

# You Don't Really Want It

KRS-One

My rhymes still be ill  
You don't really want it  
I suggest you chill  
You don't really want it  
#1 I'm still  
You don't really want it  
The prophecy is fulfilled  
You don't really want it  
KRS in the streets  
You don't really want it  
I drop the rawest beats  
You don't really want it  
No ice just heat  
You don't really want it  
Playa face defeat

That was a nice try Nelly  
I don't mean to be bold, but put that "Hot in herre" bullshit on hold  
And let's get down to the facts of the matter  
In the dictionary under wack rap, you the rapper  
It's simply cuz you're lacking the spectacular vernacular  
And hip hop's character seems to be in back of ya  
Either that or you're truly amateur  
I'm askin ya, how does it feel to have the whole world laughin at ya?  
You just too stupid to see  
I was made on the streets, you was made on MTV  
How you gonna talk about my nose to attack me?  
When you steady guzzlin them pills for your acne?  
My nose comes from a line of kings  
Your acne comes from you eatin the wrong things  
Your words don't make me hurt, they make you work  
You'll hurt when you find it's you gettin jerked  
I tell ya, it don't take me to say  
Don't buy your album, street cats ain't buyin it anyway  
You tellin me make up my mind  
Yet on your album, you don't know if you wanna sing, or rhyme

You tryin to diss me? How?  
If it wasn't for the true-school your bitch-ass wouldn't be here now  
Blau blau, show me respect from the gate  
Or I'ma have to drown you kids like Andrea Yates  
You can't handle the break, I'm a flamethrowa, you a bic lighta  
You think I'm cocky cuz you a dickrida  
I spit tighter  
I'm not like all the rest I'm not a playa but I did stay at a Holiday Inn Ex  
press  
So nevertheless I'ma teach ya, teach ya  
But when them slugs hit you, you'll be screamin, "Momma, EI! EI!"  
You never seen me sing? You don't know what I bring?  
You'll be singing the blues like BB King  
I'm all about the unity of Miss and Mistas  
You all about grabbin money and dissin our sistas  
Take your ass back to TV land  
And let this be a lesson, you can't see me man!

Just when I thought I could do my gospel  
And become an apostle I got a whole to get hostile

I don't mean to knock ya Nelly  
But ain't you that MTV house nigga with a spine like jelly?  
I'ma do this by the book, for the art  
I heard what you said on BET's 106 and Park  
But what you don't know, is right around the corner on 3rd  
I hold a Desert Eagle, and no, it's not a bird  
You sound absurd, you're gonna bring ME back?  
I taught all year round the spot ??? had  
Copycat, with sloppy raps, you chill with N'Sync, I chill where hip hop be a  
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