

## **Krs-One**

# **"Mc's Act Like They Don't Know"**

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Knowledge, where the people at?  
Free Mumia!  
Channel Live! (KRS-One, come and represent)  
(The wisdom)  
Hah hah hah hah hah hahaha!  
Free Mumia!

Everywhere I look there's another house negro  
Talkin about they people and how they should be equal  
They talkin but the conversation ain't goin nowhere  
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there  
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture  
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

Verse One: Hakim, KRS, Tuffy

I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster  
I said I MC, she said, "You're a gangster"  
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a  
breakdance  
Wrapped her up like the arms in a b-boy stance  
Recognize moms I'm one of your sons I'm hip-hop  
in the form of Channel Live and KRS-One  
Representin MC's across America  
She said, "You're the one who be causin all that mass  
hysteria"

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and  
sucklings  
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady  
judging  
But judge not, lest ye may be judged  
For the judgment ye judge ye shall surely be judged,  
you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"  
Then I said, "You only on my back because I fill  
brother's pockets"  
Got em drivin Benzes Jeeps and Rolls Royces  
Attackin me will leave youth with no voices  
The choice is yours not mine hang with me  
I'll have you freestyle and bombin graffiti

We can cut it up like like wax  
Claimin I cause violence but America was violent before  
rap, FACT

Chorus: KRS-One

Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA  
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia  
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Tuffy, KRS, Hakim

Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the \_Final  
Call\_ as I watch, Babylon fall  
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe  
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin cannons that's phat  
Because he censors the uses of the metaphor  
You can get the dick bum up  
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore  
Expenditures forgettin, gut from the poor

Why sure! Back before we were born they sold us out  
Yeah Dade Jackson we know what you about  
Youse a Slave Mason, not a Free Mason  
Before long the Goddess Tiamat through hip-hop you'll  
be facin

Don't start me, cause I be the, lyricist  
At the nineteen ninety-nine millenium party held at Giza  
Sayin he's a, fraud, oh my Goddess  
Never in your life should you disrespect an artist  
Instead, focus your attention on astronomy  
And the up and coming, shift in the economy  
If you can't do that, then heed the final call  
To free Mumia, Abu-Jamal

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls  
House niggaz are full of crap, like my Colin Powell  
Kickin vowels, is how we relieve the tension  
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension  
(revolution)  
You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner  
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?  
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast  
It's Hakim that voice from the East

Chorus

Verse Three: KRS, Hakim, Tuffy

Buck buck! Buck buck buck!

It sound like gunshots but it could be the plot  
of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin and  
listen to your children instead of dissin em  
Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people  
Like they be sayin want to, but we be sayin wanna  
They gettin dumber every summer as they walk the  
rope  
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality  
always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent  
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple  
rays of the sun I gots melanin so check it  
Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked  
Suspect it, was it a means for the end  
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the  
pigskins  
Turned you into mannequins, cause the trick of  
technology  
A revelation, revalations  
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution  
That's my solution, there will be no sequels  
I'm audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwarzenegger  
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior  
Who enslaved ya (it's the Devil) but the God of  
virtuosity  
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy  
Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf  
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath  
the rock cock back the glock, cause I don't trust  
the Devil I rebel until Babylon is dust

Chorus

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