Krs-One "The Lessin"

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Yeah, uh huh, underground, never stop y'all Underground, K.P. y'all come on

Ain't no stoppin' what we've done Don't give up this fight is won There's no way they can hold us down 'Cause with power and strength we gonna take it now

Take that stand, realize the truth
Knowledge intellect bringin' minds anew
There's no way they can hold us down
'Cause with power and strength we gonna take it now

BRONX

See these cars, see these checks, intellect See these thugs, ain't no sweat, intellect A thousand miles, how do you do it? One step

Now check out this flow, they wanna be down, but they can't
Original criminal minded flow, they just ain't
Ready for the real, ready to peel off the paint
Your style is fake, the teacher returns to debate

You the best? That's bull, you questionable Highly flexible, wasn't you sexual? Now you hardcore? You need to see God more I sit on the faculty you, you sophomore

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Time to get it, now you did it, tryin' to spit it You don't fit it, ask the critics, already did it, skipped the gimmicks I don't mimic, metaphysics, you'll admit it, better to live it

Better to give it, so I spit it every minute so you get it

My lyric is wicked an' full of culture y'all Huh? Battle, nah, get back in your car Either you never heard of me or you really wanna get with me But as your teacher let me test you for a learning disability

You feeling me? 'Cause you can't, get it through your head

This is, suicide, you're better off dead Let me not amp you up 'cause this style you can't do what

My stomach can take it and your stomach it'll cramp you up

This is, breath control, breath control stylee I get up all in that ass that [Incomprehensible] toxic heinie

Try me, back in the days you would had sorrow Try the teacher today, and you won't see tomorrow 'cause

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Like a piss on the streets I exist Not the meat but the fish Complete the feat when I'm speakin' the heat into this Witness Kris rippin' this

Don't trip on this, skip ahead if you're ready My show medley is deadly I'm about a hundred million mic years away These players I don't hate, but I'm not here to play

I hit it all day, all night, all afternoon Rock all mics from the days of sassoon Where the hell was you? On the corner with rats When we was at the LQ, lockin' it down and that was that Divine speaker, mind keeper, time teacher, time leader I'll be sittin' in the club by the speaker
Waitin' for you rappers to choke up then I eat ya
Like some prehistoric winged creature, ah
On your neck, like the American eagle facin' East and
West

I be the best, Blastmaster KRS 'cause

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Get them up, get them up Get them up, get them up Get them up, get them up Get them up, get them up

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Attention all true hip-hoppers
Let us come together, for the unity of hip-hop culture
Every third week in May, is hip-hop appreciation week,
celebrate with us
Then, join us in November, for hip-hop history month
Big up, to the Zulu Nation, hey

Teacher, yes who's that? It's the authorities, they're at the door Chill the authority is here

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