

## **Madonna & Jonathan Pryce**

### **"K Sera Sera"**

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Uhh! Check it out, yo; it's called, uh, well, uh  
"K Sera Sera," whatever will be will be  
And the track is kinda in there, so lemme bust a li'l  
A li'l rhyme...

Check it out on the one, two, three...

Standin' 5'11", and I'm almost 6 feet  
18 years old, rock a new beat  
Got no nickname, stay the cool sane  
Kick the same rhymes, play the same games  
To watch my back, but ain't no vics here  
Bring in the new--that tune was last year  
In strode the baby brother, comin' from the mind  
school  
Flow from blue Bic, and paper's wide-ruled  
If I had a penny for every note that I played  
Or if I had a dollar for every bar I create  
I guess that I would reckon, "By golly, I'm gettin' paid"  
Or better yet, "I reckon it's time to be gettin' paid!"  
So I sit and think, "Well, should I pull my Plan 9?"  
I'll leave it up to the powers and the stars  
Since I'm from the cosmos of another planet, see  
I believe my karma will guide me to my destiny  
So I flow, not on the rhymes  
But related to my shade of mind, or, rather, vibes  
Que sera sera, what will be will be  
Whatever's kinda clever, what the future holds for me  
I guess it's just a thought, though my mind is kinda  
hazy  
My name is Justin, baby

I got my skullcap on, then the flow from my mind starts  
As I rip for days from the land of the mic arts  
Cream of the crop, a cool, blue beatnik  
Blessed with the gift, and now it's time to kick the ill  
shit  
Love to eat the scallops, and quit with the doo-doo raps  
Stay away from ill crack, listen to the Fatback  
Smooth on a rough track, time to catch a catnap  
If you are my brother, I'll be sure to give you much dap

Ya bound to get your head smacked, if you try to illjack  
Get your kit from Acme, set yourself an ill trap  
I used to talk of vickin', would step and finger-lickin'  
But now my mic endeavors have improved over time  
Oh yeah, I'm still the same brother who has got to  
pickin'  
So listen to the moody groove, piano, and the vibes

Ahh, and ya don't stop. Yeah, ya know, yeah  
And we the sure shit, guaranteed to be the ultimate  
Ya got to keep it on to the break-of-dawn  
To the rhythm, y'all, ya don't stop  
And ya don't quit, ya don't stop  
Ya gotta keep on, keep the flow on  
And, baby, ya know you and the rhythm is always on  
And I'm out...

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