

## Chubb Rock "Reputation"

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[krs-one]

Can we hear the track please..

Blaow! who are we? (we..) {reputation!}

Who are we? (we..) {reputation!}

Only the best touch the microphone

(one two, check one two) you know whassup

Chubb rock, krs-one, get 'cha mind blown

Now we gon' talk about.. {reputation!}

.. your reputation

(it's about to blow.. shit's about to blow big)

Reputation {reputation!}

(mental countdown) {reputation!}

Lyrical skills we bring for the nation

(we have liftoff) chubb rock come down!

[chubb rock]

I am the big time figure, the bass drum hitter

The I am what I am rogueish nigga

A flow like lava, to heat up the chatta

Heat up ya mat'ta, then go stick her daughter

I oughta, joe cocker your opera

Crowd rock ya, I make you scream "oooh ah ah!"

I, indubital mental big head

Praying for a battle if ya battle, you're dead

Get diesel, I do ya like they did bugsy siegal

I'm on the mic and kris is really on the me-tal

Cuttin, backspinnin and recuttin

Your english bugged so you can't do me nuttin

Laced up lyrics and the beat real tight

Your song is wrong and I get focused right

With the eq, be who, be you

When you're trying to be me, you and your crew

Just stop, before the shit gets too hot

You need respect - just to get a rep

[krs-one]

Tra la la la la la la lay

We the freshest deejay in america today, hey hey!

Tra la la la la la la lay

We the freshest deejay, in america today - hey hey!

[chubb rock]

Well the lyrics of my peers have changed course here's  
Platinum Ip's, the subject is to swear, yeah!  
And who wears what and what, fashion is up  
And which designer cut is more corrupt  
It's an open and shut case, no ill look is on my face  
While the bass growls, profound nouns buy a vowel  
I'm concerned because, "you must learn"  
Before you croak, I've been dope since I was sperm  
Sellin records, but of course with no return  
On the mic you know I burn baby {\*inhales\*}  
With your beats you know you have no respect  
Kids haven't walked wild since "go stet"  
And I bet when they stage rock they get booed  
They need qualuudes to get crude and extra rude  
The spirits have haunted your lyrics so I slept  
Got nuff z's, tryin to get a rep

[krs-one]

If you thinkin that it's krs you wanna take out  
You better reroute quick you got it, all wrong  
See when I grab the microphone career is finished  
You better reroute quick you got it, all wrong  
I do not mean to diss you but we simply are the best  
ones  
And you can call him chubb or you can call me krs-one  
Either way you'll get done, anywhere, any one  
Me and lyrics one ton, straighten up and choose one  
son  
In nineteen-ninety-sess, krs is in his peak'n  
You will weaken and collapse like michael at the (? )  
You talk more ish than a senator  
You can't last, just call me enema, cause I'll be in that  
Ass-teroid, heaven to merkatroid  
I'm that 6l microphone holdin humanoid  
Psychological like sigmund freud  
But I get annoyed, cause these rappers have no brain  
These hardcore rappers crack me up like cocaine  
They got no skill or game  
They sound like that commercial that be sayin  
"ask for minoxonil, with rogain"  
True skills I will explain  
The t'cha breaks the campaign down plain

{people always talk about..}  
Complete blowout, complete blowout {reputation!}  
Check, complete blowout {reputation!}  
{people always talk about..}  
"now I understand what they're talkin about"  
{reputation!}  
"now I understand what they're talkin about"  
{reputation!}

"now I understand what they're talkin about"

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