

# Bling Blung

KRS-One

Yeah, Word Up  
Yeah  
Yo

Bling blung, bling blung, First you see the bling  
then you feel the blung  
This is the way that the world is run  
Can't you tell  
Bling blung rock the bells

Move along, move along, along, this is a newa song  
KRS-One the supa strong  
Move along before you lose your tongue  
Before you lose ya lung  
Be sure MCs get done  
Detour or move along  
We teach the young  
How many young men hung so we could sing a song?  
You need to move along, along, along  
The string of injustice stung those that bling cause now they blung  
Materialism stings and now they stung  
You need to move along  
Life is like ding, dong, ying, yang, bing, bang, ping, pong, or ping, pong  
Any lyrical battle we won  
Yes, this a master flow, this how life go on  
First you got it then your gone  
So don't get stung  
Cause after the bling it's blung  
No material thing stays with you long

Move along, along, we can't get stung  
We the one, my melanin stuns right up in the sun  
I go and I come, don't mind me son  
I'm just a teacher, them cats should't try me son  
I'm that lively one  
I roll with them grimey ones  
At the Temple (of Hip Hop) you can find me son  
What I bring and sing reflects what I brung  
I be rolling, aling off the tongue  
You can check them other ones  
Maybe them younger ones  
But I be that I witness just like Connie Chung  
Some burn the paper  
Some burn the bong  
I'm burning rappers, I think you need to move along!

Move along you little singers  
Never linger round a rhyme bringer  
These rap blingers  
I break you off a middle finger  
Bell ringa, in your mind a dong dinga  
Yo, that's what's wrong with these singas  
When they sing all they bring is bling  
THEY DUMMIES  
But after the bling aling, aling is blung  
Post bling is blung  
A new ting son

I'm rockin these bells like ding dong  
As you can see I got no rings on  
Cause it got nothing to with what springs song  
So ding dong  
Open the door to freedom  
Any of my books you should read dum and be strong  
Or else you need to move along, along, along  
Your lyrics are cow dung  
There use to be a TV talent show with a gong  
And when the gong gonged you were gone  
Yes I am the lyrical Don  
Beats for art um  
But I am unattached to all of thum  
The message of the song is bling blung  
Don't get caught up in watcha bought up  
Be Strong