

## **Krs-One**

# **"I Got Next/neva Hadda Gun"**

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It's meant to be evidently when I rock so eloquently  
Put the beat on and let me kill another wack emcee  
Can't trust them, never test me, I practice and study  
But I'm not in it for the money, but to me they look so  
funny  
You can't test the teacher, the teacher won't reach  
intact  
Through the speaker you're weaker, now sit your ass in  
the back  
My lyrical you hear it, you fear it, you can't get near it  
'Cause the spirit eat Eric and Eric your rhymes is wack  
Like that, that, right back

Check, check it out, check it like this  
Just skills, you know you gots to build just skills  
You know you gots to build just skills, uh come on get  
down  
Just skills, you know we got to build just skills, come on  
get down

Yeah, uh come on, I got that rip track, flip that,  
underground rap  
When I kick back, most of what I'm hearin' be weak  
So I speak through beats and the streets as I teach  
I impeach, through speech, each lyric leech I reach  
Have a seat in the lecture nothin' can protect you  
Hard is the texture of the mic wreckin' rock in your  
sector  
Better than ever remember I am no beginner  
I like to shout out Eric Skinner

Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills  
A come on a get down  
Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills  
A come on a get down

Yo, we livin' in a world of private jets and limousine  
The fruit we eatin' as we prepare tangerine to nectarine  
See everybody livin' in the same routine  
We need the telephone, and yes, we need the fax  
machine  
You listen to the sound, well I think you know it's me

Now, let me educate you with my conscious poetry

Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no  
wack rap

Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no  
wack rap

Me love, me love, me love, me love, me love it when it's  
bad

See if you wack rap you ought be steppin' out the back

See emcees on the microphone forgettin' that they  
black

See hear them kick the lyrics that are holdin' people  
back

But when you hear the teacher, KRS will find the track  
You bound to see the light, and you don't want return  
back

So listen very closely to the secret scientist

I'm sending this one out to all my inner city kids

Now you supposed to be apostle what you have inside  
your head

Can make you more reliable, it can make you feel dead

Now listen very closely to the way I say this rhyme

It's the thing called the brain, and the thing called the  
mind

But I'm outta time

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?

No, you can't 'cause now you 'bouts to get done

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun

Never had a gun, never had a gun?

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?

No, you can't 'cause now you 'bouts to get done

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun

Never had a gun, never had a gun?

On the block you just yap a whole lot

About the clothes that you got, yo, or the gold that you  
got

Everybody sees all the friends in your Benz, yo, it's fat

But they ain't gettin' money like that

Word to my brother Kenny, jealous one envy

The rich are few, while the poor, many

But you got gold cuffs and cars and stuff

You eatin' well, but still in the ghetto you dwell

You know it's hot, so you make it known about your  
glock

To any perpetrator tryin' to blow up your spot

You grab the microphone and talk a good ramble

You the hardcore outlaw, criminal, vandal  
Burnin' emcees like a candle, but you frontin'  
You ain't got nothin', with your life you gamble  
One day you gamble up snake eyes  
Talkin' all that junk about you don't take dives, you take  
lives

Nobody on the block tries, 'cause you claim you got  
powerful ties  
So at the red light you arrive  
And to your surprise you get huffed up with just two  
steak knives  
You're terrified, they take your Benz, and what makes  
things worse  
You ain't got gun the first

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?  
No, you can't 'cause now you 'bouts to get done  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun  
Never had a gun, never had a gun?  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?  
No, you can't 'cause now you 'bouts to get done  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun  
Never had a gun, never had a gun?

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