

Krs-One **"My Life"**

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Whattya think makes up a KRS?
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Skinny cat, young cat, with a knapsack strapped to my
back

1981 before the crack attack
I used to let the Old English 800 suds bubble
In the last car of the Franklin Avenue shuttle

Brooklyn, no doubt, Wingate Park, no doubt
Prospect Park I'm all laid out
Homeless, my gear played out and I know this
But I'm an MC I stay focused

I took the shuttle to the D and wrote my rhymes in a
hour

Took the D to the E, last stop the Twin Towers
Sittin' in the belly of the beast
In the World Trade Organization, bein' harassed by
police

I wrote my rhymes right there on the spot
New York City, 1984 corruption was hot
Cats sellin' Uzi's out the Jacob Javits Center for a high
price
Let me tell you 'bout my life

The type of shit a young black man
Gotta go through every day of his life
Hard times to live in, wake up in the morning
Thank God

The type of shit a young black man
Gotta go through every day of his life
Hard times to live in, wake up in the morning
(Now it's my turn, listen)

Eighty-five comes in, eighty-six comes in
The marijuana with the cocaine mix comes in
High class hustlers, I'm takin' flicks with them
My first song's Red Alert, he's mixin' them

This a far cry from a kid sleepin' on the bench
Now I'm V.I.P. in the club, this don't make sense
But it does, as I take daps and hugs
From cats that move drugs, they say, "Kris rise above"

Everybody knew my style, Kris was no coward
I wanted to get in the game but my peeps wouldn't
allow it
They'd say, "Read them books and write them hooks
Save our children, give 'em a whole new outlook"

So I did, I lived like any street kid
But I was handed 20 books, others were handed 20
year bids
Still they wouldn't sell to your mother or your wife
There was respect man, let me tell you 'bout my life

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1987 my career blowin' up now
Me and Scott LaRock took the year growin' up now
Me I'm just a private cat, whatever you perceive as live
KRS is as live as that

We the livest act, in eighty-eight, eighty-nine and
ninety now
But them years be far behind me now
In ninety-one, no one can find me now
I chose the underground to rhyme where it's grimy,
wow

Rewind me now, 13 albums for you to see
Or catch me speakin' at them universities
My mind stays keen, I'm hardly ever seen
I do a lot of work, just not in the mainstream

Know what you need to learn
Old school artists don't always burn
Know what you need to learn
KRS-One, don't always burn

