

The Conscious Rapper

KRS-One

You think this is easy right? (Yeah!)
You think this is easy right? (That's easy!)
You think you got what it takes? (Yeah that's easy!)
Huh, we gon' see.. we gon' see right now (Now what?)
Look

So you wanna be a conscious rapper
Can you handle the press and they negative chatter
Can you eat cold platters, and still spit data
Watchin others spit lies and they pockets get fatter
Can you climb up the ladder, and reach the top?
But it still doesn't matter, cause you ain't pop
Can you rock for the love of the art
Can you drop hit after hit after hit and still don't chart?
Can you REALLY stay loyal to God
when your life is full of strife, plus it always seems so hard
Can you handle the criticism
People holdin you up to higher standards, but they don't live 'em?
Can you hear these kiddy flows and laugh at it
But when you spit they callin you arrogant?
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', let's do it!

Think you can do what I do
Think you can step in my shoes
You have no clue what I go through
You never felt my pain
When they attack my name
All because I have spoken the truth

To be a conscious rapper ain't a mystery
You gotta laugh when they call you contradictory
The whole industry, you gotta push and pull it
To really get with me, you gotta dodge they bullets
Blaow, blaow, blaow, every day and every way
You critics got somethin to say
At the same time, you gotta uphold Christ
Uphold life, while others flash cars and ice
It could break you down, take you down, make you frown
It could actually shake your ground
But if you love who you are, and believe in that
Best believe you will BE where the teacher's at
And where's that? In fact, in cold or heat
Yes, I declare victory over the streets
Overstand, over these beats, over the so-called elite
Over the strong, over the weak
I know how to speak, and most of all I know how to eat
I know I want humble and meek
So you better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', uhh

Look!
So you thinkin about bein a concious MC
Well you gotta love God and you got to live free
You got to see the life that others can't see
You got to be the person that others can't be
You can't be a S-L-A, V-E

If you sayin to yourself, "This may be me"
Then you know goin in that you work against sin
Your very skills will kill the demons within
So don't expect respect from slaves and hoes
Nor the slavemaster's video shows
Nor the rap mags, you know how it go
Especially black mags, you know they don't know
Just go to the crowd that you know will need you
Cause NOTHING compares to the respect of the people
That's what you look for, that's what you work with
Cause anything else, is truly worthless
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris'
You better think about that, 'fore you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris', uhh