

Krush Them

KRS-One

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
While they floss with the chi-ching and all the rings
You stay focused, keep doin your thing
You cannot get the diamond ring, if you can't really sing
Or if you haven't got a skill, that you ready to fling
What you bringin to the table if you not really able
Tryin to get to the top, like the Tower of Babel
Back in the days, remember all the old gold cables
Where they at now? Sold, when they dropped from the label
All the money they gave you made you very unstable
They really enslaved but you wasn't able with the coke in your nasal
to see, you up in the crib but they rockin your cradle
You a joke and you fatal, they made you an M.C.
Meaning: Most Confused
Not E-M-C-E-E, that's what I use
Many people really wanna know from me
when I'ma drop and they can go cop, the next LP
Or CD, or T-A-P-E you see
It's about word of mouth, for me

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they rap
Yo, they don't really know where the money is at
And what's funny is that, is if you'd just stay focused
they'd be the one to be the brokest!
I'm from the inner city, that's right
Flashy asses and titties that's right
No pity mad graffiti that's right
Broken gang treaties, that's real
I speak complete broken slang freely at will
I spit what I'm about to spit, get what I'm about to get
Never no counterfeit, movin about a bit
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, only a few like the sound of it
Others can't get down with it (ONE.. TWO.. THREE.. BREAK!)
So why did I have to come off my sabbatical?
Battle you? My metachromatical will splatter you
I got another track to do, I can't mack witchu
Your rhymes are fictional, mine are factual
I'll embarrass you, I'm glad to do
I'm the teacher but in the streets it can be bad for you
I feel sad for you, cause you frontin like you gettin ahead
but you really on E instead
I've come to show these people you're not my equal
All you want is the cash and a hoe in a see-through
Yeah; KRS-One comin through with the breeze team
You know how we do

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get

You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
Yo we crush them, and they squad
Let me tell you right now that it's all about God
You can walk around the streets like you livin it hard
But a real teacher know when you scarred
I refuse to be bought, I refuse to snooze
I refuse to come up short, I refuse to lose
I refuse to be caught in the court
I refuse to refuse bein taught, I refuse evil thoughts
Cause they whole {shit's} wack, trap's wack
You're wack, you're pack's wack, in fact I jab-slap that
Cap at that, now, retract that crap, wherever I'm in or at
You better go back and sip that crap
Bring your gat, I'm lovin that
Like football, you'll be, runnin-back
Blazin 'em, merely dazin 'em, barely playin 'em out
These are God's lyrics, I'm just sayin 'em out

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We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
You supposed to be buttoned up right to your neck
If you a woman, you'll get respect
Let me tell you we crush the, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to be
You supposed to be a man of integrity
Above the law, you effect destiny
We CRUSH, THEM, and they lies
This is concious rap, we not hypnotized
Anywhere the action's at, we rappin at
Takin it home and unpackin that-that-that