

# MC's Act Like They Don't Know

KRS-One

Clap your hands everybody, if you got what it takes  
'Cause I'm KRS and I'm on the mic, and Premier's on The Breaks

If you don't know me by now I doubt you'll ever know me  
I never won a Grammy, I won't win a Tony  
But I'm not the only MC keepin' it real  
When I grab the mic to smash a rapper, girls go "Illllll!"  
Check the time as I rhyme, it's 1995  
Whenever I arrive the party gets liver  
Flow with the master rhymer, that's to leave behind  
The video rapper, you know, the chart climber  
Clapper, down goes another rapper  
Onto another matter, punch up the data, Blastmaster  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody  
Call up KRS, I'm guaranteed to rip a party  
Flat top, braids, bald heads or natty dread  
There once was a story about a man named Jed  
But now Jed is dead, all his kids instead  
Want to kick rhymes off the top of they head  
Word, what go around come around I figure  
Now we got white kids callin' themselves niggas  
The tables turned as the crosses burned  
Remember You Must Learn  
About the styles I flip and how wild I get  
I go on like a space age rocket ship  
You could be a mack, a pimp, hustler or player  
But make sure live you is a dope rhyme sayer

This is what you waited all year for  
The hardcore, that's what KRS is here for  
Big up Grand Wizard Theodore, gettin' ill  
If you see then ya saw I'm in your grill with mad skill  
MC's can only battle with rhymes that got punchlines  
Let's battle to see who headlines  
Instead of flow for flow let's go show for show  
Toe for toe, yo, you better act like you know  
Too many MC's take that word 'emcee' lightly  
They can't Move a Crowd, not even slightly  
It might be the fact that they express wackness  
Let me show ya whose ass is the blackest  
I flip a script a little bit, you ride the tip and shit  
Too sick to get with it, admit you bit, your style is counterfeit  
Now tone it down a bit  
My title you will never get, I'm too intelligent  
I'll send your family my sentiments, my style is toxic  
When I rock and shock and hip hop it unlock your head, I knock it  
It split quick from the lyric  
Direct hit, perfect fit, you can't get with it

Some MC's don't like the KRS but they must respect him  
'Cause they know this kid gets all up in they rectum  
Slappin' and selectin' em, checkin' em, disrespectin' em  
Just deckin' em, deckin' em, deck-in' em  
Who in their right mind can mimic a style like mine?  
I design rhyme and get mine all the time  
MC's standin' on the sidelines, always dissin'  
When I roll up and rush their crew they start bitchin'

I don't burn, I don't freeze, yet some MC's  
Believe they could tangle with the likes of these  
Cross your t's and dot your i's whenever I arrive  
Wide, magnified, live like the ocean tide  
You dope, you lied, I reside like artefacts  
On the wrong side of the tracks, electrified  
Comin' around the mountain, you run and hide  
Hopin' your defence mechanism can divert my heat-seeking lyricism  
As I spark mad iszm  
The 1996 lyrical style's what I give 'em