

# Represent The Real Hip Hop

KRS-One

Only a few  
will understand  
and appreciate what's about to happen  
Das E.F.X., come in!

Well it's the super duper rhymer rhymer I'm about to set it  
Niggas best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D  
So what it B, the D to the fuckin' P  
(Yo it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see)  
I be's the ultimate, drop the ultra shit, fuck the other shit  
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin' kid we runnin' shit  
Now who you fuckin' with is Diggey Das E.F.X'n  
We flexin', cause kid we got this rhyme and took effect y'all

Aye yo I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket  
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my pocket, watch it  
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime scene  
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green  
Fuck a dime we, strictly fifty, the B.D.P. and Hit Squad committee  
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo  
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot  
Diggity Das K.R.S. East coast on lock

To corny niggas y'all get ate, my shit'll make you faint  
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the fuckin' paint  
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin'  
Now look we comin' back and runnin' shit like fuckin' Michael Jordan  
Accordin', to my niggas in the sewer  
Yo you a, corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

This for my niggaz on the block, handlin' rock like Kenny Anderson  
I'm brandishin', stiggedy styles to keep M.C.'s vanishing  
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering  
My pattern's amazing son Blazing like a Saddle and  
Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco  
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo  
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C. niggas  
Y'all know the haps we movin strapped on the East nigga

Yo, yo, well miggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy Drayz's payday  
I riggedy wreck it eryday, kick shit like fuckin' Pele  
But wait a, minute, cause we get in it for the masses  
For classes, yo K.R.S. come get up in they asses

What, I say, follow me follow me  
With my syllable syllable lyrical criminal  
MC threats are minimal to my physical they just  
Whittle and whittle away, with little and little to say  
As they piddle and paddle away, they say OK  
But I chop that ass up anyway  
What's your handle I got mad MC heads upon a mantle  
I got genuine M.C. skin sandals  
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt  
Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin' for help  
When you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear it  
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit!  
As I fa-la-la-la-la, I'm comin' with that rara

Rockin' mics when you was goo goo gaga to your momma  
You wanted to battle K.R.S. when you was young you told your poppa  
He slapped you in your head and said uh, uh  
But you didn't heed the warning  
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face  
Lookin' at your crew but they all broke out  
because they nothin' but lace  
K.R.S. is like mace, in your motherfuckin' face  
Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place!