

## **KRS-One f/ Big Pun, Kool G. Rap, Truck Turner**

### **"As You Already Know"**

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[Intro]

Now y'all already know  
I don't care who's first, or who last  
But even though it's a new millenium  
You still got to rock this at the drop of a dime baby

[Truck Turner]

Fuck y'all niggaz want?! Is it Truck, well you got it  
Bet this gunblast, seek your chest and leave your  
moms brokenhearted  
Get me started, come up against THIS, is you  
RETARDED~?!  
I ain't shit on you motherfuckers yet, I only farted  
Take the dopest nigga from my borough, that's Kris,  
put him on my shit  
The hottest latino rapper Big Pun, up on this fly shit  
G. Rap the sole survivor with Truck, kills all the  
nonsense  
With Marley doin the track it's big, I mean jurassic  
Like Coke this is a Classic, from the cradle, to the  
casket  
Gonna blow from Bangkok to Brooklyn  
Beijing to the Boogie Down, then back to my block  
Cops follow the trail, that lead back to me  
I'm waitin for 'em with 2 glocks, blow they balls off like  
2Pac  
Go clutch, the holy drawers, can't save you  
Still gonna be a holocaust, Truck Turner show no  
remorse  
Go 'head nigga, FLOSS~!  
We gon' be around when the sun go down to rob you  
Then gun you down, the fo'-fo' make a thunder sound  
Rush in like, hug the ground I'ma count to 10 don't turn  
around  
You see my face? I'ma blaze you  
Lettin in off, another round, and another round  
'Til your family, put your underground  
I told you kid, I lay you down  
Spray you down, claim your town, Bronx bound  
A team player don't play around  
Who am I? Truck Turner, you're learnin now

NO matter, where you FROM, I'm the arsonist, I burn it  
down  
(Don't fuck with that boy; NEXT UP!)

[Big Pun]

Soy, con {?} aqui (boricua - light up the mic for the  
symphony)  
Whack rappers I humiliate like half a mic in The Source  
Blast you right off of the stage and engrave a butcher  
knife in your corpse  
What'chu writin is soft, I'm Pearl Harbor war  
Run up on your small empire and spray your tires like  
you Armor All  
Who wanna brawl with the Bronx finest  
Talk your highness {?} thicker force like our monster  
rhymers  
Hate y'all B, I know you hate my stee'  
Cause I'm the son of Tony you phony like fake ID  
It's the S-H-I-T, you can smell it  
Gun smoke makin you choke, take a toke and inhale it  
Now you can feel it (what?) Deep inside your lungs  
Like hot pellets when you're shot up, we supply the  
guns  
Now where you from state your restin zone  
I'm from the BX, B'lawn is where T.S. call home, where  
KRS was born  
Let it be known if I don't get you watch for our God  
Cause when you diss Kris, you disrespectin MY SQUAD  
Put that on my mother, motherfucker  
How DARE you disrespect, BITCH~!

[Kool G. Rap]

Aiyyo we comin through with the fifth and glock, rippin  
shots  
And hittin blocks, leavin kids rocked, put in a hidden  
box  
Splittin tops, leave his face hot, dotted like chickenpox  
Cursin cops with bloodhounds, sniffin socks, sniffin  
rocks  
No trace, get your clique rubbed, your wigs plugged,  
the shit blood  
Catch your big mug, topless just like a chick with big  
jugs  
Up in the strip club, beer is a Bud, no coffee  
Blowtorch like auto mechanics, you ordered to panic  
She slaughter you bandits, your daughter be planted,  
inside the ground  
More than the granite, my gunshots'll make you orbit  
the planet  
"Roots of Evil" peepin up all legal or illegal  
The four-fours are lethal, cock back the gat to pop the

wheelies like Knievel  
Fire shots to rented Regals  
Leave all your peoples with palsy in they cerebrals  
Deadly as an addict's needle, let automatics reap you  
Sweep you, I'm sendin you to Lucifer to keep you  
Heat you, nail you to the cross on top of the church's  
steeple  
Red dots cover your face like the measles  
NEXT UP! (I believe that's me)  
Ayyo {KRS} light up the mic for the symphony

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, yo - BITCH ASS~! Here's a quick class  
I'm the Blastmaster cause I blast and whip ass, this'll  
be over quick fast  
Keep mixin it, spittin it, bendin it  
Did it like juice with gin in it - ha ha JACKPOT, we winnin  
it  
You talk that shit, but you really illiterate  
Read your shit like he he he, teh teh teh teh..  
Sound out the word, connect the noun with the verb  
Stick with b-b-b-bird-bird cause the battle's absurd!  
Don't let these young kids go soup that ass up  
You'll get smashed up, you gassed up, you puttin that  
ass up really?  
I don't even see you in the new milline-um  
I see you like on VH1 with Milli Vanilli an' them  
Talkin about what you used to have, your abusive dad  
Oh it's so so sad, cause I'm just so so death defyin,  
mesmerizin  
Every time you say you dope that's false advertisin, but  
it's not surprisin  
You lyin, you ain't no battle hog  
What you got one demo, against my 12 year  
catalogue?  
(NIGGA) Back up~! This is the Bronx in the house  
Truck Turner, KRS without a doubt!

[Outro]

Now y'all rippin my damn microphone, down to nothin  
Kool G. Rap, Big Punisher, my man Truck Turner  
KRS-One, y'all never get on my damn microphone  
again  
Y'all crazy! ... Get out of here, beat it!

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