

## **Krs-One**

### **"South Bronx 2002"**

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This what you call hardcore, fat gospel, street gospel

(South, South, Bronx!)  
Yo where my people at?  
(South, South, Bronx!)  
Yo where my heart is at?  
(South, South, Bronx!)  
C'mon let's bring it back  
(South, South, Bronx!)

Raw rhymes for raw times  
My albums are underground, but this blessing is all  
mine  
And when it's tour time, we open more minds  
You need to rethink who you think is the greatest of all  
time  
I got this, I'm raw like Freddie Foxxx is  
Hardcore like The LOX is, Ccott La Rock is where Tupac  
is  
Where hip-hop is, digitally underground like shock is  
Oh yes, I know where the top is  
But I'd rather rhyme about how crooked some of these  
cops is

My synopsis ain't pretty  
I'd stay, off them plains and, out the city if I were you  
Do what you gotta do  
But while you wave them flags, remember Amado,  
Diallo  
Here's what we gotta do, follow  
I'll put hip-hop in you if you're hollow  
Those that already filled, still take swallows  
Goin' over potholes with Tahoes

You don't think, I know? Huh! I'm lookin' at you right  
now  
You ain't dancin' in the club, you in your car, sittin'  
down  
You in the crib, on the low, you got them headsets on  
the go  
You just saw me at the show, oh you don't know?  
It's the temple of hip-hop, comin', with a whole

different flow  
Yo where them hoes at? I don't know  
But wherever God at, I'm-a go, I give 'em a hard rap  
and a flow  
That's why when they call back for the show, with no  
video  
We get up and go!

Yo where it started at?  
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Peep it out while I tell ya like this  
In every single hood in the world I'm called Kris  
It's the, truth for ya, it's the proof for ya  
My Cristal passes more bars than lawyers  
The underground sound, this is not easily found  
You don't need no rings to be down  
This is past the platinum and gold  
We already had 'em, it's old

Here's the truth if it be told, gather 'round  
Philosopher style is known to be wild  
If you only holdin' them guns, who's holdin' your child?  
You got to be thinkin' you know that thinkin' you  
shrinkin'  
When the art of navigation has been reduced to a  
Lincoln  
Change the dial! I was free then and I'm free now  
You free, runnin' to MTV? I don't see how

You know the real from the fake, you know they stealin'  
they cake  
You know it ain't about the art, it's all about what they  
make  
You know the radio's late, you know they play what you  
hate

That's why you got that Kay Slay tape, tryin' to escape  
You know the love of the cars and the rims  
Tattooed arms and timbs, are also called sins  
You know you got to pay for these spins  
You know the rap magazines be wack from beginning  
to the end  
Bo!

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I never was a king and I'm not the pres  
I'm a teacher like that reefer goin' straight to your head  
I'm a preacher tryin' to bring my people back from the  
dead  
I'm a leader tryin' to keep you all away from the feds  
You my sister I'll be tryin' to get you out of the bed  
I'm a philosopher sayin' what has got to be said  
I don't fill you with lead, I bring that knowledge instead  
Follow this dread, I'll take you from A to Zed

Who am I? Just a scholar called KRS  
You can spend your money on others but they ain't  
blessed  
You can spend your money drugs and still be stressed  
Look around for conscious rappers yo there ain't none  
left  
I'm holdin' it down, better yet I'm holdin' it up  
Waitin' for some young buck to come and sip from the  
cup  
And continue with the menu puttin' new knowledge in  
you  
I got a question and a lesson 'cause I know what you  
been through  
But

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The South, South Bronx, boy

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