

KRS-One f/ Courtney Terry**"When the Moon"**

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{*applause and shouting*}

[KRS-One]

Yeah, YEAHHH, yeah... word
For my next number I'd like to bring up a young lady
named Courtney Terry
And uh, my name is KRS-One
It's gonna go like this

[Chorus: Courtney Terry]

When the moon is filled with those that died
And you prefer the style of KRS-One
MC's around the planet
Has loved the styles you brung - hit 'em dunn

[KRS speaking over Chorus]

Feel this, feel it
C'mon! Now get your hands up
Uh, uh, uh, c'mon, c'mon
Yeah, c'mon, yeah, yeah

[KRS-One]

Open up the door let me come in the place
Before you recognize the raw yo it's right in your face
Just a little taste, yo I'm kind of nuts like Planters
Behave and your save your money cause this album is
bananas
I'm flashin just a little style, for a LITTLE while
Been flowin like the Nile from when you was just a child
Now it's '98, and I will NOT hesitate
You be floatin in the lake, you not no heavyweight
You're lightweight, I devastate, on a equal basis
No I'm not a racist but no race could really face this
I hate this - no I don't; you face Kris - no you won't
You know you broke, cause what you wrote, ain't really
dope
Like a billygoat, I'll ram your set like BLAOW~!
Who CARES how you like me now, you underground
Boogie Down, let me make one thing clear
BX baby, this is our year
Try here and die here it's too fly here

As I drew my spear near, think what to do my dear
I'm new and clear, my clarity's amazin
Still blazin, play the low on occasion

[Chorus]

[KRS speaking over Chorus]

You know the deal!!
Yeah, c'mon!
Uhh... c'mon, c'mon!
Uh-huh, yeah, yeah, yo, yo

[KRS-One]

I'm small and not bigger, drink water not liquor
So I smart outquick ya lyric makin move like a ninja
I'm all up in ya like blood
My whole style is devastatin you're renovatin like HUD,
what?
You'd expect when I'm on the set don't forget
I'm givin and catchin wreck, you still ain't ready yet
Better yet when I connect ALL Y'ALL HIT THE DECK
Heck, you might as well sign over that publishin check
You ain't worthy, my style is ugly and dirty
If you ain't close to 30 you really haven't heard me
But don't worry, hurry into clubs I get wit 'em
Got styles for the 80's 90's and the new millenium
Only sucker MC's be like "KRIS DOESN'T SHIT WIT 'EM"
Cause they can't get with him, only the best sit with him
Cops don't be friskin him, gangs be enlistin him
Nations be missin him, you really think you dissin him?!

[Chorus]

[KRS speaking over Chorus]

Courtney tell 'em, c'mon!
Showbiz represent
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Yo, yo, yeah, c'mon, c'mon

[KRS-One]

Straight to your mental it's the style of the Temple
Worldwide representin the microphone and the pencil
Like BROOKLYN BROOKLYN be always funky fresh
Dope hooks and dope rhymes, that's always KRS
Their words can't hit me, they dogs can't sic me
Their knives can't stick me, it's GOD~! Think quickly
For those that have picked me and picked me cause
I'm witty
I thank you; others, I simply outrank you
You make me laugh B - battle? Don't gas me
You should ask me to make your style more crafty

Rockin for decades a hip-hop and reggae medley
Always right when I write like Betty
Boop, together with a ready loop, and many troops
Kickin better letters with extras like veggie soup
Smashin any group or solo
You better go yo, my style is def, your style is so-so

[Chorus]

[KRS speaking over Chorus]
Uh-huh, uh-huh, c'mon!
UHHH, KRS-ONE!
Yeah, yeah, and
Uh-huh, yo, yeah, yo, now get your hands up~!

Showbiz - now get your hands up!
KRS - now get your hands up!
Courtney Terry - now get your hands up!
Yo yo - now get your...

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