

Krs-One

"Represent The Real Hip Hop - With Das EFX"

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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

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 vanishing
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering
My pattern's amazing 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 eryday, 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

What I say, 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 warning
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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