

Krs-One**"We In There"**

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Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

The type of lyrical terrorism I present
Educates people, at the same time pays my rent
You be hearing me now for the past 12 semesters
When a sucker steps up, I had to use the drastic
measures
I know you want to step to me, kid
But you're thinking, "Damn, Kris is kinda big"
Plus he rolls with the crew that don't care
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year
Throw your eye drops over here
I don't play that shit, I play that hit
Your whole gangsta image is not legit
You heard Criminal Minded, and bit the whole shit
Now if I punch you in the face I'd be wrong
Don't even think about battling with a song
You'll be caught, your career ain't strong enough to call
my bluff
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed
With your ribcage crushed
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks
You know my fucking name
Blastmaster KRS is thinking long range

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

Yeah we in there, like you'll soon be in prison
(You a *edited*)
Who you kidding? You're only trying to rock a party
You ain't really trying to shoot nobody
So why you fronting? Saying from the cops you be
running
In jail in a pair of panties you look as stunning
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl
I'll (edited
out) like Lionel
In jail you ain't got respect
You're a fairy, I be taking your commissary
And a picture of your sister, mister
The CD is Pee-Wee Herman, I ain't trying to diss her

This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed
I'm just thinking long range
People died so I can rock
You think I'm going to grab the mic and waste my
nation's time?
Step up with that weak shit
You're psychologically, historically, lyrically sick
Plus you're on my dilsnick
Teaching a subject, your rhyme style ain't correct
You know the teacher's name
Blastmaster KRS is thinking long range

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

Now that I'm back I attack because I lack
Plus here's the glock, now my style is not wack
If everybody's going "Boom Boom Bap"
Why are you going "Ba boom boom boom bap?"
You nah give the people what they want when they ask
So when we on the mic the mic the mich I crush that ass
You don't want to fuck with this
It's big Kris with the hit list and nah miss
I burn you like a metal kettle
All that biddy boom bye bye boom shit's got to
settle
I got the hardcore rhyme for your mind
Take time to find that I'm the one that rips your shit up
Huh! This is a stick up
You're so afraid of KRS I'll take away your hiccups
Diss me? You'd better think about the next
I got my style from KRS-ONE, you biting Treach
Don't you know me all the ruler?
Ram dance hall, with the styles that are newer
If you contest the show
BDP will rock you high, then bring you down low
You know the T'Cha's name
Blastmaster KRS is thinking long range

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

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