

KRS One F/ Redman

"Blowe"

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Intro: Redman

Hey baby bring me something to drink in here
Sit down and watch a little TV.

[KRS One]

(static) Yo they comin'. It's crazy but I know it they
comin'. Maybe not
lately I feel it coming. I knew it they comin'. (static) This
just in.
President (static) I guarentee (static) Jim...Jimmy Jimmy
wake up. Jimmy!
(static) Only the Lord can save (static) 5.99 no
obligation (static) Let me
start to rock this mic (static) Now the polar bear
hybernates (static) And
and what was going through your mind right now.

KRS-1:

Look aat these weak MC's getting G's
Never wore BVD's or even bellbottom Lees
Please, with these fantasies about you selliing keys
When you know you bees in front of the TV eatin'
grilled cheese
On your knees you know my steez
Kris is nice with theses M-I-Cs
I'm Poison like BBD the plot thickens while I be hitten
And lyric lickin', flippin' any mix and over the skippin'
And cable clippin', still sickenin'
Even though some people ain't admitting
Through they system I keeps it kickin'
And tippin' the scale I pay tuiton not bail
Drink water not ale, MC Hammer hits it right on the nail
I can't fail with my 7 stripes
Strike one pierces the lung over the drum MC's become
dumb
Like "um?" They numb, bite the tongue over the bass
drum
I am D the MC like Run, spittin' lyrics for fun
And for a sum of the bread crumb
You missed when you swung, I connected whole hum
Another one done underestimated KRS-1, yeah so...

Hook:

Redman: Say blowe

KRS-1: If you really want true skill

Redman: Say blowe

KRS-1: If you want the hip hop to build

Redman: Say blowe

KRS-1: We rock it all year round

Redman: You better cool the F out before we go up in
your mouth

KRS-1:

It's just beguuuun, to bubble

KRS-Onnnne spells trouble

On the mic soooon there is no double

I emerge from under the rumble

Count the truth poetic construction, audio abduction

Showbiz production for wack lyric reduction

And fly rhyme instruction keep the party hoppin'

Keep the DJs buggin' for the orthodox

Non Xerox hip hop chatter box

It was dope first crack out the box with Scott LaRock

How MC's are washed up like sweat socks

KRS-1 makes the heads nod

Hook

Redman: KRS-1

KRS-!: Yes my son

Redman: Tweet tweet (x2)

KRS-1: You know they can't compete, ain't that right

Redman:

No doubt. You better cool the F out before we go up in
your mouth

KRS-1:

When it's my turn kid, look at what you done did

Like my head is dreadful you edible

I kick incredible shit, for my poeple

I'm jackin' these like me so sue and Stretch like Bobbito
overloops

While you sittin' on stoops I'm rockin' mics for U.S.
troops in group

You screwed up, oops, I can read a true crook

Like I can read a good book

I'm hooked on hip hop culture

Look at the tip top lyrical structure

Floatin' like a soap bubble that you don't wann puncture

Or rupture, I write what I udder, mother mother mother

There's too many of us dying still trying and not doin'

Not succeeding still pursueing what you doing?

What you doing? What you doing?
The session is started departed on schedule
I beg you please lookover my lyrical menu
What other can't do I can do
Enhancing 7 levels of your mental
I dismantel stress, you're listening to the advanced
lyrical best
Worldwide qualified to administer any MC test
Stop guessin' class is in full session
Now Showbiz show 'em how

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