

**Black Rob F/ Cee-Lo****"Hush"**

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Uh-huh, whatchu thought? Uh-huh, we was done?  
Uh-huh, whatchu thought?! Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, whatchu thought? Uhh, uhh, uhh  
Yo, yo, back again! What's that? Back again!  
What's that? Word! C'mon

[Chorus 2X: Nyce]

A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG  
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG  
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG  
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, yo, check it, check it  
Let us begin, KRS, winnin again, KRS-One did it again  
KRS bigger than them, look at them they bit it again  
I think my gun just gonna start clickin again  
Click-clack, I always spit back  
Anybody call my name I go get that  
In fact we draggin 'em out, to a deserted route  
The teacher returns, you must learn, the word is out  
No doubt highly respected, Front Page Records  
Off the hook, yet still connected  
Are you teachin yourself, teachin yourself?  
I'm like history repeatin itself  
"Criminal Minded", you've been blinded again  
Lookin for my style you can't find it again  
You can find these others that may sound like Kris  
but when it comes to the hands they don't get down like  
Kris!  
They never ran up in the clubs with a hundred thugs  
Never had the respect of Crips and Bloods  
Never knew B.O., they never knew Big Pun  
They never battled MC's, they never bust they gun  
They don't know that, all they know is that show DAT  
That's Digital Audio Tape if you don't know that  
Now go back and get my name correct  
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus 2X: Nyce]

A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG

A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG  
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG  
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Word, yeah yeah, uh-huh, yo  
Yo, yo, yo (hit 'em Kris!)  
What mean the world to me? H-I-P, H-O-P  
And S-I-M, O-N-E  
And G-O-D, I stay low key  
I go down to hell, and slap up Satan  
Then return to heaven, where Scott LaRock is waitin  
Resurrection, just like my brown complexion  
when I speak, I don't need protection from the heat  
I walk these streets and I'm quick to hit first  
Throw on any beat I'll be quick to spit first  
and rip town, I take one look around  
And all you hear is, "Get down, get down, get down!"  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I stay on blast  
That's why these rappers want me to go on last  
That's the truth, that's the fact, that's the deal  
Forget sex appeal, my tech is real  
And my rep is real, K-R-S  
Woo-woop-woop! That's the sound of E-M-S  
The rag on your head, it best stay white  
Cause I can turn that red in a mintue a-ight?  
Now go back and get my name correct  
'fore I snatch them diamonds from 'round your neck  
Once again, get my name correct  
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus: Nyce]

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[KRS-One]

Yeah.. yeah.. yo, yo, yo  
To all my heads who wanna see an improvement  
in hip-hop culture, join this movement  
We need more glocks than my man Freddie Foxxx  
The knowledge I spit to the click it don't stop  
That hardcore God-core, ready to start war  
Rock more shock more top your pop tour  
I'm sure I'll drop the grade to zero  
When the teacher return, I don't chase DeNiro

Like where yo? Where yo? They livin in fear yo  
It's a jungle sometime, but I got my spear yo  
The album's called "Sneak Attack", that's what it is  
KRS-One spittin facts to kids

[Chorus: Nyce]

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