

# Out For Fame

KRS-One

Yo right here, right here  
It's right through the fence, right through the fence  
Jump!\* feet landing \*  
Yeah.. right there, right there  
That's the 2's and the 5's  
Joe gimme that, the fat, the fat cap, fat cap  
Yeah..  
Aight\* shaking can up \*  
Aight, let's do it now, let's do it now  
Yeah.. yeah..  
Nah gi-gimme the other cap, gimme the other one  
Yeah right there  
Front .. Page .. Entertainment .. Group  
Yeah..

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall"  
\* first time, minus "I'm" \*  
Hah! Hahahaha  
All graffiti artists hold tight, hooo!  
All graffiti artists hold tight, word  
Check check check it out y'all  
Check check check check check it out y'all

I got twenty-five cans in my knapsack, crossin out the wick-wack  
Puttin up my name with a fat cap  
Suckers that want to be in my face I just slap that  
Big respect to Artifacts, Fat Joey Crack and  
Mack and, Bio, and Brim come again  
with B.G. 183, recognize me  
with the mad colors, I'm a fiend for spraypaint  
Laugh if you wanna, I really care if you ain't  
cause you don't me see, and I don't know you  
But I do know Cope2, he be gettin walls too  
It's the underground community of what we call writers  
Worldwide burners, gettin hotter gettin brighter  
Whattup Nicer, whattup Razor, whattup Chino  
Masta Ase in the place, you know we know  
my man Rican, my man Zorro, taught me how to draw  
in the yards of the 5 train and the 4  
So when I'm on tour I represent the hardcore  
I'm taggin up your blackbook sure, I'm out for the fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall"  
\* first time, minus "I'm" \*  
Yeah, check it out check it out check it out one time  
Hip-hop music in effect one time

When I was growin up, I had no butcher baker candlestick maker  
I had rubbing alcohol and carbon paper  
Yeah, carbon paper and a blackboard eraser  
got me chased in the bus yards, with Rican and Nazer  
Historically speakin, cause people be dissin  
The first graffiti artists in the world were the Egyptians  
Writing on the walls, mixing characters with letters  
to tell the graphic story about their life, however  
today we do the same thing, with how we rap and draw  
We call it hardcore, they call it breakin the law

There used to be a time when rap music was illegal  
The cops would come and break up every party when they see you  
But now the rap music's making money for the corporate  
It's acceptable to flaunt it, now everybody's on it  
Graffiti isn't corporate so it gets no respect  
Hasn't made a billion dollars for some corporation yet, so  
in the name of Phase2, Stay High, Pre-streets  
Grab your cans and hit the streets, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall"  
Yeah, hip-hop culture in the house one time  
All graffiti artists in the house one time  
Yeah..  
Biggin up the other side things here y'all  
The visual, not your video (check it out)

[KRS-One]  
I'm livin in the city, inner city not a farm  
Steady bombin til I get fatigue in my arm  
Watchin for the beast cause many artists they shot em  
And beat em in the yards, while doin a top to bottom  
So pass me a can, not of Old Gold  
but full blue, sky blue, watch me unfold  
with the cold burner, of names you mighta heard of  
like Fab 5 Freddy, Sam Sever  
Word to the wise, Futura 2000 recognize  
Nation of creation, G Man come alive  
Checkin out Revolt and Zephyr  
My man Easy, and Rembrandt, Mitch 77  
Oh no with the paint we can never dilly-dally  
Big up and respect to Con Art in Cali  
The Soul Artists, The Rebels, The Rascals, 3YB  
United Artists, TAT and Dondi  
Yes the other side of hip-hop is representin the visual  
Toys we be DISSIN you, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall"  
Hip-hop in the house one time  
Video graf in the house one time  
All graffiti artists in the house dig the rhyme  
Put up your nine, put up your nine, yeah!  
Fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-five  
You SUCKERS!!!!