develop what we create  
Hip-hop is our activity on the planet  
Today it's just an album; tomorrow they examine it  
In the future, someone's crammin' fast  
'Cause they want at least a B in their hip-hop class  
I ain't even askin' you how  
If our ancestors built nations, why you ain't buildin' one now?  
Technology is not civilization  
Civilization is not about the tools that you're making  
You have an opportunity, at a new stop  
Truly living hip-hop is a chance at a new park  
You can play a new part: Develop new DVDs, new books, new art  
Open new food marts with hip-hop food charts and food carts  
Playing 2Pac while you shop (Do it)  
What's the sense of being a recording artist  
At a recording company for a year or two  
If after the third or fourth year they can't even hire you?  
In fact there is really nothing there for you  
If your life is not a can of goo  
Hip-hop is not a product; hip-hop is me and you  
What I spit will see you through  
I'm freein' you with knowledge of G-O-D in you

Foot soldiers, let's go - we got this  
The freedom to be really you that's what hip-hop is  
What can we really do? Reach for the top, kid  
Those that seek the bottom they shot stop and lock, kid

We the inevitable, most credible  
And most are leaning back with the terrible squad  
Here to beat knock hard, this is the real truth  
Everything I spit be backed up with real proof  
Welcome to the underground  
Don't look for me in the mainstream, this is a whole 'nother sound  
Sound set we rock music in the streets  
In the schools and over the Internet  
Feel it yet? You ain't hear me yet  
You ain't really ready to get near me yet  
Y'all fear and fret