You know it's Kris!

It ain't the same now (it ain't the same)

They switched the game now (they switched up on us)

They talk 'bout chains now (bling bling)

Rims on the Range now

It's sounding plain now

Y'all rock the same style (sound of the mic)

I know the way how (I know)

Bring it back to one

It's supposed to be...

This is the way it's supposed to be It's supposed to be like you more close to me It's supposed to be about our families It's supposed to be about avoiding catastrophe But it's all about salary and flattery Distrust, lust, hate and tragedy It's supposed to be about you and me on the same route Were you there in eighty-six when I first came out? And you know about how they runnin' this game out It's supposed to be about fun and getting' the pain out But it's all about clout and poppin' them chains out Instead of forgiveness, we poppin' they brains out It's supposed to be about seekin' in the seek out You witnessin' injustice, you got to speak out If you claimin' you love this, you got to release doubt Knowledge is what I'm all about

Well it's supposed to be sunlight over me Light over you, not you runnin' over me It's supposed to be a two dollar royalty minimum A Hiphop guild we got to begin buildin' 'em It's supposed to be NO police brutality And the fact that we tolerate that crap is insanity It's supposed to be museums and archives Where people can see the importance of OUR lives But it ain't about any of this Cats are trying to get that diamond-studded Rolex on they wrist You hear a voice in the wilderness you know it's Kris Higher consciousness lyrics, they will persist But it's supposed to be about makin' it better You see, Hiphop's not a product like pants or sweater Go aheadóbe a hero, get your cheddar Even y'all gonna see when you look back you remember that

You can see in your heart how it's supposed to be You doin' your part, THAT'S how it's supposed to be Pursuin' your art, THAT'S how it's supposed to be Today you will start, THAT'S how it's supposed to be It shouldn't be about you movin' slowly Then talkin' junk when you don't even know me And you cats be pussy like Josie I (Touch) "50 MC's" like (Tony) Everybody in the hood ain't your homie I spit the truth, but I'm not the only There's plenty KISHONS Sponzor: www.sr