

## Krs-One

# "Represent The Real Hip Hop"

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Only a few will understand and appreciate  
What's about to happen  
Das EFX, come in

Well, it's the super duper rhymer, rhymer, I'm about to  
set it  
Niggaz best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D  
So what it B, the D to the fuckin' P  
Yo, it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see

I be's the ultimate, drop the ultra shit, fuck the other  
shit  
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin', kid we runnin' shit  
Now who you fuckin' with is Diggey Das EFX'n  
We flexin', 'cause kid we got this rhyme and took  
effect, y'all

Aiyyo, I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket  
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my  
pocket, watch it  
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime  
scene  
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green

Fuck a dime we strictly fifty, the BDP and Hit Squad  
committee  
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo  
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot  
Diggity Das KRS, East coast on lock

I represent the real hip-hop  
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To corny niggaz, y'all, get ate, my shit'll make you faint  
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the  
fuckin' paint  
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin'  
Now look we comin' back and runnin' shit like fuckin'  
Michael Jordan

Accordin', to my niggaz in the sewer  
Yo, you a corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

This for my niggaz on the block, handlin' rock like  
Kenny Anderson  
I'm brandishin', stiggedy styles to keep MC's vanishin'  
Scatterin', fuck it, styles don't be matterin'  
My pattern's amazin', son Blazing like a Saddle and

Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco  
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo  
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C., niggaz  
Y'all know the haps we movin' strapped on the East  
nigga

Yo, yo, well miggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy  
Drayz's payday  
I riggedy wreck it everyday, kick shit like fuckin' Pele  
But wait a minute, 'cause we get in it for the masses  
For classes, yo KRS come get up in they asses

Follow me, follow me with my syllable, syllable lyrical  
criminal  
MC threats are minimal to my physical  
They just whittle and whittle away, with little and little to  
say  
As they piddle and paddle away, they say okay

But I chop that ass up anyway  
What's your handle, I got mad MC heads upon a mantle  
I got genuine MC skin sandals  
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt

'Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin' for help  
When you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear  
it  
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit

As I fa la la la la, I'm comin' with that rara  
Rockin' mics when you was googoo gaga to your  
momma  
You wanted to battle KRS when you was young you told  
your poppa  
He slapped you in your head and said, "Uhh-uhh"

But you didn't heed the warnin'  
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face  
Lookin' at your crew but they all broke out  
Because they nothin' but lace

KRS is like mace, in your motherfuckin' face

Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place

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