

# Bring It Back

KRS-One

Ha, hahaha!  
[repeats in background]  
("Bring it back, that old New York rap  
Bring it bring it back, that old New York rap")  
The only reality  
Is now...  
Yo!

I rock slow and easy like soul  
The New York flow, is strictly for the pro  
Hip-hop! Ladies and gents  
So you can know, every word yo, of the sentence  
Hey la, like De La, I got Common Sense  
Save the compliments for after I commence  
to evidence of MC's, rockin under false pretense  
Yes they get burned like incense  
Myrrh and frankencense, you know the consequence  
When you rock with KRS and don't make sense  
Kris represents all MC's, that rock with ease  
I'm not conceited, I got confidence in my abilities  
Agility's my credibility  
Oratorical artillery in all facilities  
It Takes a Village like Hillary  
when killin me, KRS has wide range capabilities  
On the microphone, in the combat zone  
MC's get eaten like the ozone layer  
Hey ya, I'm not a playa I'm a teacher  
But if I wanted your girl  
You'd be Living Single like Latifah  
Action Uptown like Monifah  
I hit like a beeper, and hot like the bunny on Easter  
Lyrically let me freak ya  
With moves like Scoob and Scrap  
Rock Steady, Stretch, Al and Kiko  
I warm up any room like a heater  
Bringin a New Balance to the speaker like a sneaker  
Still a teacher, prove it, like medicine squared  
This Garden of Eden, keeps the party movin

("Bring it back, that old New York rap  
Bring it bring it back, that old New York rap")

I'm interested in skill and how we build as a culture  
I don't eat off old material like a vulture  
Repeatin myself for wealth is bad for my health  
Everyday I express myself with a dope lyric  
From my inner spirit, then I share it with others  
As they hear me, enhancin  
East and West, overseas, brothers and sisters  
Sons and daughters transcended all borders  
I deal with mind expansion  
Anytime you aimlessly dancin, and romancin  
It's your life that you be chancin  
Not that I wanna sound gloomy  
But I don't rhyme about Judy Judy, cutie and shake your booty  
When you gonna grow up and be GOD?  
Instead of making a rap a full time job

Yeah, it's a job and not an art  
They only rhyme to get money;  
cause true self-expression takes heart, and guts  
Rhymes, and cuts  
Tight minds and not tight butts  
Reach your goal, like a puck  
I wish you good skill and not good luck  
Cause only skills put you up out the gutter so I utter

("Bring it back, that old New York rap  
Bring it bring it back, that old New York rap")

That old New York flow means wrote for fun  
And if the money come, THEN THE MONEY COME  
But today and everyday, KRS speaks the truth  
We dealing with unemployment in the city black youth  
usin rap, to put clothes on they back  
No culture, or disciplined, way to act  
But soon yo, we'll take care of alla that  
We're huntin fi de power help supress people tracks  
That keep the culture intact, and soon you will see  
In the black community, black unity  
Not black nudity, after black puberty  
For every crew to see, to breakin down the black community  
The only one to blame is you and me  
For not takin responsiblity for our artillery  
Verbally, you heard of me, Knowledge Reigns Supreme  
Over Nubians Everywhere, I kick it cause I care  
The end isn't near, it's way over there  
BLAOW! The only reality is now  
But when I say bring back the old flava  
That means bring back the ORIGINAL MC behavior

("Bring it back, that old New York rap  
Bring it bring back, that old New York rap")

Now I got to show you how the BX rocks  
MC's, are jumpin out shoes and socks  
Body body rock body body rock  
I'm the king of rock'n'roll, ahh yeah  
Throw your guns in the air! Glocks down  
Who the hell is, pagin me at 5 o'clock in the mornin  
Where you gonna be, because...  
Fresh is the word, many money missin many  
Jenifa, oh Jenny  
We make up all these rhymes inside our head!  
Yo, let's connect politic ditto