

The Heat

KRS-One

FRESH~! For 2008, you suckers
Yeah! James Desmond, yeah, ha ha ha ha
KRS, keep bringin that

Heat, the heat, the heat, the heat
The heat, the heat, the heeeeeeat!

I'm called when all falls and yes y'all stalls
And cornballs wanna get smoked like Pall Malls
I'm on all fours, all year on tours
Place your bets I'm takin all yours
All wars, topplin all scores
Teachin street laws, the teacher because I bring the

I'm called when no one is talkin
The truth about what's goin on and on and
When you wanna put that New York talk in
You cause the KRS-One to start barkin
Toward the mic, grab the mic, start barkin
Outside the club spot cars start parkin for the

Yeah, get it bumpin now, get it bumpin now
Turn up that da-dumb-dumb-dumb-BLAOW
I know you know how, we doin it right now
People in the club like WOW~! For that

OHH! It's gettin hot, don't stop
We just about to reach the top of hip-hop
That's why I'm called, with that yes yes y'all
At this very moment you feel no stress at all
No, I'm not testin y'all, this a real lyric
If you can hear it I'mblessin y'all, with the

So we can continue to go down the menu
I send you my poetry that critiques the evil that men do
You better attend to, the AC
When I MC I'm bringin heat lately, now fade me
No ifs ands buts or maybes
I'm not crazy, God made me speak with the

That's what I'm talkin about!