

# Only One

KRS-One

Its time for me to get on and represent the Bronx  
so lets set this shit off like this

Uhh, now check it,  
underground verbal hip hop you selected  
by only a few, this type of artist is bought  
so like Bartles & James thank you for your support  
it's time for all this chit-chat to skit-skat  
aren't you tired of hearin ple-ple-ple-ple-pla  
rase the level of your listenen pleasure a letter  
and let the teacher put these new jacks under pleasure  
my first name is hip hop no doubt  
my last name is run with me breath for breath  
yes I'll blow your lungs out  
BLOW! And cut your tongue out  
and use that shit to clean my rug out  
I ain't even start to bug out  
somebody requested for the teacher to get active  
cuz of all these rappers I look good to battle  
I'm unattractive when actively in your brain cavity  
you be singin 1-2-3, and your family B-D-P  
I'm Total 'Cant you see'  
I took it there  
you bee sayin with your swollin eye  
damn it just aint fuckin fair  
but your crew told you what was up  
you just didn't give a fuck  
my lyrics are intact  
so my picture you can pin it up  
take me out? Give it up your late  
I rocked the 9-1-7 when it was 7-1-8  
I'm a juvenile delinquent group home lord of the state  
the truth about the matter is that I feel great  
I'm comin in the form of the mind-bender bar tender  
servin that lyrical-net serve your chest then send a  
remember battlin MC's Im not always doin  
cuz we need new rappers and careers I always ruin  
what are you pursuin, who in the hell want this friction  
I'll volt your scene and make you drum machine start blitchin  
switchin my diction, I'm quick you need a fixin-  
I'm quick to turn you off like the light in a kitchen

Cuz Krs One means simply one Krs  
thats it, thats all solo, single the one no less

I do my dirt and I keep it to myself  
I don't speak it on record and to no one else  
you think about...  
when you do crimes you talk about it  
HELL NO! You keep that real shit on the low  
cuz prison ain't a place you motherfuckers wanna be at  
half of you motherfuckers would turn trick  
BELIEVE THAT!  
yo I can see that, all you ask is where the weed at?  
you vision is as far as wherever you throw the seed at  
Look at Malcolm X and try to be that  
or get lost if you cant pick up where Malcolm X left off

don't you know were listened to by judges and lawyers  
when you go to court they play your album for ya  
then you turn into Tom Sawyer fiction  
beggin a judge to just listen sayin...  
if you listen to my album twice, the positive message is...  
they shut yo ass up and give you life  
Had you hah a wife instead of bein a lover  
the court would of seen you as a family man wit some structure  
but you is a wild brother, black women you cant respect em  
now you catchin wreck in your rep  
Negativity never had no pull in jail  
yeah, its positivity that they hail  
but you fail, cuz red books you can't read em  
your people you mislead em  
your people you mistreat em  
mislead em for fun...my name is KRS ONE!  
KRS ONE.....KRS ONE  
Real Headz they down wit us  
Yeah, Krs One representin  
wit outta fraction of a motherfuckin doubt