

## Live On The Mic

Kurupt

Yeah, this is what you would call somethin' like  
One of the things that, you know, when you meet your goal  
You get to the top of the game, and the dream come true  
Kurupt and KRS-One freestyle

Yes, yes y'all!  
yeah yeah y'all! (uh)  
KRS y'all, uh huh, uh huh (uh)  
yeah Kurupt, y'all  
Time to check it out, uh huh  
Prophecy, y'all yes yes, yall (yea)  
KRS, y'all, uh huh, like this y'all (yea)  
you know what's up comin' through like that! (haha!)

I laugh at that, your whole premise is off  
I'm blastin' that, somehow my foot is exactly where yo ass is at  
abusin' it, you know for 86 produce 77  
i'm doin' to you on the other hand still kind of new to it  
I spit lead into better men  
you a veteran, aint no tellin'  
what i send to get them yet another one  
My voice-box send shocks of adrenaline so you sweat again  
(unintelligible)

Then again i noticed that everybody  
Think they can fuck with us  
But luckily i noticed  
Everybody want to be close to us  
Tryin' to bust when they bust  
I seen them they ain't treacherous and they ain't fuckin with us  
My style's out this universe  
Words that serve all these emcees  
They hear pre-verbs i break them down to nouns and verbs  
They know exactly what i do, i run through crew for crew  
KRS, it's on you, baby

True underground, Boogey Down got them runnin' around  
Comin' to town breakin' them all the way down  
and makin' them frown, true underground  
not a class clown  
copy, guilty ass, papi  
I roll with the mash out posse  
The beatdown posse, terror squad, you'll find you was never hard  
When the clip loads, and i yell FLIP-MODE!  
My faster, fresh blows, give my foes death blows  
The best nose, goes live at breath shows

See i heard it before, word it before  
Worded it before, before, every emcee tried to serve it before  
Be Kurupt the raw dog hog servin' all y'all  
Fuck around with us the top dog  
Murder all y'all, my minds incredible  
I'm out this mind state, lookin' at me, oh my goodness!  
What rhymes he creates!  
"Is he the best?", wonderin', nah, aint no best  
It's only me and KRS we dont need no vest, mothafucka

Uh! like that!

Yeah uh huh! like that!

Uh! (we gangstafied Kuruapt and KRS-One on the mic)

(Yeah!)

Comin' through in the studio live, KRS-One, yeah i'm still on Jive  
But i represent emcees now out in..

Yeah, no doubt

I Be kuruapt the raw dog and i'm droppin

every emcee from here to Compton

Raw dog, assassin when you see me comin' through, blastin

Don't matter no harrassin, they won't lastin'

The last round, the last nigga knocked down

Provocative sound, droppin' off round for round

and pound for pound, i be from the Dogpound

It's me a Kris, nigga you can eat my dick

I break them down so quick, you can't fuck with this

The lyricist poltergiest is way nice

Break and take them in freezers just like ice

Fuck around with me, O.G

Yo, we so precise

You know the teacher's agenda

We will be here forever

You plottin' to surrender

Action start, you start -- tremor

Never lose my temper, when my temple member

You know the center of the dope beat, remember

Yea yea! haha!

raw dog assassin style

KRS and kuruapt!

Yea yea y'all!

uh huh!

like this, like this

Yeah we make them bounce

I make them bounce

we make them bounce

Yo, i make them bounce

Yo, i blaze a ounce

Yeah, i blaze a ounce

I'm gonna bounce to the ounce

When the homies come through

Dogpound we surround like we bustin' at you

I leave ya flat, homie

You wonderin, you lookin' back, homie

I leave you all alone, in the danger zone

Lookin' at Kuruapt and didn't notice it was on

My homeboy, slittin', spreadin', begin the spreadin'

Niggas, who don't bust rhymes, niggas start beheadin'

Me and Kris, we do it just like this

Lyricist, niggas can't FUCK with this

Thats right y'all

You heard what the man said

KRS-One styles could never be dead

Thats why we still in-in the studio

Chillin' it's about three o'clock And we representin' real hip-hop

Now you know what time it is we got the camera in our face

KRS-One, all up in the fuckin' place

You know what time it is  
We got to come back again  
I got my friend, i cant remember his name again  
But i'm gonna keep flowin' gonna keep showin'  
Remember the skills that out the box,  
we be blowin', like that, yo Foxy you on the track  
Come and get some'a that pass it right back  
Now my man, Kurupt, on the mic like this  
Now come back and represent beside the Kris

Clap your hands, get it all together then  
See me come through, me and Kris  
Tougher than leather and every emcee who come through  
Be better than you, Claimin' they better than you  
But we start severin' -- heads  
Everybody lookin' at me i flows from the head  
Leave them all dead, nigga, you heard what i said  
Punk ass niggas, don't realize the game  
Despisin' the game homeboy televisin' the game,  
Seen the game, so im televisin the game  
Surprisin' the game, oh no, im risin the game  
They shook down they took down, shook like clowns  
See me rockin' i be rockin all around  
Don't you know it, oh yeah, the poltergiest poet  
Throw it, i show it, homeboy just don't blow it  
Sit on the couch, with a joint in my mouth,  
Gettin' as high as can be, even though, they despisin' me  
Realizin' i be makin' more money than Spike Lee  
And that's my homie, O.G to me  
Yo, Kris (Yeah?) we gonna do it like this  
Drop them down, quick, and they can eat a dick

Boogey Down, Boogey Down,  
Boogey Down, Boogey Down  
Boogey Down production,  
Boogey Down, Boogey Down,  
Boogey Down, Boogey Down, ha-ha! ha-ha! (Byatch!)  
Yo we out, dog (Bitch! gangsta life, me and KRS-One on the mic)