

Krs-One **"Blowe"**

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Hey baby, bring me something to drink in here
Please sit down and watch a little TV

Yo they comin', it's crazy but I know it they comin'
Maybe, not lately I feel it coming I knew it, they comin'
This just in President, I guarentee
Jim, Jimmy, Jimmy wake up, Jimmy
Only the Lord can save, 5.99 no obligation
Let me start to rock this mic
Now the polar bear hybernates
And, and what was going through your mind right now

Look at these weak MC's getting G's
Never wore BVD's or even bellbottom Lees
Please, with these fantasies about you selliing keys
When you know you bees in front of the TV eatin'
grilled cheese
On your knees you know my steez
Kris is nice with these M-I-Cs

I'm Poison like BBD the plot thickens while I be hittin'
And lyric lickin', flippin' any mix and over the skippin'
And cable clippin', still sickenin'
Even though some people ain't admitting
Through they system I keeps it kickin'
And tippin' the scale I pay tuiton not bail
Drink water not ale, my MC Hammer hits it right on the
nail
I can't fail with my 7 stripes

Strike one pierces the lung over the drum MC's become
dumb
Like "um?" They numb, bite the tongue over the bass
drum
I am D the MC like Run, spittin' lyrics for fun
And for a sum of the bread crumb
You missed when you swung, I connected whole hum
Another one done underestimated KRS-One, yeah, so

Say blowe
If you really want true skill
Say blowe

If you want the hip hop to build
Say blowe
I'll be rockin' all year round
You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

It's just begun to bubble, KRS-One spells trouble
On the mic soon there is no double
I emerge from under the rumble
Count the truth poetic construction, audio abduction
Showbiz production for wack lyric reduction
And fly rhyme instruction

Keep the party hoppin'
Keep the DJs buggin' from the orthodox
Non Xerox hip hop chatter box
It was dope first crack out the box with Scott LaRock
How MC's are washed up like sweat socks
KRS-one makes the heads nod

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KRS-One, yes my son
Tweet tweet
KRS-One, yes my son
Tweet tweet, tweet
You know they can't compete, ain't that right
No doubt
You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

When it's my turn, kid, look at what you done did
Like my head is dreadful, you edible
I kick incredible shit for my poeple
I'm jackin' these like me so sue and stretch like bobbito
overloops
While you sittin' on stoops I'm rockin' mics for U.S.
troops in group
You screwed up, oops, I can read a true crook
Like I read a new book

I'm hooked on hip hop culture
Look at the tip top lyrical structure
Floatin' like a soap bubble that you don't wann puncture
Or rupture, I write what I utter, mother mother mother
There's too many of us dying still trying and not doin'
Not succeeding still pursueing, what you doing?

What you doing? What you doing?

The session is started departed on schedule
I beg you please lookover my lyrical menu
What others can't do I can do
Enhancing 7 levels of your mental
I dismantel stress, you're listening to the advanced
lyrical best
Worldwide qualified to administer any MC test
Stop guessin,' class is in full session
Now showbiz show 'em how

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