

## **Krs-One**

# **"Ya Feel Dat"**

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[Chorus]

Ya feel dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)  
Ya hear dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)  
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Could it be dat? (HO!)  
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Can you believe dat? (HO!)  
Ya hear dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)  
You believe dat? (HO!) You can feel dat (HO!)  
Ya follow dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)  
Ya see dat? (HO!)

[Verse One]

Show me an MC that think he's too hot  
Bring him to KRS-One, I'll show him he's NOT  
Blowin the whole spot up when I spit up  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, when I walk past, get up  
My wrists ain't lit up! I don't even live that life  
Gold, diamonds, platinum, I give to my wife - you see  
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, not mine  
You got it, FINE - but what about that rhyme?  
Can you rhyme? Can you spit it quick  
like watermelon pits at a picnic? Ha!  
Or are you just dressed up with nowhere to go?  
Or is the record company the pimp and you the ho?  
LET'S GO!

[Chorus] w/ variations

[Verse Two]

I write my own books like I write my own hooks  
Step in the spot and these rappers be so shook  
They don't look here cause KRS is BOOM!  
Platinum rappers be hidin out in they dressin rooms  
Yo, get away from me  
You got a million dollar video but I'M the one they  
wanna see  
The capital E-M-C-E-E  
A repitition of words, I been divorced Melodie  
I'm out, confident, no doubt  
I get what I gotta get when I spit I don't shout

This New Yorker, Kris Parker's a quick talker  
You can get what I spit or get the klik-klocker  
Overseas I got the breeze as a hip-hopper  
Where they speak eat and drop the beats proper  
Street doctor, I'm +Brown+ and +Foxy+ like the +Ill

Nana+

Whoever you think is hot, I'm hotter

[Chorus] w/ variations

[Verse Three]

RADIO! These suckers never play me

or Chuck - but do you think we really give a...

Southside, Westside, Eastside, North

I spit the hot flame, you get your flesh torn off

I come from that place where you cats can't face

Where cops can't chase or invade my space

We turn up the bass, you tremble in the place

Phones ain't traced and flows we don't waste

Hoes we don't chase or kiss, they know they place

with Kris or Christ, they'll lose their life

You don't lose if you come in two's, you and a wife

But you crews wanna be bruised, so choose your knife

Choose your gat, choose your rat, when the smoke  
clears

you'll be like, God damn - who was that?

Loosen that noose around your neck and back

Embarassin blacks, ain't no respect in that!

[Chorus] w/ variations

[KRS-One]

Let's do it! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)

Everybody up top! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)

Yo, all my cats in the front! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)

Yo, yo, all my cats in the back (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)

Yo, we out!

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