

## Poor Righteous Teachers "Conscious Style"

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[KRS-One]

Dealing in levels of astronomy, numerology, geometry,  
sociology, physiology

Psychology and of course philosophy

Music-ology

B.D.P.R.T

(It's nothing but conscious style) (x3)

Verse One: Wise Intelligent

Yo, where the teachers went, with all that pro-black  
shit?

Where all the conscious niggas, who used to chat like  
this?

See, I remember yesterday when y'all was Gods and  
Earths

Egyptians and metaphysicists on the verge of giving  
birth

To understanding, and planting seeds that grow  
Now everybody's on that bullshit about killing and so  
Eat my pussy, suck my dick, well that's the size of the  
shit

So in the head of ignorance, I rip some conscious clip  
Niggas is small, my task is educate y'all

Can you stop selling crack cause negro that takes balls  
I'm on that road called freedom, seldom traveled by  
the multitude

I bring gifts of life, light, and some conscious food  
God degree, cause see God's the size of me  
And yeah, what's the difference with the west and the  
east

I feel there ain't no difference, so spread the news I  
spit

And since I got you listening, I guess I'll prove the shit  
There's niggas is lacking over there, niggas is lacking  
over here

Some niggas is dying over here, and niggas is dying  
over there

Black youth don't follow them, because they don't know  
shit

They selling you death on that pursuit for Benz and

Lexus

We gots to talk about, cause I'll reveal your ass  
You can't shield your dirty thoughts with no five percent  
fact

Peep the jewels that I craft, see the fools that I class  
I be schooling your ass, cause being truth is a task  
And I am nothing but, I'm God-blessed nigga, what?  
Take your hands off your nuts, and your lips off that  
blunt

Stand for something, stand erect, stand for this  
You'll fall for anything cause you don't stand for shit  
I murder slime, come wicked every time  
And fill your mind with conscious rhyme

(It's nothing but conscious style)

Verse Two: KRS-One

You ever wonder why you ain't living how you should be  
living

Could it be your mentality you're giving off?  
North, south, west, east, like an unchained beast  
Your thoughts bringing you to deceased

A release a little piece with speed  
Before the savage emcee proceeds to feed  
Upon the minds of the minor, I find the antidote  
To the empty emcee that thinks they dope

We ain't got too far to go  
Opportunities are shutting down faster than this rhyme  
flow

One day you're in your sauna, next day a goner  
You can sit and play games like Bugs Bunny if you  
wanna

Real bad boys used to move in silence, peep it  
But now real bad boys seem to move in secret  
societies, a trip

Don't slip with your lip talking shit with your clip  
Showing your ass as I blast into it  
With a clip of conscious lyrical wit

KRS-One comes well equipped  
You can follow me in a mass of one follow me in a  
mass of two turntables

You're listening to the sound now of the Profile label  
With B.D.P.R.T.

Yo Wise, tell 'em just what you see

Verse Three: Wise Intelligent

Niggas is talented, but they let it go to waste  
I'm came to smack that ign'ant smile off your face  
You're lacking knowledge of self and what I'm talking

about  
You niggas laughing but that's something you should  
cry out  
Right now you're finding out is God is back up in the  
house  
My weapon's in my mouth and watch how I can take you  
out  
Intelligent, represent  
Ignorance, slaughter it  
Slangspit Entertainment  
Run shit, on the planet  
B.D.P., up on the mix  
P.R.T., conscious lyrics  
You're suffering  
Niggas is sick, where's the Bufferin?  
I hear that gangsta shit but let some conscious  
brothers hit  
You know the type that fight, live and die for truthful  
rights  
Not only that, we will kill for this righteous life  
I'm on the mic for the purpose of shedding light  
You take my life? Go fly a fucking kite  
I'm infinite, I'm yesterday, today, tonight  
Tomorrow morning, you see this is your future talking  
Babylon is fallen, poor people of the world are ballin'  
Black people calling for P.R.T. and what we talkin'  
Black facts and shit like that  
Dress and lack, get your head cracked  
Rip tracks and refuse to come wack  
(Yo P.R.T. them niggas' lyrics, you notice that?)  
I learned this line, come wicked every time  
And fill your mind with a conscious rhyme

KRS:Yeah, check it out one check it out  
(It's nothing but conscious style)  
Wl:Roll up your arms if you love the new fisherman  
stylee, hear me now  
(It's nothing but conscious style)  
KRS:B.D.P. coming through  
(It's nothing but conscious style)  
KRS:Knowledge reigns supreme  
(It's nothing but conscious style)

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