Krs-One "Street Rhymer"

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"Street Rhymer in superposition" - 4X

[KRS-One]
But I can't go easy on 'em man
I can't go easy on 'em, hahahah

I might've went lighter but they all biters I'm a freestyler and a writer, they neither They can't face this tiger, I'm nicer Brighter, tiger, these cats hiding out like al-Qaeda I got these clubs locked down like Elmira You rap minors are whiners, you rap like vaginas I take it back to sixty-niners Black low-top with three stripes on the side sir I'm the truth for these liars They try to downplay my legacy like Public Enemy but I'm a Street Rhymer in superposition There's like ten of me and all of 'em dissing In the past, present and future position You need to listen, when Kris is in you getting christened I'm on a mission to preserve what I'm spitting I was written and if I'm freestyling, wires hidden Stop fishing for beef, you all chicken You turkeys need a tomato so let us start spitting

[Cappadonna]

Tribe of Shabazz, cocoa and hash, persian Don' Don' Lean back and we chilling with jag
Baby what's up? Boots Gore-Tex, jeans munched up
Good with the six-pack, stomach is crunched up
Hula hoop New York, swing around, take loot
Niggas got guns but they scared to shoot
Cops chase 'em in the building, they run to the roof
We in the projects, put the window down, park the
coupe

Ring around the Rosie, spark the snoot Eyes all red like you was hiding truth True Master swing beats, sword cut your roots off Hit y'all with lectures, y'all mind was too soft

[&]quot;Street Rhymer in superposition" - 4X

Villains for life, New York, Stat' and Africa Walk slow, yo the Feds always after ya Keep a cellphone that's able to take flicks just in case the po'-po' hit you with they sticks

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