

Poor Old Lu

"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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