

Generique Assault

KRS-One

Yeah... KRS-One bout to wreck the joint
I was seen openin up at the edge of Detroit
where the cops go beyond the laws
where enemies work together by putting they shit on pause
So what does it mean, Assault on Precinct 13?
You are bout to see just what the dirt bring
It's working, that force, I have been searching
Like Lawrence Fishburne when it's time to hurt things
Ethan Hawke, man he face all that
I hold the mic like Ja held the baseball bat
I stay ahead, like a baseball cap
The ways of the world, Kris don't chase all that

We gettin up outta here, that's what's up. That's what's up
Watch me back up the truck
You livin wit a lot of fear. That's what's up, my gats stay up
So crooked cops you backin me up?
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Well as I walk through the street, my spirit will speak
to those I meet and great from week to week
I am not my handsome beat. I command the speak
As the observer inside the physique
Many rappers try to compete, of course
But they got smashed and trashed in the streets and tossed
Sometimes I think we all just lost
We just flashin and flossin the disasterous cause
We don't even know the one-ness of the only force
Instead of a golden calf, we got a platinum horse
But what did Moses do with the golden calf?
Threw the log at it and it ended in a blast
Master, get on them quick, get on them faster
In the background you frontin, cuz there's nothing but laughter
I tag church like the shirt king
Turn up the track for Assault on Precinct 13

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Wow, what an ending. What a conclusion
They thought they was winning, but they really was losin
He though he was sinnin, but he really was provin
that leadership keeps it moving, steady cruising
Guns up, funds up, from sun up to sun up to sun up
Buck buck buck! Yo, duck duck
We run up, two down, one up
Dope MCs see me and get butterflies in they stomach
Others can't speak, they just shut up

KRS on the come up, liftin Big Pun up. Let me sum up
Dope MCs, wack MCs, thin MCs, fat MCs, commercial MCs, they can't all
get done up
Raise the drum up, breath for breath, I'll rip your lung up
On my trophy wall, I'm nailing your tongue up
KRS-One, you know what it means
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We gotta start trusting each other right now if we gonna make it
through this night
From Criminal Minded to Spiritual Minded, and even beyond and behind
it, never be afraid to fight
or be the lazy type. Me, I'm the crazy type
I get them clubs so crazy hype
I throw them glasses on that them ladies like
And years later, rock what they babies like
I blaze the light, there me be 8,000,000 ways to die
but there's 16,000,000 ways to fight
So wherever you are... in the crib or your car, in your tank too
KRS-One would like to thank you, right
That's why KRS on the mic
Wishin you peace for the rest of the night
Cuz at the end of the film, you'll see what it mean
Turn up the track for Assault on Precinct 13!
Fresh (fresh)... For 2005... You suuccckkkkaaaa!