

## **Carl Thomas F/ Faith Evans**

### **"KRS-One Speech"**

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Intro:

Yo what's up?

This is hip hop manifesting as the Blastmaster KRS-One.

Bringing you 60 minutes of funk with my man  
Funkmaster Flex  
so I say...

Hook:

Me never never never cross over

Me never never never never go commercial la la (x2)

Verse 1:

You ain't major you minor

Get behind a real rhymer

Graff writer, chart climber, path finder, rewinder

A minute

That ass let me get WAY up in it

Now you did it

You steppin' to me like you some type of lyrical chef

But like Coolio said G you better make a leeeft

Now you in the party actin' hard

You need to be home asleep so you can wake up early  
and get a job

Stop frontin' you ain't sayin' nothin'

Say hello to the Boogie Down Production

MC's today are too pretty what a pity

I represent the city where it's gritty

And GRIMY I'm ferrous you're curious

Just try me if you're serious

Who's your trainer I'll smash you in the face with a  
bottle

Hit the toggle switch back to a role model

You Benedict Arnold

I'll calm you

You ain't wild I heard this kid in Brooklyn with the same  
style

Timing for timing your rhymin'

And with that biddy bye bye follow me massive you  
don't wanna go there

I got mad skills and style I will get wild

Feel my file  
Conceptually ahead by miles  
Who's to blame when your lyrics are lame?  
No octane just can't play the game quite the same  
I'm in the passing lane  
Shooooom I go by you like a Japanese bullet train  
I heard you trying to damage my name  
But can...you...stand..the...rain?  
The one's I don't kill go insane  
Fuck the flamboyant MC I come plain (complain)  
What you tryin' for?  
What you lyin' for?  
You gotta think is hip hop worth dyin' for?  
So lets settle the score with rhythmic metaphor  
Strickly the motherfuckin' God core  
So I say

Hook

Verse 2:  
So I leap through  
And dominate the microphone I speak through  
I'm writtin' for the people bite if you need to  
I can see through  
And see dat  
You saw an MC and tried to be dat  
That MC you saw ME  
Can you believe dat?  
And agree dat  
True lyrics will always suffice?  
And R.E.A.L. meanin' Rhymes Equal Actual Life  
Is the true essence and ebony  
Trace your record sales G  
Somethings are pure luck others things are meant to be  
I bet they'll mention me  
In the next century  
"KRS-One innovator in early rap poetry"  
Simotainusly you will be forgotten  
While in the year 2000 'Criminal Minded' will STILL be rockin'  
You waste your time battlin' me  
I got mine happenin' see  
You should of thought G  
You should of thought sooner  
instead of battlin' me you need to plan your longevity  
Before you die broke like Sammy Davis Jr.  
The solar followed by the lunar  
Followed by the solar  
Followed by McDonalds and Coke Cola  
The point is that

Whatever the outcome of the battle  
the battle goes on with more french fries and soda  
So I say...

Hook

Verse 3:

Pass the ?

Pass it over here beginner

Battlin' me ain't worth it just to say you are the winner

You'll still be rippin' parties, no

\*I'll\* still be rippin' parties

You'll still be eatin' McDonalds for dinner

So all you teeny weeny iddy bitty yellow polka dot MCs

I travel the world while you stuck around the way

You iddy bitty teeny weeny MCs trapped inside your city  
(ha ha)

Turn off your mic you got nothing else to say

So back up from my yard

Move from the door

You name ain't Funkmaster so what you Flexin' for?

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