

## **KRS One** **"Blade"**

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Only a few... will understand  
and appreciate what's about to happen  
Das EFX come in!!!

Verse One: Das EFX

[Drayz]

Well it's the super duper rhymer rhymer I'm about to  
set it  
Niggaz best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D  
So what it B... the D to the fuckin P  
(Yo it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see)  
I be's the ultimate drop the ultra shit fuck the other shit  
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin kid we runnin shit  
Now who you fuckin with is Diggey Das EFX'n  
We flexin, cause kid we got this rhyme and took effect  
y'all

[Books]

Aiyyo I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket  
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my  
pocket, watch it  
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime  
scene  
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green  
Fuck a dime we, strictly fifty, the BDP and Hit Squad  
committee  
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo  
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot  
Diggity Das KRS East coast on lock

Verse Two: Das-EFX, KRS

[Drayz]

To corny niggaz y'all get ate, my shit'll make you faint  
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the  
fuckin paint  
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin  
Now look we comin back and runnin shit like fuckin  
Michael Jordan  
Accordin, to my niggaz in the sewer  
Yo you a, corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

[Books]

This for my niggaz on the block, handlin rock like  
Kenny Anderson  
I'm brandishin, stiggedy styles to keep MC's vanishing  
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering  
My pattern's amazing son Blazing like a Saddle and  
Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco  
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo  
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C. niggaz  
Y'all know the haps we movin strapped on the East  
nigga

[Drayz]

Yo, yo, well miggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy  
Drayz's payday  
I riggedy wreck it eryday, kick shit like fuckin Pele  
But wait a, minute, cause we get in it for the masses  
For classes, yo KRS come get up in they asses

[KRS]

What... I say, follow me follow me  
with my syllable syllable lyrical criminal  
MC threats are minimal to my phsyical they just  
whittle and whittle away, with little and little to say  
As they piddle and paddle away, they say OK  
But I chop that ass up anyway  
What's your handle I got mad MC heads upon a mantle  
I got genuine MC skin sandals  
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt  
Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin for help  
when you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear  
it  
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit!!  
As I fa-la-la-la-la, I'm comin with that rara  
Rockin mics when you was googoo gaga to your  
momma  
You wanted to battle KRS when you was young you told  
your poppa  
He slapped you in your head and said UHH-UHH  
But you didn't heed the warning  
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face  
Lookin at your crew but they all broke out  
because they nothin but lace  
KRS is like mace, in your motherfuckin face  
Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place!!

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