

## Krs-One "You Gon Go?"

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[Verse 1: KRS-One]

I'm bringing back the style that others have pushed to  
the rear

Now you see me, now you don't, now I'm everywhere

Maybe you can see that knowledge does reign  
supreme

Rap is like a ballclub and I coach the team

Move the crowd, that's what MC mean

How many albums I got? Mmmm...12, 13

I've told y'all before

You are not just doin' hip-hop, you are hip-hop

Them jokers need to stop, be hip-hop

I mastered this and him, her, they, them, that one

she and he did not

I speak a lot

I hit 'em in they weakest spot

Come see me rock, yo, you'll leave in shock

KRS, you ever wonder why he's so hot?

It's because he's not pop yo, he's hip-hop

West to East the sound of the police will rock

If you don't love this you won't have the heat I got

Disciplined if you listening the beats (?)

Fuck the dumb shit yo, we gotta teach the tots

They say I preach a lot

And last year the took the jeep and shot

But this year the beat will knock

[Hook x2: KRS-One]

I know where

We can go

To see how a real MC flow

No video

No radio

Just a live show

C'mon now you gon' go?

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

I'm still standing, demanding playing my lex jammin'

Cats wanna really see me start blam-blammin'

Put away the cannon for this overstandin'

I'm landin'

Let the music play like Shannon

I'm so hot, why not, I bring all the fans in  
Watch me now come alive like Peter Frampton  
Listen to me people, listen to me loud and clear  
It's time I found out what type of people up in here  
When I shout out the classic if you know it say yeah  
South Bronx-Yeah!  
My Philosophy-Yeah!  
Black Cop-Yeah!  
You Must Learn-Yeah!  
Yeah we gonna do it up in here  
I'm still standin'  
And rappers be mad-mad  
Cause they know they'll give birth like the American  
flag in Baghdad  
All they do is blab-blab, that head chatter  
Why the dopest MC always a dead rapper?  
I'm a real live rapper, I'm out to set it  
I pay dues, while your crews still on credit  
You talk that shit till I come out the school  
And all y'all sound like Trina sayin' "That's Cool"  
Time for the streets again  
Time for them cats to pop gats into the mic you  
speakin' in  
I'm creepin' in with a hundred soldiers  
When I step on the stage it's over

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: KRS-One]

They don't play me a lot  
KRS you don't see a lot  
On TV a lot, but I do MC a lot  
I don't duck and hide when I see the cops  
I'm free with the knowledge to free the block  
Live on the radio I'm sendin' my rhyme, you can see  
I'm behind enemy lines  
You already heard about plenty of crime  
Now hear about the sciences that could really open ya  
mind  
I only got a little bit of time to rhyme before the  
producer over here says "Ok, that's fine"  
So let's get to it, I got my whole squad with me  
On top'a all that I got God with me  
You can go far with me  
From New York, to Atlanta, to LA  
You know they all with me  
You might not see me on this station cause this is a  
Rapcity and KRS leads a Hip-Hop nation  
Even though y'all chase ends  
Why can't weeeeeee be friends, it all depends  
Cats wanna thug it out

Isn't it true that Hip-Hop was bigger when we all loved it  
out?  
Look at the difference in raps  
See when I'm spittin' the facts  
Louder than anyone could rap, the industry collapse  
No one's special anymore  
Variety is gone for sure

[Hook x2]

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