

## Krs-One

### "Believe It"

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Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Word  
All my people in Boston make some noise  
Whew! Inebriated Beats. You got to Believe

[ Chorus: repeat 6x ]

Believe it

[ Krs-One ]

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Look, Look  
All my rap is street related  
How can you spit and not have it hit the pavement?  
These beats we created be inebriated  
Meaning intoxicating, believe we made it  
Now we can see they faded  
Them hoes that went from me so horny to me so hated  
From Hip Hop, we never deviated  
Come to the Temple, hear the flow and you can see me  
state it  
That Knowledge Reign Supreme  
I be on the same streets, with them same hustlers and  
fiends  
But Hip Hop, do you know what it means?  
It means victory over the streets, check the last Beat  
Street scene  
I leak knowledge, inner-standing, wisdom  
KRS the type that get you outta the prison  
Elite knowledge, inner-standing, wisdom  
KRS the type that get you outta the prison, Believe

[ Chorus ]

[ Krs-One ]

Yo, Yo, Believe it  
I only come to help you achieve it  
You could believe what you want, you can take it or  
leave it  
Slow it up or speed it, but never mind if you dont need  
it

But I still gotta teach it, I still gotta speak it  
There's more to the streets than guns and stuff  
To all my fathers, you know one sons enough  
But if you have two or three  
You know they get -gasm what they see on the t.v  
You gotta believe me  
We gotta rise up  
All my daughters I beg, close your legs and kind of like  
open your minds up  
Before your times up, and you find what?  
You was just another stepping stone for him to climb up  
I'm what? A player? No  
A hoe? No. An average rhyme-sayer? No  
A neighbor? Yes. A friend of the Savior? Yes  
I can honestly say I'm blessed

[ Chorus ]

[ Krs-One ]

Yo, its a Hip Hop intellectual heavyweight  
That leaves 'em in a truly inebriated state  
If you thinking about leaving, you better wait  
We only talking about freedom and showing love  
instead of hate  
But no, you dont think it's real  
Until you're shackled 'round your wrists and your  
ankles and your heels  
You could brag if you feel  
But don't forget to mention the twenty to life is part of  
the deal  
When the DEA flash that shield  
The bigger they are as stars  
Huh... the harder they squeal  
And usually your name comes out  
Leading to that knock on the door, and you being led  
out  
That's when my lyrics matter  
All them guns and bitches and hoes, you don't wanna  
hear them rappers  
That's when you wanna hear pastors  
But if you listen now, you can like avoid them disasters  
Turn your life over to God today  
Not a little bit, Yo, go all the way  
I said, turn your life over to God today  
Not a little bit, Yo, go all the way Yo

[ Chorus ]

[ Krs-One talking through Chorus ]

It's live like that ya'll  
It's live just like that  
Big up! Terry Andrell  
Word up! D.J. Tine E. Tim  
Whew! G. Simone, you know you're not alone  
G. Simone, uh, uh  
Mickey Mic, Yo what up Mickey?  
Uh, Yo, Yeah

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