

# My Philosophy

KRS-One

So, you're a philosopher?  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes  
I think very deeply, I think very deeply, I think very deeply  
I think, I think, I think very deeply, I think, I think very deeply

Let's begin, what, where, why, or when  
Will all be explained like instructions to a game  
See I'm not insane, in fact, I'm kind of rational  
When I be asking you, "Who is more dramatical?"  
This one or that one, the white one or the black one  
Pick the punk, and I'll jump up to attack one  
KRS-One is just the guy to lead a crew  
Right up to your face and ditched you

Everyone saw me on the last album cover  
Holding a pistol something far from a lover  
Beside my brother, S C O T T  
I just laughed, 'cause no one can defeat me  
This is lecture number two, 'My Philosophy'  
Number one, was 'Poetry' you know it's me  
This is my philosophy, many artists got to learn  
I'm not flammable, I don't burn

So please stop burnin', and learn to earn respect  
'Cause that's just what KR collects  
See, what do you expect when you rhyme like a soft punk  
You walk down the street and get jumped  
You got to have style, and learn to be original  
And everybody's gonna wanna diss you  
Like me, we stood up for the South Bronx  
And every sucka mc had a response

You think we care? I know that they are on the tip  
My posse from the Bronx is thick and we're real live, we walk correctly  
A lot of suckas would like to forget me but they can't  
'Cause like a champ, I have got a record of knocking out  
The frauds in a second on the mic, I believe that you should get loose  
I haven't come to tell you I got juice  
I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level  
I'll be back, but for now just seckle

I'll play the nine and you play the target  
You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it  
Or should I say, start this, I am an artist  
Of new concepts at their hardest  
Yo, 'cause I'm a teacher, the Scott is a scholar  
It ain't about money 'cause we all make dollars  
That's why I walk with my head up  
When I hear wack rhymes I get fed up

Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games  
A lot of suckas with colorful names  
I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that  
Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack  
I'm not white or red or black  
I'm brown from the Boogie Down  
Productions, of course our music be thumpin'

Others say they're bad, but they're buggin'

Let me tell you somethin' now about hip hop  
About D-Nice, Melodie, and Scott La Rock  
I'll get a pen, a pencil, a marker  
Mainly what I write is for the average New Yorker  
Some mc's be talkin' and talkin'  
Tryin' to show how black people are walkin'  
But I don't walk this way to portray  
Or reinforce stereotypes of today

Like all my brothas eat chicken and watermelon  
Talk broken English and drug sellin'  
See I'm tellin', and teaching real facts  
The way some act in rap is kind of wack  
And it lacks creativity and intelligence  
But they don't care 'cause the company is sellin' it  
It's my philosophy, on the industry  
Don't bother dissin' me, or even wish that we'd

Soften, dilute, or commercialize all the lyrics  
'Cause it's about time one of y'all hear it  
And hear it first-hand from the intelligent brown man  
A vegetarian, no goat or ham  
Or chicken or Turkey or hamburger  
'Cause to me that's suicide self-murder  
Let us get back to what we call hip hop  
And what it meant to DJ Scott La Rock

How many mc's must get dissed  
Before somebody says, don't with Kris  
This is just one style, out of many  
Like a piggy bank, this is one penny  
My brother's name is Kenny, that's, Kenny Parker  
My other brother I.C.U. is much darker  
Boogie Down Productions is made up of teachers  
The lecture is conducted from the mic into the speaker

Who gets weaker? The king or the teacher  
It's not about a salary it's all about reality  
Teachers teach and do the world good  
Kings just rule and most are never understood  
If you were to rule or govern a certain industry  
All inside this room right now would be in misery  
No one would get along nor sing a song  
'Cause everyone'd be singing for the king, am I wrong?

So yo, what's up, it's me again  
Scott La Rock, KRS, BDP again  
Many people had the nerve  
To think that we would end the trend  
We're criminal minded, an album which is only ten  
Funky, funky, funky, funky, funky hit records  
No more than four minutes and some seconds

The competition checks and checks and keeps checkin'  
They take the album, take it home, and start sweatin'  
Why? well it's simple, to them it's kind of vital  
To take KRS-One's title  
To them I'm like an idol, some type of entity  
In everybody's rhyme they wanna mention me?  
Or rather mention us, me or Scott La Rock  
But they can get bust get robbed, get dropped

I don't play around nor do I f around  
And you can tell by the bodies that are left around  
When some clown jumps up to get beat down  
Broken down to his very last compound  
See how it sounds? A little unrational  
A lot of mc's like to use the word dramatical  
Fresh for '88, you suckas