

# Self Destruction

KRS-One

Well, today's topic, self destruction  
It really ain't the rap audience that's buggin  
It's one or two suckas, ignorant brothers  
Trying to rob and steal from one another  
You get caught in the mid  
So to crush the stereotype here's what we did  
We got ourselves together  
so that you could unite and fight for what's right  
Not negative 'cause the way we live is positive  
We don't kill our relatives

Pop pop pop  
when it's shot who's to blame?  
Headlines, front page, and rap's the name  
MC Delight here to state the bottom line  
That black-on-black crime was way before our time

Took a brother's life with a knife as his wife  
Cried cause he died a trifling death  
When he left his very last breath  
Was I slept so watch your step  
Back in the sixties our brothers and sisters were hanged  
How could you gang-bang?  
I never ever ran from the Ku Klux Klan  
and I shouldn't have to run from a black man  
cause that's

Funky Fresh dressed to impress ready to party  
Money in your pocket, dying to move your body  
To get inside you paid the whole ten dollars  
Scotch taped with a razor blade taped to your collar  
Leave the guns and the crack and the knives alone  
MC Lyte's on the microphone  
Bum rushin and crushin, snatchin and taxin  
I cram to understand why brother's don't be maxin  
There's only one disco, they'll close one more  
You ain't guarding the door  
so what you got a gun for?  
Do you rob the rich and give to the poor?  
Yo Daddy-O, school em some more

Straight from the mouth of Wise and Daddy-o  
Do a crime end up in jail and gotta go  
Cause you could do crime and get paid today  
And tomorrow you're behind bars in the worst way  
Far from your family, cause you're locked away  
Now tell me, do you really think crime pays?  
Scheming on taking what your brother has?  
You little suckers... you talkin' all that jazz.

It's time to stand together in a unity  
Cause if not then we're soon to be  
Self-destroyed, unemployed  
The rap race will be lost without a trace  
Or a clue but what to do  
Is stop the violence and kick the science  
Down the road that we call eternity

Where knowledge is formed and you'll learn to be  
Self-sufficient, independent  
To teach to each is what rap intended  
But society wants to invade  
So do not walk this path they laid.  
It's

I'm Ms. Melodie and I'm a born again rebel  
The violence in rap must cease and seckle  
If we want to develop and grow to another level  
We can't be guinea pigs for the devil  
The enemy knows, they're no fools  
Because everyone knows that hip-hop rules  
So we gotta get a grip and grab what's wrong  
The opposition is weak and rap is strong

This is all about, no doubt, to stop violence  
But first let's have a moment of silence  
\*Fresh beatboxes\*... swing  
Things been stated re-educated, evaluated  
THoughts of the past have faded  
The only thing left is the memories of our belated  
and I hate it, when  
Someone dies and gets all hurt up  
For a silly gold chain by a chump