

Krs-One**"I'm Still Nr. 1"**

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D.j. doc you know he's down with us
D-square, he's down with us
Keyboard money mike, is down with us
I.c.u., you know he's down with us
D-nice and mcboo, they're down with us
Ms. melodie, she's down with us
Just-ice and dmx, they're down with us
My manager moe, he's down with us
Castle-d boy, he's down with us
D.j. red alert, he's down with us
Robocop boy, he's down with us
Makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one
People still takin' rappin' for a joke
A passing hope or a phase with a rope
Sometimes I choke and try to believe
When I get challenged by a million mcs
I try to tell them, we're all in this together
My album was raw because no-one would ever
Think like I think and do what I do
I stole the show, and then I leave without a clue
What do you think makes up a krs?
Concise teaching, or very clear speaking?
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid
Not by financial aid, but a raid of hits
Causing me to take long trips
I'm the original teacher of this type of style
Rockin' off-beat with a smile
Or smirk or chuckle, yes some are not up to
Bdp posse so I love to
Step in the jam and slam
I'm not superman, because anybody can
Or should be able to rock off turntables
Grab the mic, plug it in and begin
But here's where the problem starts, no heart
Because of that a lot of groups fell apart
Rap is still an art, and no-one's from the old school
'Cause rap is still a brand-new tool
I say no-one's from the old school 'cause rap on a
whole

Isn't even twenty years old
Fifty years down the line, you can start this
'Cause we'll be the old school artists
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme
A brand-new style, ruthless and wild
Runnin' around spendin' money, havin' fun
'Cause even then, I'm still number one

Blastmaster krs-one of course
Comes to express with style the lost
Ways of rhyming, old and new, past and present
Knock, knock, who is it?
A brand-new style, hup, time to change
People talk about me when they see me on stage
Live in action, guaranteed raw
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor
Now tomorrow you can say you saw
Krs-one stompin' once more
I play by ear, I love to steer
The alfa romeo from here to there
I grab the beer, but not in the ride
'Cause I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local
My album is sellin' because of my vocals
You know what you need to learn?
Old school artists don't always burn
You're just another rapper who's had his turn
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned
About idiots posing as kings
What are we here to rule?
I thought we were supposed to sing
And if we oughta sing, then let us begin to teach
Many of you are educated, open your mouth and speak
Krs-one is something like a total renegade
Except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'
Not to escape, but hit the problem head-on
By bringin' out the truth in a song
So bdp, short for boogie down productions
Made a little noise 'cause the crew was sayin' somethin'
People have the nerve to take me for a gangster
An ignorant one, something closer to a prankster
Doin' petty crimes, goin' straight to penitentiary
But in a scale of crime that's really elementary
This beat is now compelling me to explain in silence
Why my last jam was so violent
It's simple bdp will teach reality
No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like the p
is free
So now you know, a poet's job is never done

But I'm never overworked, 'cause I'm still number one
Kool moe dee, he's down with us
Eric b. and rakim, they're down with us
Stetsasonic, they're down with us
Dana dane, he's down with us
Sleeping bag records, they're down with us
My lawyer jay, he's down with us
Jive/rca is down with us
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I'm number one

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