

Krs-One

"No Wack DJs"

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[KRS-One]

Word, YEAH~! So we sing

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan' no whack deejay-uh

Me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan' no whack deejay-uh

Me don't like what they play, me don't like what they say

Me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan'-me-don't-wan' no whack deejay-uh

[KRS-One]

New flow, new style, comin in BOOM BAP

Who now wanna throw down, the crew's wild

One flow - you go, two flows - you outta here

We pros, three flows, buck through your outer gear

Let's raise the fahrenheit on these DJ's we don't like

You know who I'm talkin about, yo they might come on tonight

They never hype, never tight, that's not polite

Am I lyin? No you're quit right

So tonight, I be statin facts, most DJ's are whack

They be holdin back, they NBA - Never Broke a Act

Yo I'm hopin that, new DJ's open rap, bring the focus back

And take the crates from these fakes to the lake and throw 'em OVER that

We lead 'em to freedom or poetically beat 'em up

In conventions like meet 'em, see them, we plan to eat 'em up

I'm bein MC'in seein and agreein that this here cut

DEFINITELY will hit them up, so we sing

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

I SCREAM on these rappers like directors do actors

Hang with computer hackers on farms and ride tractors

Thug spelled backwards is GUT, drop the H

If you ain't got guts and you callin yourself a thug, you
a fake!
Not just the guts to bust off 44 calibre
Cause mad thugs turn bitch when you show that ass
algebra
It's like... the vexed look, the sex look
The checks look, cause brothers be, scared of that
textbook!
You best look elsewhere, knowledge of self here
Never no welfare, echinacea for health care
Outrappin 'em, slappin 'em, ghetto scholar like Pun,
Joey Crack and them
On spraypaint we put fat caps on 'em (WORD)
Up in the yard, we go to hittin it harder
Then return to reprieve as mild-mannered Kris Parker
The exec, signin on checks, approvin budgets
But if you want it, meet me at any club, we can THUG IT

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

N.O.R.E. goes "WHAT WHAT," Cube goes "YEH-YEAH!"
Jamaicans go "BUCK BUCK," MC Eiht goes "GYEAH~!"
Master P goes "UNGHHH," Busta RHymes goes "YAH
YAH"
KRS-One goes "WOOP WOOP" like cop cars
Cause I pull over pop stars and arrest they guitars
And sentence them to the turntables, cuttin on 8 bars
Shakin 'em up, rippin 'em down, brother whattup?
Gimme a pound
You diggin the sound I'm bringin around, shakin the
ground, never a clown
You know that you buggin, but you also know that you
love it
Somethin new and bumpin others be frontin
They can't even think about, new flows and techniques
They speak when the check speaks but KRS-One is
direct heat

[Chorus] with ad libs

[Chorus]

YES!!!

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