

## Still Spittin'

KRS-One

It don't stop, word  
It don't stop, we still spittin! Word  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, Over Nearly Everyone  
When you gon' get it? Aww man

Watch how I spit 'em, watch how I hit 'em  
Inebriated rhythm, we get up all in 'em  
KRS you gotta get him, we the best we always win 'em  
Them cats won't admit I'm in the club rippin they shit  
I'm raw when I'm on tour you better be sure when you get 'em  
'Til you hit the floor and spin 'em, them elements do you live 'em?  
Or are you just usin 'em, confusin 'em and killin them  
Your touring is boring, your minimum ain't fulfillin them  
So let's start drillin 'em, why we ain't feelin them  
Cause we lookin and lookin and don't see that real in them  
Cars we be wheelin them, minds we be healin them  
With books and CD's, believe me we straight dealin them  
Live in the club them thugs hit the ceiling  
When they get the feeling KRS-One start delivering  
So who's up? (Akbar) You live hip-hop?  
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

This whole rap game is a gamble, some MC's can't handle  
Financial freeze, your record company's at a standstill  
While I breeze through a sample, and lead by example  
Find fertile minds and drop seeds by the handful  
Man you ain't gotta hit me in my head with the anvil  
I grow wise, I recognize the lies and the scandal  
Once you sign on that line, your career could depend on  
these white collar crooks who cook the books like Enron  
So I took an oath to speak no lie  
While mad rappers die over beef like E. Coli  
I guess you thugs won't get the picture until them slugs hit ya  
I ain't a hater, but sooner or later "Love's Gonna Get 'Cha"  
And if you don't know that, then you dumb fella  
And everything I said, went right over your head, like an umbrella  
So who's up? (L) You live hip-hop? (Damn right)  
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

Categorize me with the best clique, rhyme majestic  
with it I get sick and mo' connected  
So electric my energy is remembered I'm limitless  
My mind screamin just against the rhythm, intense is the ism  
In 'em I long salute the young and hungry to shine  
Nightmares of lost time haunt taunt me to rhyme  
Been isolated, waitin years to finally reappear  
Cheers I made it, all praise due, Inebriated  
These words are weaponry, huh, mental telepathy  
Rocks for definite, reppin it, 'til the death of me  
Pain left in me runs deep, and leaks through the speakers  
In Jeeps and tape decks, then connects to your peeps  
We keep it, thorough borough to borough, city to ghetto  
Rock like, heavy mental on the, instrumental  
So who's up? (Illin') You live hip-hop?  
Get on the mic and give it what you got

I got five on it, you want it, flaunt it without hazy

Dues paid check the rezzy, the black film be  
that of a blunt's ash, past he of the spectacular cash  
To get after master {?} atlas  
I rep even when I be fingerin them, get it, probably not  
Probably thought I meant that snitch talk  
Starvin your brain, I never come with the simple and plain  
To get at these thoughts, get on the train-er  
I'ma af'ta learn ya bwoy, ya not fi come wit de sum'n  
Microphone check one, no frontin  
You niggaz is mimin your rhymes cause y'all ain't sayin nuttin  
Some of dem soft, me foot bak I'm 'pon de mic  
{?} +Good Will+ stay +'untin+  
Fear new day mon, un if ye wake up  
Industry feel de shake up  
Married to the ghetto you niggaz forget, break up  
Ahh so who live hip-hop  
Upon de hip, me ride the Soul Train ock

Yo I'm not to be confused with these popular new names  
I been paid my dues I'm at the top of the food chain  
And I should get an award for slept on peeps  
So this beat'll be perfect for my acceptance speech  
Forever loved in your city, thanks to rap  
My album's a continuous seller like fitted Yankee caps  
I'm like a demon, crossbred with a ragin bull  
I'm from the South but I relate more to "Paid in Full"  
So focused on my grind, I'm potent when I rhyme  
Tell niggaz close your fuckin mouth and open up your mind  
It takes more than a few weeks to learn  
I make sure rappers and microphones ain't on speakin terms  
As far as you concerned, I'm losin my temper and patience  
Nobody takes shit serious like an impotent rapist  
So who's up? (An Ion) You live hip-hop? (True dat, true dat)  
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

I'm aggressive, progressive, words young ticker be vital  
Rip the game and the name to reclaim any taken title  
Directly hand out stares to the needle as it rotates  
An agent to decrepit from rigormortis in flow eighths  
Not even for a minute can you rap  
Let down by the sound that drowns the clowns even dare to step  
Don't ride the rhythm, I order you to jock  
Your claim to fame was holdin down but you can't hold cock  
Damn right we can fight, I stay with grudge  
with no prior budge from the previous  
And when is it that fourth'll crack cranium, kids come in the picture  
Knowin that asshole and Ion and you ain't the perfect mixture  
Like Alice, diners become the impeccable haven  
That any enter my zone must be stripped down and shaven  
I stand before you as a fiendish critter  
Creatin causin collision with a pen  
Written that hatred of spaced-out squashed men like it was a sin  
The only job payin me enough to snuff the rough  
should have never planned the plan to make you perish  
Leavin your fan and your uncle and son with somethin he can cherish