

Krs-One "Still Spittin'"

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(feat. Akbar, An Ion, Illin' P, L da Headtoucha, ...)

[KRS-One:]

It don't stop, word

It don't stop, we still spittin! Word

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, Over Nearly Everyone

When you gon' get it? Aww man

Watch how I spit 'em, watch how I hit 'em

Inebriated rhythm, we get up all in 'em

KRS you gotta get him, we the best we always win 'em

Them cats won't admit I'm in the club rippin they shit

I'm raw when I'm on tour you better be sure when you
get 'em

'Til you hit the floor and spin 'em, them elements do
you live 'em?

Or are you just usin 'em, confusin 'em and killin them

Your touring is boring, your minimum ain't fulfillin them

So let's start drillin 'em, why we ain't feelin them

Cause we lookin and lookin and don't see that real in
them

Cars we be wheelin them, minds we be healin them

With books and CD's, believe me we straight dealin
them

Live in the club them thugs hit the ceiling

When they get the feeling KRS-One start delivering

So who's up? (Akbar) You live hip-hop?

Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[Akbar:]

This whole rap game is a gamble, some MC's can't
handle

Financial freeze, your record company's at a standstill

While I breeze through a sample, and lead by example

Find fertile minds and drop seeds by the handful

Man you ain't gotta hit me in my head with the anvil

I grow wise, I recognize the lies and the scandal

Once you sign on that line, your career could depend
on

these white collar crooks who cook the books like Enron

So I took an oath to speak no lie

While mad rappers die over beef like E. Coli

I guess you thugs won't get the picture until them slugs
hit ya
I ain't a hater, but sooner or later "Love's Gonna Get
'Cha"
And if you don't know that, then you dumb fella
And everything I said, went right over your head, like
an umbrella
So who's up? (L) You live hip-hop? (Damn right)
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[L Da Headtoucha:]

Categorize me with the best clique, rhyme majestic
with it I get sick and mo' connected
So electric my energy is remembered I'm limitless
My mind screamin just against the rhythm, intense is
the ism
In 'em I long salute the young and hungry to shine
Nightmares of lost time haunt taunt me to rhyme
Been isolated, waitin years to finally reappear
Cheers I made it, all praise due, Inebriated
These words are weaponry, huh, mental telepathy
Rocks for definite, reppin it, 'til the death of me
Pain left in me runs deep, and leaks through the
speakers
In Jeeps and tape decks, then connects to your peeps
We keep it, thorough borough to borough, city to
ghetto
Rock like, heavy mental on the, instrumental
So who's up? (Illin') You live hip-hop?
Get on the mic and give it what you got

[Illin' P:]

I got five on it, you want it, flaunt it without hazy
Dues paid check the rezzy, the black film be
that of a blunt's ash, past he of the spectacular cash
To get after master {?} atlas
I rep even when I be fingerin them, get it, probably not
Probably thought I meant that snitch talk
Starvin your brain, I never come with the simple and
plain
To get at these thoughts, get on the train-er
I'ma af'ta learn ya bwoy, ya not fi come wit de sum'n
Microphone check one, no frontin
You niggaz is mimin your rhymes cause y'all ain't sayin
nuttin
Some of dem soft, me foot bak I'm 'pon de mic
{?} +Good Will+ stay +'untin+
Fear new day mon, un if ye wake up
Industry feel de shake up
Married to the ghetto you niggaz forget, break up
Ahh so who live hip-hop

Upon de hip, me ride the Soul Train ock

[Supastition:]

Yo I'm not to be confused with these popular new
names
I been paid my dues I'm at the top of the food chain
And I should get an award for slept on peeps
So this beat'll be perfect for my acceptance speech
Forever loved in your city, thanks to rap
My album's a continuous seller like fitted Yankee caps
I'm like a demon, crossbred with a ragin bull
I'm from the South but I relate more to "Paid in Full"
So focused on my grind, I'm potent when I rhyme
Tell niggaz close your fuckin mouth and open up your
mind
It takes more than a few weeks to learn
I make sure rappers and microphones ain't on speakin
terms
As far as you concerned, I'm losin my temper and
patience
Nobody takes shit serious like an impotent rapist
So who's up? (An Ion) You live hip-hop? (True dat, true
dat)
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[An Ion:]

I'm aggressive, progressive, words young ticker be
vital
Rip the game and the name to reclaim any taken title
Directly hand out stares to the needle as it rotates
An agent to decrepit from rigormortis in flow eighths
Not even for a minute can you rap
Let down by the sound that drowns the clowns even
dare to step
Don't ride the rhythm, I order you to jock
Your claim to fame was holdin down but you can't hold
cock
Damn right we can fight, I stay with grudge
with no prior budge from the previous
And when is it that fourth'll crack cranium, kids come in
the picture
Knowin that asshole and Ion and you ain't the perfect
mixture
Like Alice, diners become the impeccable haven
That any enter my zone must be stripped down and
shaven
I stand before you as a fiendish critter
Creatin causin collision with a pen
Written that hatred of spaced-out squashed men like it
was a sin
The only job payin me enough to snuff the rough

should have never planned the plan to make you perish
Leavin your fan and your uncle and son with somethin
he can cherish

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