

5 Boroughs

KRS-One

Yo yo brand new KRS y'all, Maximum Strength
5 Boroughs of death we rep to death
Yo Kris, set it for The Bronx..

We hit em and get em, we stick em and jig em
we pick em and kick em
Flippin them whip and I'm wing-clippin them lip
cause I'm cold sick of them
Much quicker than them lyrically trickin and my Tribe
be on a Quest like Tip and them
On every avenue puttin the full clip in em
Splittin and strippin em down while spittin a round
into them soundclash see winnin them, just begginin them
Get rid of ev-ery bit of them with them negative idioms
I don't even consider them
In the new millenium we killin them
Breeze Deep, Kenny and Will and them, KRS-One we thrillin em
Many battles we been in them now we rebuildin them
We blaze, fulfillin them, Keith ?, Jesse, Jamil and them
We originate styles, other be stealin them

You got a good rise in your rolodex, who flow is next?
Comin out to {fuck} with the best, put it in your chest
Inhale it and hold that, blow it out when I say let go; let's see
if you can hold your breath, by the time I flip to the next flow
This sho' is real, this is the deal, guns I'm runnin
Gotta make it out of town to flip my {shit} and keep it comin
Then bring it back, with another stack, of raps to blow your back out
How many of y'all wanna go for yours I keep my dogs in the crackhouse

Let's take a walk through Crown Heights
Steppin through the city at night, with the ? and two mic
Form a little lynch mob, and stomp through the five boroughs
Head back to Brooklyn in the Expo
Back on the block, I see the cops everybody clockin
Buckshot, when you see the rocks, me I got you shocked
Why not? You see the recipe
Buckshot, I represent Brooklyn and my {nigga} Biggie

I'm from C-I, L-I, F-L-Y
Where the {niggaz} and the {bitches} stay paid fly and high
Where a slut'll get mad if you call her a {bitch}
And a rat'll get mad if you call her a snitch
Where the rich emerge, with the {niggaz} from the ditch
And it's a myth, they get {niggaz} from the suburbs, that's herbs
Yo this is for my {niggaz} on the block all day
Who don't give a {fuck} waitin for crime to pay
Put your money on it, yo we never fronted
Long Island got some of the best {niggaz} that ever done it
From Riverhead to C.I. to Brentwood to Wyndanch
{Niggaz} comin through will not stand a chance
From Roosevelt to Freeport to Hempstead to Uniondale
Comin deep from the depths of hell
I'm dead serious, even though you see me smilin
Rough enough to break New York from Long Island

We destroy {niggaz}, need advice, cause I heard em sayin Jesus Christ

You should see the sight, cookin ox-tail, peas and rice
Makin about a G a night, they can't read or write
But I got every creed and type, you need a dyke, babygirl I see the light
But sometime y'all get crimey crimey, grimy grimy
But those with a tiny hiney they get whiny whiny
So guard your girl, Harlem World, cock the gun, pop it son
Fila fam, illa players, Killa Cam is still the man

Uptown massive, Uptown the borough
Uptown let the ? kali, no sorrow
Uptown trestle, Uptown of course
I grab you ? they got me turn up to North
And if dem turn up North ? hurt no tell de boss
And if dem tell me off dey are a bunch of ghosts
And if dem gal are up, well den dem know da gal are boss
De rap dancehall try on de Mossinos
And if dem tie me off, dem can call me Cedro
I put a rap to singalong in all de ? crew
And if da gal a bitch ? ? the rainbow

Yo, hit you with the force of an iron horse
Tear your face off the planet, leavin one-third damaged
Witcha back cracked the earth canvas, leavin mountains slanted
Rock the earth of the axle, crabs who
Polar bears beneath the sea gravel
Thoughts be runnin wild like the Lil' Rascals
Puttin dinosaurs inside of figure fours, rip you with nine inch claws
Chasin {motherfuckers} through malls, and clash in halls
Beatin {motherfuckers} through walls, stompin through floors
and jumpin down elevator shafts
Searchin for they {ass}, stayin low in the grass
Wearin a gas mask, wrappin their hands up in plastic bags
On stage like a savage goin mad
WHAT? Yeah yeah, soooooooooooooooooo!

Yeah, by all means you know you gotta put Queens on it
Put cream on it, Q.B. we rep often
Take over your party, slamdance witcha hood
Took your ladies back to the projects with us
Then sent her {ass} back on the Q-train home
Satisfied, she learned the words to my thug song
See we one big borough of Dons with firearms
And we never use those, til the man act
other than he's 'sposed to, {nigga} what I'm 'sposed to do?
Shots whistle, damn near missed dat
Shoes get pissed at

From the, tip of my Timbs, to my eyebrows
The hostile, english, Olde E widemouth
Get PCP fiends, jumpin off cliffs
And if you had the balls, you'd be walkin off stiff
My paragraph alone is worth five mics (uh-huh)
A twelve song LP, that's thirty-six mics (uh-huh)
And while you win Un Hype (uh-huh) I spit on your snipe
and tell you {fuck you} and that {bitch} on your bike
Brick City!!

Aiyyo.. now bust it
Never try me crimey I'm grimy so don't deny me
I be Little like your Rascals and stymie to fly that hiney
Buy me keys, to my Benz and my Coupe
Like Jay and Run and D.M.C.'s, that's the name of my group
(now speed it up)

Beat to the rhythm of the rhyme
I'm givin up a dime, there go another line you figured
Never drivin by nine, never givin up a dime if you was
Never been that {nigga}
If you really wanna test me, brother don't stress me
Or you just be bowlin
It's Reverend like a Jesse, brother that's just me
and that's just my colon

The five boroughs of death, we rep to death
Step aside little {niggaz}, show time yep
It's goin down the moment we inside the spot
Let's rock'n'roll, you know the M.O., it gets real
when the five boroughs of death, we rep to death
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