

## Essays On Bdp-ism

KRS-One

You've got the time  
I've got the time  
You've got the time

Am I supposed to stand here?  
These bright lights, I'll probably get a tan here  
Scott, turn up the master so I can hear, and talk faster  
I'm the Blastmaster, 'cos I'm blasted  
I know a lot of y'all are shocked that I've lasted  
But Blastmaster is a subtitle, KRS-One is more vital  
And more lethal and more vicious

As the suckers always say, "He just dissed us  
He got a problem, yo, he's conceited"  
I'm not conceited, they just couldn't beat it  
'Cos when I'm in a club I like to mingle  
Seconds later they're playin' that single  
Loud as a collision and pumped up dramatically  
So the people in the place will automatically  
Time it, and dance right behind it

Those that have it on tape will rewind it  
It's not surprising, we rock parties  
Anywhere, anyone, anybody  
Some sound shoddy, like cardboard  
But I'm blessed, praise the Lord  
You see I like to study, I like money  
I like eatin' wheat bread with honey

But to none of these am I addicted  
I like to remain free and unafflicted  
With the sickness of attachment  
The material road of entrapment  
Those that walk this road become weak  
They can't think, they can't speak

Unself-sufficient, 'cos they're leeching  
I'm not dissin', I'm simply teachin'  
Well if you notice, not once  
Have I said Scott's name to gain fame  
See it's a shame that they're blinded  
If they had a piece of paper I'd sign it

That's called an autograph, this is called a class  
I've only come to educate the mass  
Of young people, to this there's no sequel  
Just a message, be peaceful and loving, but not a sucker  
And stay away from negative motherfuckers  
They only pull you down with their hate  
But wait, here's somethin' to meditate

You've got the time, I've got the time

Down ratin' statements you always seem to make  
You never wanna create 'cos b-boys you don't affiliate  
You're self-whipped 'cos you claim it's not a gift  
To execute the rhyme on time without a shift

You only utter negativity, never productivity  
For the b-boy talent or b-boy productivity

Yet when all the currency comes in tax free you wanna see me  
My name is Kris and now you guessed this  
I got X-ray vision and I'm lookin' through your game  
It's the same, what a shame, now take aim on what I shall obtain  
Absolute respect from you, con, 'cos now you know it  
I'm Blastmaster KRS One, short for poet

I do not read the paper, I read the dictionary  
'Cos nuclear destruction, yeah, AIDS just doesn't scare me  
The girls be lookin' sweeter, the cops be lookin' meaner  
Carryin' bigger gun, shoot the people for fun  
If you could realize this you won't be called a toy  
But yet a b-boy, and I know you'll enjoy

Just coolin' out without a doubt, livin' life a little different  
Yeah, different, never innocent, with a little delligence  
I am only 20, yet here's my present level  
Just one of the Boogie Down Production crew rebels  
Our reputation grows as the music gets vicious  
I will succeed while you suckers make wishes

Time and time again I prove to be exciting  
But time and time again you prove to be biting  
I need no judge, no jury, no lawyers  
With DJ Scott La Rock, better known as The Destroyer

You've got the time, I've got the time  
You've got the time, I've got the time  
You've got the time, I've got the time  
You've got the time