

That's right  
Up and down, up and down we go  
Beatminerz on the track, I'm conducting the flow  
Reverse flow, you get wolf if you didn't know  
Either way when I play I'm a beast at the show  
Like yeast I will grow, to the East I'm a go  
And increase what I know, bring relief to my bro  
I keep in the dough, but my feast I don't show  
I keep on the low and I reap what I sow  
When it's time for the concert I creep in the show  
Sometimes I walk in off the street to the show  
Grab the microphone, bring the heat to the show  
Hip Hop, I teach it if you're seeking to know  
The introduction to the course is perceive what you know  
When Hip Hop is what you perceive, leave, you can go  
Others make rap but they don't need what you know  
You a divine speaker, what you need is to grow  
Believe me, I know, I see how it go  
All the doors are shut till you reaching for dough  
But if everything's for sale then he is a hoe  
And if everything's for sale then she is a how  
I do things freely, I don't believe in the dough

Up and down, up and down we go  
Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, KRS on the flow  
Any time, any place, rhymes ready to go  
Edutainment from the pavement, man you already know  
Never starving, we go, never crawling for dough  
We that orthodox Hip Hop that all of you know  
Man I lived through the ballers, they ain't balling no mo'  
The arenas, the theaters ain't calling no mo'  
The budgets from the labels ain't falling no mo'  
Them big gold cables are pawned at the sto'  
Them cats now thinking yo "What was it all for?"  
Twenty platinum plaques, you still can't tour  
All over the radio, you still can't draw  
Now listen back to your lyrics, what was that all for?  
When you had the opportunity you could've spit it raw  
But instead wanted head from the lips of all these whores  
Now you fifty-four and you don't spit it no more  
Your jams in the clubs, they don't rip it no more  
Head in the bed, you don't get it no more  
Now you starting to think "What I'm living for?"  
That's when you see KRS is on tour  
I do a two-hour show, he's spitting one more!

Yo, let me show you what a legend is  
I rhyme as KRS, Krazy Rhyme Stylist  
You better keep your eye on this, ain't none higher than this  
These clubs don't stop hiring Kris  
Time for the light to shine  
Too many rappers rapping and they even fight for the right to rhyme  
I'm nice with mine, I'm precise with mine  
As you can see I don't need ice to rhyme  
You a biter, I don't even like your kind  
The rhyme you spitting now might be mine  
Yo, what they doing here if they don't like to rhyme?