

Krs-One "Mad Crew"

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Mad

So in the clubs, I get mad

On the mic, I get mad

On the beats, I get mad

Yo, I got the

Mad, mad crew up in the house

I'm with the

Mad, mad crew up in the house

I be chillin' with the

Mad, mad crew up in the house

I'm rollin' with the

Mad, mad crew up in the house

Come on

See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this

Wack, underprivileged MCs think they can see Kris

They watchin' too much television and they rocka

This ain't the TV show "Taxi" and I ain't Lotka

I break an MC off proper, yo, don't check me

Ask your Moms and Pops, yo, they respect me

But here you stand, tryin' to get yours but gettin'
nothin'

You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or

"Productions"

I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets,
believe me

Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee

You're rated PG, again I win when I begin

I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend, I don't
bend

I ravage and damage, I'm wild like a savage

I'm kickin' asses, hot flashes, your style's with trash's

Stay out of my classes, punk, stay out of my classes

Yo, I got the

Mad, mad crew up in the house

I be chillin' with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

I'm rollin' with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house
And I be drinking with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

Come on

It's the pros in her house
I said it's the pros in her house
Fuck that shit
It's up down in her house

Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star
I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar
So here's a quick freestyle to my target
My core audience, fuck the rest of the market

'Cause I spark it, styles, I loan shark it
Then break your legs if you try to chart it
I got heart, it doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get
with it
Some MCs can't rock for five minutes

Sorry, that's not the way to approach me
Use caution, I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often
You probably don't know this
I give birth to MCs and I also give abortions
I'll do a number to your body structure

You look like supper
And I'm that hungry motherfucker
You don't wanna be on the menu
I'll end you, twist you up and bend you like Gestapo

Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco
No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow
That's why dem challenge me
Jah man you know dem challenge trouble
Me are number, one of me there is no double
And you don't want no trouble
'Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double

I got the
Mad, mad crew up in the house
I'm chillin' with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

I'm rollin' with the

Mad, mad crew up in the house
I'm drinking with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house
And I be coming with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

Check, me comin' on quick, me cominadance, now me
a sing
KRS-One in a party, man, me do me own ting
Nuff MC test but you don't hear vowel one
All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up

We have the champion belt and lyrical cup
Any DJ, they want my title filled, no way now man, step
up
But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up
This ain't no game upon the mic, me bring the noise to
you like Chuck

I got the
Mad, mad crew up in the house
I'm chillin' with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

And I be coming with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house
I'm rollin' with the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

Kid Capri got the
Mad, mad crew up in the house
Gang Starr got the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

Ill Will got the
Mad, mad crew up in the house
Flavor Unit got the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

Check it out
Just make some noise

Big shout out to all the real
Hip-hop [Incomprehensible] in the house
And all the phoney DJ's
Who tried to battle [Incomprehensible] this year
Understand, I got the
Mad, mad crew up in the house

