

The I

KRS-One

Where shall we land, there?
Which city shall we destroy today?
This one, or that one? This one?

Take a look a look around, we last forever
We carry books around, manuals are bound in leather
We rock the center, the only point that's in the circle
We free MC's, what we decree will not desert you
We know what we doin, we wise and we chillin
We calculate against the continued cries of our children
They may be cryin now but they won't be cryin later
We love hip-hop, because WE are it's creators
So we, build the Temple, write the books, teach the classes
Create instrumentals, write hooks and rock masses
NONE passes, without studyin this flow
It's all good as long as you know Kris know!

While I deal with I, Jah talk to I
When I dem go alike, only de one comply
Whatchu see with de I, look twice toward de I
If you don't unify your children them a gon' cry

I stand with the rejected, the unsuspected, the unconnected
The neglected the one you, never suspected
It seems you forget hip-hop plays the back
Sayin that's my sound, and that's my sound
And that's my track, and that's my rap
And that's some chorus they did way back, look honey bringin it back
I'm actually, I'm everywhere at every time
Animating every rhyme and every dare in every mind
KRS is my representative on Earth
Challenge him not, he's been hip-hop since birth
His main objective, is to put hip-hop in perspective
Show pity, and DESTROY these wack cities

Inna style dem a {?}, yo alla dem a cry
Dey worship slackness and to be under sky
We lead dem to de water but we cyan't make dem drink
Pussy to take a sip, cause it gon' make you t'ink
We don't usually {?} shit {?}, yo alla dem a sing
Wisdom wort more den any diamond and gold
People use it and find it like de Dead Sea Scrolls

Take dem Lion, take 'em, take it over!

Cause of dem outer, dem outer, dem outer inter outer inter
Outer inter outer inter out of control
Dey neva find wisdom til dem dead ohhh
Mad Lion make de roll
KRS make up a sea and bulge ya
Of the story of never been told-a
Cause we outer, outer, inter outer outer ese
Out of control, out of control
I'm so serious ay (what?)
We don have no time fi play, ay (tell 'em again)
Some people diss dem hell's in this world
But dey'll come around one day

Yo, yo, only Beezlebub think my voice is aggravatin
Children of light hear my voice and start congregatin
The mind's debatin, is he a prophet or is he Satan?
But the tree is only known by it's fruit, what am I creating?
What am I stating? Have I stood the test of time?
Or am I fading, or has God blessed my rhyme?
Settle your dissin, you better be listenin, forever we glisten
The metaphysician with a better way, makin a better day daily