

I brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrring!  
Philosophy when I s rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr ing!  
I step like wildabeasts killlll llll lllling!  
MC's harming me I sling lllll ling!  
Rhymes don't copy me you gots to be crazzyaaayyyyy  
Yet you believe that you can slay me play me maybe  
Flip the style I be killlll illl ing the track  
Obey me easssssse back you're silly wack and idle  
Give me back the title my arrival questions the survival  
of any rival rapper you're simply a promotional data  
Me, Kris the Master, beat, this the Master  
Seek, Kris the Master, eat, with the Master  
Treat, this the Master, but don't compete with the Master  
or you'll seek disaster  
Faster than the BlastMaster's folk can say "Oh!"  
That means YOU yo, you wrestlin with the style in your mind  
but I'm like sumo, doin judo, you know  
I go then you go, lyrics we run through run through  
You think you got the 4-1-1  
But I got the 5-5-5-1-2-1-2  
You're done through rhyme sessions with the teacher  
you know you shouldn'ta come to

"Once again back is the incredible, rhyme animal"  
Canibus/Can-I-bust, like weed?  
And give you what you need  
There's the kickoff and KRS-One has the lead!  
Indeed I'm all around your neck like beads, raw hell  
I knock like doorbells, I'm hot while you chili/chilly like Hormel  
I'ma sure sell, no doubt  
How you think you gonna battle and take me out  
with my phrases in your mouth?  
Stop I rock your socks your blocks and set fire  
to your Reeboks, can't you see dat de God of rap I be dat  
From the highest tree top you'll hang  
I ride the fly cars like Chitty Chitty Bang Bang  
You can't hang, with my mic con-cep-tion  
Cause we're not in the same gang, my juice is instant like Tang  
You rhyme beginner, wack rap sinner  
You attack next snap back CRACK and I'm the winner  
But that's simple for me to do as I'm speakin defeatin you  
Fairly beatin not cheatin you, heat-seekin and leakin through  
All styles be creepin through, in amazement they keepin you  
You be thinking, "What were you doin? The teacher competes with you?"  
You can run like the people do or you stay and you see it through  
I be lyrically eatin you anywhere I be seein you  
On the hip like I'm beepin you in your mental you're peek-a-boo  
No limit what we can do metaphorically teachin you  
Tell me what can you show me, simply you do not know me  
No I am not your homie, yo my lyrics are Epic  
but I'm not down with Sony, in the middle like Monie  
Scarfacin like Tony, your whole style is baloney  
You think you off the hook... but you're simply a pho-ney

"Once again back is the incredible, rhyme animal" --> Chuck D

K-K-K, KRS

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