

Clear 'em Out

KRS-One

Uh! Domingo
Domingo y'all
Uh! Tone Def
It's Tone Def y'all
Whoo!
Yeah (WITH K-R-S)
Word Up
And it goes like this
Here We Go

Let's take these rappers out, No doubt
On the streets they ain't got no pout, No doubt
Haven't they figured it out, No doubt
Don't nobody like what they shout, Clear 'Em Out
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I am the incarnation of what you do
When you try to forget KRS, I try to forget you
You tired of me saying what's real hip hop
Well I'm tired of you biting my shit to go pop
This is why we need hip hop history
'Cause if we had it, you knew you shouldn't get with me
I'm free, I don't need MTV
I could smash your click like 1-2-3
You think I care if you plat-in-um
Where I come from, we be slappin' em' uh
Sales dont make you the authority
It only means you sold out to the white majority
What you know about seniority you ain't major
Ya whole album appeals to little second graders
Grow up already, before I slap that hiny
And put you out of work like Tavis Smiley
I got that razor tounge, you be on the ground with paramedics saying "We can't save this one"
I stay alert like red, you keep sucking me uh 'cause you think I'm ahead
But you ain't street soldier, I'll take one of ya members
Cut off his head and send it to Lisa Evers
We will be here for ever and ever and ever
While you'll be over by next September

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We got a million DMX's, a thousand Jay-Z's
A hundred Eminem's and two million Master P's
But I think for drastically, 'cause Tone Def always flow with originality,
that's the way it has to be

And if you patchin' me for the first or the third time
And even if you search wide for new styles
You still ain't never heard mine
With the thrust of a turbine, I blur by
Most of y'all niggas can't really get with me
But I know your girl sure try
But that's alright, 'cause you probably prefer guys to fur pie
That's why your shorty turned bi, she like that silky stir fry
With her skirt hiked to an absurd height
She by the curb like, "Don't swerve alright"
If you got the wood she got the termites
It's Tone Def, the vocalism more tread than a dirt bike
Cats be like ram ya tounge is rough, "Yo that hurts right?"
I blurt my explanation on my worst night, last heard that twelve mics
thought I was siamese 'cause you got served twice
I don't want to hear about your perp life
Forced to record CBS just to remember what it's like to survive
You hypocritical types a pitiful willin' to serve lies
To reserve ice, but need to work for Adidas to earn stripes
My first strike, leave you with burned eyes all for the turn-pike
And man be looking for you surfside armored the search light
Most cats that use the term nice never been in a word fight
Don't think you just observe for return price
Well your church might

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See I could care less if you carry a gat
You a liar brothers getting locked for that
All that olympic size pool you could drown in that
I'm a true school cat and I'm proud of that
You could see me decked out in a gown and cap
While you killin' our people with a pound of crack
What you think player, you ain't going down for that
Your lyrics prove you ain't looking out in fact
You a traitor and the worst kind at that
In the future your kids gonna account for that
We will never stop spittin' the facts no trouble
He forgot about the struggle, I'm bringing it back
I ain't mad or angry or any of that
All I know is my people died so I could rap
And what we do when we spit nigga, bitch, ho, dick
We need to switch that to my brother, my sister quick

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