

Let 'em Have It

KRS-One

What, yeah
Shoutout Minister Server
Word up Super J
My man Byron is goin off
Marlowe, Inebriated Beats, word
Uhh, you know what this is, word up

Who be rockin it constantly? (KRS)
Who be droppin philosophy? (KRS)
For the real it got to be (KRS)
Them niggaz ain't stoppin me (KRS)
Whack rappers they got to go (let 'em have it)
So they front on that microphone (let 'em have it)

I be comin in all wild with raw styles
Goin that long mile, makin 'em all smile
Make it happen, MC'n no rappin, believe me I'm strappin
You see me I'm slappin, believe me you deceive me
It can greasy, I'm cappin, bring the action, ADD the clips
Start subtractin, multiply them shots, you a fraction
Raise up, blaze up, get made up
You wanna bug out you'll get, sprayed up - NOW~!
(Bo bo bo bo... yeah!)

It's the Temple, expandin your mental
Inebriated instrumentals believe me nothin defends you
When I spit, rappers be runnin out really quick
They come with that silly shit, but them not really it
Kris is it, them an idiot, if it wasn't for radio programmin
you wouldn't be feelin it, or willin it
Original, metaphysical, meta-lyrical
Forever spiritual, really man, I ain't feelin you
(Yeah! Yeah! Whattup?)

I'm somethin like a phe-nom-enon, fast like ramadan
You can never tell what style I'm on
Wise like Solomon, unlike any udda mon
If you lookin for that bling bling, go check dat udda mon
What I utter mon be butter mon, straight from the gutter mon
Boxcutter in one hand, buck in the other one
Lyric I got a ton of 'em, gunnin 'em, not frontin 'em
Back again, it's KRS-One and them, OHH~!
(Woooo! ... So)

Feel it (let 'em have it)
So they front on the microphone (let 'em have it)
Y'all better catch up! Ha ha
Y'all better catch up! Word up