

## **Krs-One**

# **"Bling Blung"**

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Yeah, word up  
Yeah, yo

Bling blung, bling blung  
First you see the bling, then you feel the blung  
This is the way that the world is run, can't you tell?  
Bling blung, rock the bells

Move along, move along, along  
This is a newa song, KRS-One the supa strong  
Move along before you lose your tongue  
Before you lose ya lung, be sure MCs get done  
Detour or move along, we teach the young

How many young men hung so we could sing a song?  
You need to move along, along, along  
The string of injustice stung those that bling 'cause  
now they blung  
Materialism stings and now they stung

You need to move along  
Life is like ding, dong, ying, yang  
Bing, bang, ping, pong, or ping pong  
Any lyrical battle we won

Yes, this a master flow, this how life go on  
First you got it then you're gone  
So don't get stung 'cause after the bling it's blung  
No material thing stays with you long

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Move along, along, we can't get stung  
We the one, my melanin stuns right up in the sun  
I go and I come, don't mind me, son  
I'm just a teacher, them cats shouldn't try me, son

I'm that lively one, I roll with them grimy ones  
At the temple you can find me, son

What I bring and sing reflects what I brung  
I be rolling, aling off the tongue

You can check them other ones, maybe them younger  
ones

But I be that eye witness just like Connie Chung  
Some burn the paper, some burn the bong  
I'm burning rappers, I think you need to move along

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Move along you little singers  
Never linger 'round a rhyme bringer, these rap blingers  
I break you off a middle finger  
Bell ringa, in your mind a dong dinga  
Yo, that's what's wrong with these singas

When they sing all they bring is bling, they dummies  
But after the bling aling, aling is blung  
Post bling is blung, a new ting, son  
I'm rockin' these bells like ding dong

As you can see I got no rings on  
'Cause it got nothing to with what springs song  
So ding dong, open the door to freedom  
Any of my books you should read dum and be strong

Or else you need to move along, along, along  
Your lyrics are cow dung  
There use to be a TV talent show with a gong  
And when the gong gonged you were gone

Yes, I am the lyrical Don, beats for art um  
But I am unattched to all of thum  
The message of the song is bling blung  
Don't get caught up in watcha bought up, be strong

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