

## Juvenile F/ Lil' Wayne, Paparue, Turk "Digital"

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Dont erase what I did, dont erease the beginning!

[Were gonna let you know whats live and direct  
so you can go back and tell your crew:  
Yo, I heard the new, new, new shit. You aint even down  
This is what time of day. Nobody brought a  
taperecorder.]  
--> from BDPs Live Hardcore World Wide

Youre not ready for this.  
Uh-huh. You see, my name is KRS-One G  
And um, see, when I be coming through, for the U.K.-  
crew  
me and Goldie sssh, you know how we do  
Only the true hip-hop-heads know what time it is with  
this  
Now, if youre with me.

Ill lead through and dominate this microphone I speak  
through  
Im writing for the people, bite it if you need to  
I can see through and see that, you saw an MC and  
tried to be that  
That MC you saw was me can you believe that? And  
obey that?  
True lyrics will always subvice and meaning rhymes  
equal actual life  
Its the true essence in ebony, trace your record-sales G  
Somethings are pure luck, other things are meant to be  
I bet theyll mention me, in the next century:  
KRS-One, innovator in early rap-poetry  
Simultaneously you will be forgotten  
While in the year 2000 Criminal Minded will still be  
rocking  
You waste your time batteling me I got mine  
happening, see?  
You should have thought G, a little bit sooner  
Instead of batteling me you need your plan your long  
heaviness  
Before you die broke like Sammy Davis junior  
The solar, followed by the looter, followed by the solar

Followed by McDonalds and Coca-Cola  
The point is whatever the outcome of the battle  
The day goes on with more french fries and soda  
One, two and you dont quit, Goldie has got to be the  
real sure shit  
One, two and you dont quit, KRS-One and yes we do it  
like this

Buckle up your seatbelt we about to get busy  
Lyrics get thrown like a frisbee, who is he?  
The K, you gets dizzy all for the roots like Kizzy  
and Kunta-Kinte in your city  
Ask for Sensei not million more like teacher  
Now youre familiar let me fill ya  
Its like a jungle sometimes, it makes me rhyme  
As were climbing up the speed, were finding what we  
need in the jungle  
MCs stumble over their words and mumble over their  
verbs  
Suddenly it occurred: KRS-One, word!

KRS-One, come back in digital, digital, digital, digital -  
2x

I gotta get buckwild, I gotta get buckwild  
I gotta get buckwild, coming through with that freestyle  
-2x

You can run with this, on the junglist  
Only KRS-One can do it like this  
Forever, and ever a decade embedder  
Whatever, how ever, rough to the leather  
Let me shedder flame as I go offstage and blow up  
game  
In the jungle I spot the L. like U.N.C.L.E. when I cast dont  
fumble  
Kris and Goldie drum n bass only no one can hold me  
U.K. drum n bass all in your face  
Got to represent U.K. up in this place  
Representing like the internet  
All the way from New York City down to your  
motherfucking set  
KRS-One, you know how we do, son  
Coming through on that breakdance, one (one)  
Two (two), three (three), you know how we be  
Breakdancing back in nineteen-eighty-three  
Take the mill with a savoir-faire, man, when you stop  
and stare  
The style is rare, no, you cant compare keep your eye  
right here  
You can buy that there, or buy this right here

But guaranteed this will have your mind like Yeah!  
Stumble, fumble, crumble Kris kicks these lyrics in the  
jungle  
Making all these rappers mumble  
Bass n drum to this all under this I got a bundle of this  
For the junglelists, jump to this  
Kris from that Bronx, New York  
You best a-walk or get bucked like a pork  
Rewind, stop whining Im rhyming, timing is binding  
But youre still finding, youll wait through what I say the  
number one DJ  
On the microphone minds get blown  
KRS-One again? Yes this shifts sown  
Like a microphone thats chrome all alone in your home  
Definitely straight to your dome

KRS-One, come back in digital, digital, digital, digital  
KRS-One -2x

Ah, check it out now, check it out now, check it out now  
As we take you back to nineteen-seventy-nine  
KRS-One going back in time  
Now, you throw your hands high in the sky-y-y  
Hahaha (laughter)  
Stop!

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