

## Show Shocked

KRS-One

Yeah, my next piece goes out to you internet bitches  
Hiding behind texts and shit

First of all, y'all don't really grab mics man  
You be in the studio with the mic in the mic stand  
On your knees you supposed to fall  
I'm just superior clearly, I'm over y'all  
When you stall, really, you call in dad  
Talk hefty, I'm a put you in a garbage bag  
All them theatrics be wack shit for sure  
You the reason people don't like rap no more  
You ain't fresh guy, I bought your CD  
Listened to it and took that wack shit back to Best Buy  
You'll need "TLC" like Left-Eye  
I'll smash him, him, you and your next guy  
You'll be like "KRS why?"  
When I come to your day job and hang you from your neck tie  
Your whole shit's fake, your manager hyped you  
Y'all like two bitches, kiss like dykes do

Yeah, how would ya like it if I rocked just a little bit?  
Oh, how would ya like it if I ripped just a little bit?  
If I spit just a little bit?  
Rip mics just a little bit?  
Light blunts just a little bit?  
Tote guns just a little bit?

My name reigns supreme in every rap index  
I'll spray your brains on the windowpane like Windex  
You wearing fishnets, peep it  
We not the same, I'm jeans and scully, you Victoria's Secret  
You not on that street shit, you ain't getting skrilla  
You rapping cause you a wack drug dealer  
So what's it gonna be? Rapping or dealing?  
You can't serve two gods, I'm capping and peeling  
What happened? You kneeling, your legs got no feeling  
Cause when the gun went under your chin, your brain hit the ceiling  
We invented this shit, to them cops you be squealing  
Your whole Marvin is Gay, you need Sexual Healing  
Them cars I be wheeling, you dudes into stealing  
From the weak, I'll leave you in the passenger seat  
I'll teach a class in a week, bust yo ass in the street  
We get more intelligent after I speak

Yeah, how would ya like it if I rocked just a little bit?  
Oh, how would ya like it if I ripped just a little bit?

Yo, the Teacha KRS, I got Hip Hop on me  
Before Hip Hop, a lotta y'all dudes was corny  
You thug? I don't really see it B  
I remember when all y'all was dressing like Run-D.M.C.  
But actually it was your parents, they were fans  
You a fan, it's apparent, you're all transparent  
See-through, I would never be you  
You rap but really, really nobody believes you  
They just like the beats you do  
In a real club I'm eating you, Glock greeting you

Peekaboo, I'm that Teacha who  
Made an appointment for his bullets to meet with you  
Are you available? They'll come around two-thirty  
I'm with the clean-up crew, aren't you dirty?  
You heard me, man I take your heart  
When the show start, I show art like Mozart  
I take you back to [?], these rappers got no heart  
They not shell shocked, they show shocked, huh  
I rock spots with no cop  
All in your face like Botox, you like your old pops  
You ain't running no blocks  
Y'all dudes is corny, chasing ice and cream like Mistee Softee  
Get off me, your shit is wack man, you lost me

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