

**Jadakiss F/ Ann Nesby****"We in There"**

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Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

The type of lyrical terrorism I present  
Educates people, at the same time pays my rent  
You be hearing me now for the past 12 semesters  
When a sucker steps up, I had to use the drastic  
measures  
I know you want to step to me, kid  
But you're thinking, "Damn, Kris is kinda big"  
Plus he rolls with the crew that don't care  
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year  
Throw your eye drops over here  
I don't play that shit, I play that hit  
Your whole gangsta image is not legit  
You heard Criminal Minded, and bit the whole shit  
Now if I punch you in the face I'd be wrong  
Don't even think about battling with a song  
You'll be caught, your career ain't strong enough to call  
my bluff  
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed  
With your ribcage crushed  
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks  
You know my fucking name  
Blastmaster KRS is thinking long range

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

Yeah we in there, like you'll soon be in prison  
(You a \*edited\*)  
Who you kidding? You're only trying to rock a party  
You ain't really trying to shoot nobody  
So why you fronting? Saying from the cops you be  
running  
In jail in a pair of panties you look as stunning  
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl  
I'll (edited  
out) like Lionel  
In jail you ain't got respect  
You're a fairy, I be taking your commissary  
And a picture of your sister, mister  
The CD is Pee-Wee Herman, I ain't trying to diss her

This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed  
I'm just thinking long range  
People died so I can rock  
You think I'm going to grab the mic and waste my  
nation's time?  
Step up with that weak shit  
You're psychologically, historically, lyrically sick  
Plus you're on my dilsnick  
Teaching a subject, your rhyme style ain't correct  
You know the teacher's name  
Blastmaster KRS is thinking long range

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

Now that I'm back I attack because I lack  
Plus here's the glock, now my style is not wack  
If everybody's going "Boom Boom Bap"  
Why are you going "Ba boom boom boom bap?"  
You nah give the people what they want when they ask  
So when we on the mic the mic the mich I crush that ass  
You don't want to fuck with this  
It's big Kris with the hit list and nah miss  
I burn you like a metal kettle  
All that biddy boom bye bye bye boom shit's got to  
settle  
I got the hardcore rhyme for your mind  
Take time to find that I'm the one that rips your shit up  
Huh! This is a stick up  
You're so afraid of KRS I'll take away your hiccups  
Diss me? You'd better think about the next  
I got my style from KRS-ONE, you biting Treach  
Don't you know me all the ruler?  
Ram dance hall, with the styles that are newer  
If you contest the show  
BDP will rock you high, then bring you down low  
You know the T'Cha's name  
Blastmaster KRS is thinking long range

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

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