

KRS One F/ Puff Daddy**"No Part a Me"**

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"Step right up.." (look around, look around, look around..)

"Boys and girls" (*repeats*)

"Ladies and gentlemen.." (look around, look around, look around..)

"Step right up.."

"Boys and girls" (*repeats*)

"Ladies and gentlemen.."

[Nine]

I remove rappers out the frame like pictures

Got more lyrics, than scriptures

The irrational tormentor, terrorizin pretenders

Knockin out gold fronts and dentures

I enter, the chamber with a candle, harass and dismantle

I'm too hot to handle - grab ya mitten

So let it be written, let it be done

We got a whole ton of choke to smoke before I go broke

So toke, I hope you understand

You're lyrically handicapped

I'm strapped, ready for combat, and all that

Whatcha sayin mean faces resemble wrecked cars

So unwrinkle your mug and relax God

My heart pumps no juices, intimidation is useless

Excuses excuses you ain't really ruthless

I'll tap your shorty, out of this world

Leave her frizzy, cause I knock the juice off the curl, what?

"Step right up.." (look around, look around, look around..)

"Boys and girls" (*repeats*)

"Ladies and gentlemen.."

[Chorus]

You want no part of me, not even a fragment

Left the replacement laced in the basement

It ain't hardly that easy to spark me, don't start me

Believe me, you don't want no part of me

[Nine]

Grey skies for you sonny, ass-out
Baby with the runs, and you with no Pamper money
Protect ya body, Wu already got ya neck
Nine'll leave ya leakin like pipes in the projects
You get jiggy but you don't compare
I'm out of the question like a crackhead, workin for
daycare
I remix you then pause
Pussies like you end up on all fours with no drawers
I came through the doors in 1994 like never before
In ninety-five I went on tour, while you slept on the floor
Reality my style is legit
And if you can't hit you need to sit or quit and don't say
shit
Amateur night, I'm a all-year pro, you sleepin
Get off the NoDoz and buy some new effin clothes -
you don't want it

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Nine]

Say somethin.. knew it!
Not enough of the main fluid, sound good when you
say it
and look stupid when you try to do it - I'm nuttin to fool
wit
Who you went to school with, "The Fresh Prince of Bel
Air?"
Wouldn't waste a bullet on you, I can dead you with a
mean stare
You too easy to scare, and I don't care
Whatcha say just mess around and try it
Get hit up with a hundred silencers cause I bring the
Quiet Riot
Put your money where your mouth is and I'll buy it
Twist your tongue up so fuckin bad, you won't be able
to untie it
Stay out of my circumfrence when I'm mic checkin
I ain't sayin you lose nigga - I'm sayin you comin in
second..

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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