

Outta Here

KRS-One

Back in the days I knew rap would never die
I used to listen to Awesome-2 on WHBI
I used to hear all kind of rap groups before sampling loops
Rappers wore bell-bottom Lee suits
Me and Kenny couldn't afford that
So we would go to the park when they was jammin' to hear rap
I used to listen till the cops broke it up
I always thought to myself "Damn, why they fucked it up?"
But never the less I was in love with the microphone
And it stayed that way until I left home
On the streets of New York, now I'm free
But with freedom comes big responsibility
I used to walk around driven by the force
I remember how large Super Rhymes was when he fell off
I used to wonder about crews that used to rock
They were large, but none of them could manage to stay on top

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Record deal and video outta here?
Mercedes Benz and Range Rover outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

After livin' on the streets alone
Some years went by, I signed myself into a group home
I used to watch the show "I Dream of Jeannie"
And dreamt about "When will I be large like Whodini?"
But I was messin' with graffiti on the subway
And gettin' chased by the cops almost everyday
I knew it had to be a better way see
So I would go to my room, blast RUN DMC
Around 1984 I left the group home, again alone
Still dreamin' about the microphone
Gimme a chance man, I know I can rock it
But I had to worry about puttin' money in my pocket
So when I reached the shelter I met my helper DJ Scott La Rock
And we both loved hip-hop
I was takin' suckas out in the shelter system
Yeah there was rappers in the shelter but I had to diss 'em
But all along, my vision was never lost
I kept seeing all these rap groups fallin' off

Do you ever think about when you're outta here?
Fly girl and fresh gear outta here?
Five-thousand dollar love seat outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

While I'm battling these rival crews
Yes, BDP would stay in the street news
Some said all they wanna do is battle
They can't write a song, so their careers won't last long
Around this time I used to hang with Ced Gee
And DJ Scott La Rock used to buy gold with Eric B
I didn't meet Rakim till later with Scott
I remember we were jammin' at the rooftop
It used to irk me when these critics had opinions
Scott would say "Just keep rappin', I'll keep spinnin'"
We had a fucked up contract, but we signed it

And dropped the hip-hop album Criminal Minded
We told the critics your opinions are bull
Same time Eric B and Rakim dropped Paid in Full
Hip-hop pioneers we didn't ask to be
But right then hip-hop changed drastically
People didn't wanna hear the old rap sound
We started samplin' beats by James Brown
In the middle of doin' My Philosophy
Scott was killed and that shit got to me
But knowin' the laws of life and death
I knew his breath, was one with my breath
I had nothin' left and it was scary
So I dropped By All Means Necessary
Another hip-hop group that was a friend of me
Was a revolution crew called Public Enemy
It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back
These two albums set off consciousness in rap
But all along, I'm still lookin' around
And all I can see are these rap groups fallin' down

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Condominium and beach house outta here?
Credit cards and bank accounts outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, be we ain't goin' out!