

One KRS

"You Don't Really Want It"

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(hook):

my rhymeskill be ill
you dont really want it
i suggest you chill
you dont really want it
number one im still
you dont really want it
the prophecy is fulfilled
you dont really want it

krs in the streets
you dont really want it
i drop the rawest beats
you dont really want it
no ice just heat
playa, face defeat
you dont really want it

(verse 1):

that was a nice try nelly, i dont mean to be bold
but that put that "hot hmm hrr" bullshit on hold
and lets get down to the facts of the matter
in a dictionary, under "wack rap" you the rapper
simply cause youre lackin the spectacular binocular
and hiphops character seems to be in back of ya
either that, or youre truly amateur, im askin ya
how does it feel to have the whole world laughin at ya
you just too stupid to see
i was made on the streets, you was made on M-T-V
how you gonna talk about my nodes to attack me
when you steady guzzlin them pills for your acne
my nodes come from a line of kings
your acne comes from you eatin the wrong things
your words dont make me hurt they make me work
youll hurt when you find its you gettin jerked
i tell ya, it dont take me to say
dont buy ya album, street cats aint buyin it anyway
you tellin me make up my mind
yet on your album you dont know if you wanna sing or
rhyme

(hook)

(verse 2):

you tryin to diss me? how
if it wasnt for the true school, your bitchass wouldnt be
here now
blao blao, show me respect from the gate
or imma have to drown you kids like Angia Yates
you cant handle a break
im a flamethrower, you a Bic lighter
you think im cocky cause you a dickrider
i spit tighter, im not like all the rest
im not a playa but i did stay at a holiday inn express
so nevertheless im gonna teach ya teacher
but when them slugs hit ya, youll be screamin mamma
"i Yi i Yi"
you never seen me sing?
you dont know what i bring?
youll be singin the blues like BB King
im all about the unity of miss and mistas
you all about grabbin money and dissin our sistas
take your ass back to TV land
and let this be a lesson, you can't see me man

(hook)

(verse 3):

just when i thought i could do my gospel, and become
an apostle
i gotta hold and get hostile
i dont mean to knock you nelly
but aint you that MTV house nigga wit a smile like jelly?
imma do this by the book, for the art
i heard what you said on BET's 106 and park
but what you dont know, is right around the corner of
third
i hold a desert eagle, and no its not a bird
you sound absurd, you gonna bring me back
i taught all year round the spot, B pat
you copycat, with sloppy raps
you chill with N'sync, i chill where hiphop be at

(hook)

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