

Rasheeda F/ Nelly**"Do or Die"**

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Chorus/Intro: KRS-One (Kid Capri)

Do or die *echoes* (They know, know what I mean?)
Bring your clique, come on Do or die *echoes*
Bring your clique, bring your clique
(Do or die *echoes*)
Bring your clique, bring your clique (come on)

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo; I flash knowlegde not scandal
Watch me dismantle your handle, lyrics like candles
They burn on waxes in your sandle
Microphone Vandal, KRS-One'll make em scramble
When they gamble, I tear them like flannel
You wanna battle? You'se a dreamer
I put up my Benz, you put up your Beamer
I guarantee ya, I leave ya standin with your beaper
Double or nothing, you put up your sneakers and your
megaspeakers
You'll have no sound; while I'll be uptown in your
Adidas
Don't mess with Teachers we pray for peepers
We no cheaters is rare, but we wax that
Fair and square, don't even stare too long
Or dare the wrong, I'm there and gone
With a ?really simple? sing-a-long

Chorus: Kid Capri and KRS

[Kid] Do or die, I'm sayin its you and I
[K&K] Bring your clique, bring your clique
repeat 3X

[KRS] Yo, yo Kid Capri is the dopest

Open up the door, let me come in the place
Before you recognize the raw, yo, its right in your face
Just a little taste, yo I'm kinda nuts like Planters
The haters save your money cause this album is
bananas!
I'm flashin just a little style, for a little while

Been flowin like the Nile from when you was just a child
Now its ninety-eight, and I will not hesitate
You'll be floatin in the lake, your not no heavyweight!
Your lightweight, I devastate on the equal races
No I'm not a racist, but no race could really face this
I hate this, no I don't, You'll face Kris, no you won't
You know you broke cause what you want ain't really
dope
Like a billy goat, I ram your set like BLAOW!
Who cares how you like me now, your on the ground
Boogie-Down, let me make one thing clear
BX, baby this is our year
Try here and die here, superfly here
As I threw my spear near, think what to do my dear
I'm new and clear, my clarity's amazing
Still blazin, played the low on occasion

[Kid Capri]

We make hotter, JOHN BLAZE
You niggas rockin in the WRONG WAYS
I make your head knock while the SONG PLAYS
Kid Capri bombs bural (boom!) bombs thorough
Now you know what you can vibe fuck talkin your
mom's herald
Let's make it happen, me and you rappin
Fuck wack raps, fuck where you sell your cracks at
Its all good but your rap style seems to be common
If ain't no real shit you don't need to be rhymin

Chorus

[KRS-One]

South Bronx!
I'm smaller, not bigger, drink water not liquor
So I slaughter quick your lyric-lick, you move like a
ninja
I'm all up in your white blood
My style is devastatin, your renovatin like HUD
What, you expect when I'm on the set
Don't forget, I'm givin in cash and wreck
You still ain't ready yet, better yet
When I connect all y'all hit the deck!
Heck, you might as well sign over that publishing check
You ain't worth, my style is ugly and dirty
If you ain't close to the thirty you really haven't heard of
me
But don't worry, hurry in the clubs I get wit em
Got styles for the eighties, nineties, and the new
millenium
Only sucker MC's be like Kris got some ish with him
Because they can't get wit him, only the best sit wit him

Cops don't be friskin him, gangs be enlistin him
Nations be missin him, you really think you dissin him?

Chorus

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