

## **Krs-One**

# **"Step Into A World"**

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Intro/chorus: sung to the tune of Blondie's "Rapture"

Step into a world (klaka klaka, klaka klaka!)  
Where there's no one left (buku, buku! alla de massive!)  
But the very best (klaka, bo bo, bdp crew, bo bo bo bo!)  
No mc can test \*cut and scratch of krs saying "but one"\*  
Step into a world, where hip-hop is me  
Where mc's and dj's  
Build up their skills as they play every day  
For the, rapture

Yeah, what what!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, krs-one, rock on!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, krs-one, rock on!

Verse one:

I'm bout to hit you wit that tradional style of cold rockin  
Givin options for head knockin non stoppin  
Tip-toppin lyrics we droppin but styles can be forgotten  
So we bring back the raw hip-hoppin  
Just like the records and tapes you be coppin  
Cop some breakdancin, boogie poppin, and lockin  
Tic tockin, guaranteed to have you clockin  
We only get better and only better we have gotten  
This type of flow don't even think about stoppin  
Beware, the length of the rhyme flow can be shockin  
All music lovers in the place right now  
That never understood the way that krs got down  
Yo i'm strictly about skills and dope lyrical coastin  
Relying on talent, not marketing and promotion  
If a dope lyrical flow is a must  
You gots to go with a name you can quickly trust  
I'm not sayin i'm number one, uhh i'm sorry, i lied  
I'm number one, two, three, four and five  
Stop wastin your money on marketing schemes  
And pretty packages pushin dreams to the beams  
A dope mc is a dope mc  
With or witout a record deal, all can see  
And that's who krs be son

I'm not the run of mill, cause for the mill i don't run

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, krs-one, rock on!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, krs-one, rock on!

Chorus

Verse two:

Yeah, yeah  
Everybody on the mic in the party sound alike  
Until i recite, in black and white what's right  
Let me take flight, my style is tight an good  
Tight an good, come is it tight an good  
Old styles i pass dat, slow down on fast rap  
All in yo' ass crack, old king go blast dat  
Conjure to ask dat, hyper type of flashback  
I publish like ascap lyrics for hand clap  
No past rappin, youth trackin, talent lackin  
Mc's more worried about their financial backin  
Steady packin a gat as if something's gonna happen  
But it doesn't, they wind up shootin they cousin, they  
buggin  
I appear everywhere and nowhere at once  
I know my style is bumpin, even though some people  
front  
It's the god of rap, you heard of it  
The one that rhymes toward the sky givin airplanes  
mad turbulence  
In rap tournaments, i reign permanent  
Don't you think by now the number one spot i'm not  
concerned with it  
The course of rap i'm turnin it  
Back to that good old fashioned way of getting cash  
money by earning it  
No bogus hocus pocus, i bring back to focus  
Skills if you notice my position is lotus  
Now quote this, mc's are just hopeless  
Thinkin record sales make them the dopest

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, krs-one, rock on!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, krs-one, rock on!

Chorus

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