

Krs-One

"'p' Is Still Free"

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Ah yeah, all ruffneck rudebwoy hold tight
Just a little somethin' for the Jeep
Turn my voice up a little bit, let's get this started
Comin' to you live and direct from the 1986 version,
comin' up to 1993
Of course, Premier on the beat, now check it out

The girlies is free 'cause the crack cost money, oh yeah
I said the girlies is free 'cause the crack cost money, oh
yeah

Ridin' one day in a '92 Beamer
After seven years I seen Denise she still a skeezer
But look what she did, she went and had a kid, no dad
And just released her ass out the rehab

You think she'd act like she don't know
She's still a hoe but I'm checkin' my man for the show
Hi, DJ KRS
She tried to shake her butt, I rolled my window up

She got pissed and said, "You ain't all that"
And went and got some other girl schemin' for crack
In my car, I couldn't hear what they spoke about
I hit the accelerator and I was out

I never check my man but I knew the plan
Come to the jam MC's in there be thinkin' they
Superman
Sure enough, the place is packed with no breeze
Crazy girls and wall to wall MC's

I'm like a cat these MC's are Fancy Feast
I'm thinkin' of rhymes but I'm interrupted by Denise
She said, "Kris, I really need a favor, honey
My girlfriend here really needs some quick money"

I looked at her girlfriend and her girlfriend was fly
But I ain't stupid, she had that look in her eye
I touched her back, she said, "Denise has he got the
crack?
Is he the one? I gotta run back and feed my son"

I said, "How old is your son?" She said, "Three months"
I walked away but my man cold bust her fronts
So she pulled out a gun and shot him in the party
Except for the MC's, I knew everybody

She tried to let off a shot, one more time
But got stomped so bad, she turned to whine
No one could find Denise for several weeks
You know the time on this '93 beat

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yeah

I knew a group that had a dope lead singer
Swinger, single guy, that knew his style was fly
After the show he was tired sweaty and kinda sloppy
But of course, a million girls are in the lobby

He saw a group of girls hangin' out and lookin' good
So he took one to his room because he knew he could
Inside the room he said, "Make love to me and never
stop"
She said, "Sure, but how's about a crack rock?"

I knew my man down the hall had it all
So he called, down the hall but homeboy wasn't there
at all
He turned to the girl and said, "My man ain't there"
So she let down her hair, unzipped his pants down right
there

Oral sex in effect or rather deep throat
But just before he came she bit his dick and slit his
throat
As he fell back dizzy, he began to choke
She took his wallet and said, "You ain't broke"

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yeah

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

Yes, Premier you know you rule hip-hop
An' yes, Ced Gee you know you run hip-hop
An' yes, Kenny bwoy you run hip-hop
An' but KRS-One'll rock it non-stop

When I'm in Brooklyn, we rulin' hip-hop

When I'm in Jersey, we runnin' hip-hop
Over in Brazil yes, we rulin' hip-hop
Over in Germany, we rulin' hip-hop

But in New York, we rulin' y'all tonight badda-bye-bye-
bye
In New York, we rulin' y'all tonight
We come to rock you whether you black or you white
'Cause KRS-One, you know I'm never frank, come catch
the style

The gurlies is free 'cause the crack cost money, oh yeah
I said the gurlies is free 'cause the crack cost money, oh
yeah

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