

## One KRS "You Don't Really Want It (Nelly Diss)"

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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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