

# Mortal Thought

KRS-One

Adjust that treble right now adjust the bass  
Turn it up, stop frontin  
C'mon, turn it up  
Alright, check it out ninety-three lyrics, here we go  
Bo!

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat  
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black  
I never want money if my lyrics are wack  
So I must, roc, the mic  
I play only the reggae and I play only rap  
I rock the African, the European, and Jap  
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that  
So I must, roc, the mic

Are you tired of lyrical liars, passing fliers  
Wannabe MC's, but really good triers  
Tripping over mic cords, getting you bored  
A total fraud, this kind of thing I can't afford, so I  
pick up the mic and kill it ill it top bill it  
The cough is a skillet, where MC's get fried in it  
You got beef chill it, blood I spill it  
After seven long years of ripping the party and I'm still widdit  
You call my name I don't think about suing ya  
I come to the club with that BOOYAKA  
Laughing while I'm doin ya the crowd is booin ya  
Gimme one month, record for record on tape I'll ruin ya  
Some likkle awl pon sound bwoy wan fi rule de city  
His style is lookin pretty beats and rhymes are dibby dibby  
Here comes the rootical ratical teacha  
I'll eat ya defeat ya beat ya till ya stagger and ya teeth chatter  
You'll be goin through convulsions as I flash data  
Any rapper can be a decapitated rapper now what's the matter  
You're full of more junk than a sausage  
Let me show you what a real hip-hop artist

\*DJ Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"\*

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat  
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black  
I never want money if my lyrics are wack  
So I must, roc, the mic  
I play only the reggae and I play only rap  
I rock the African, the European, and Jap  
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that  
So I must, roc, the mic

Of course yeah I'm the most brilliant recording artist in your life  
Never have to repeat a rhyme style twice, precise  
In a lyrical drought like water to your lips oh yes my lyrics will suffice  
I'm nice, like beans and rice, I am delicious  
Who's the freshest lyricist on the mic, you don't want to fuck with Kris is  
Lyric for lyric rhyme for rhyme style for style I break you like dishes  
Either you come fully correct or the lyrics you simply makin wishes  
We got no time for fake black leaders and dreamers blowin wishes  
youse a fraud, I mean a fraud like in fraudulation  
I know what it is, the crown of rhyme supremacy you're tastin

And yes, before the flavor hits your greedy tongue  
You get ripped up by KRS-One  
Now, lyrics, somebody want lyrics, from the lyrical terrorist  
Here's a little somethin for you all to remember Kris, and remember this  
I am no pessimist, more of an optimist  
Activist revolutionist, yes the hardest artist  
And the smartest, Premier, spark this

\*Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"\*

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat  
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black  
I never want money if my lyrics are wack  
So I must, roc, the mic  
I play only the reggae and I play only rap  
I rock the African, the European, and Jap  
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that  
So I must, roc, the mic