

Krs-One

"Stop Frontin'"

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Yo stop frontin', yo stop frontin'
Yo stop frontin', yo stop frontin'
Yo stop frontin', yo stop frontin'
Yo stop frontin' and use your head
Yo stop frontin', yo stop frontin'
Yo stop frontin', yo stop frontin'
Yo stop frontin', yo stop frontin'
Yo stop frontin' and use your head

Bo, boom bye, bye, hip hop will never die
Despite the fact that I'm fly I'm never dry
You could beat me, cheat me, when you meet me try to
defeat me
But nevertheless you'll have stress, 'cause I don't rest
You wanna know what my problem is, if you're curious?
I take this hip hop shit too serious
I forget that other rappers ain't true to this
So when they grab the mic I get hyped like let's do this

All my rhymes are fat, while rappers are skimpy, wimpy
So I simply chew they crew like a Blimpie
Skip me when you dissin', skip me when you on a ego
mission
I blow up, like nitroglycerin, you better tune in to Teddy
Ted

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Well, if you ain't called it hip hop, there's a door, I ain't
stoppin'
I got more flavors than Baskin Robbins
I flash the funky fresh flavors forcefully
Freak the phonies and flip philosophy constantly
That reminds me, rappers rock drip-drop

Not hip hop, they wanna sing and all dem ting
Thank God KRS is still rappin', all that, "Ooh I love you,
baby"
And blink, blink, blink', this ain't happenin'

Yo this is curtains for these rappers that be frontin' on
the next man
Lookin' down at brothers just because they gettin'
checks and
Haven't got a skill but they're large on the hum-bum
You wanna step to Kid Capri, come, come, come
I break 'em up, just for actin' like a superstar
Around the way, we got a neighborhood trooper car
We ride by, and spray your crew, and your honies too
And rip you open and drink your blood like a Mountain
Dew

I descend to lend a friend a helping hand
To stop a trend, again and again, and again, I just can't
say when
I beg to confess my sins to other men
Reverends guard lips, within there I'll begin
I'll always win, over-sakin'
The party is ripped, without a hit or with a hit I'm rippin'
shit
You must admit, I'll never quit the lyrics I flip
I'm tough like licorice, battlin' Kid Capri? It's ridiculous
We come to the party inconspicuous

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