

Rockin' Til The Morning

KRS-One

Yeah, yeah, yeah
This what we live for!
Let it rock, let it
(Big up to all Brooklyn man, all Bronx man)
(Uptown massive, follow)

We can all be hear rockin 'til the mor-ning
Boom, bap, and rap is what I bring
We love, the clubs and we rock them
Yes all over the world we shock them
Cause everybody knows this flow
It blows your mind

We used to step inna de club with these murderers
Hustlers, thugs, pimps and burglars
You ain't gettin in the spot if they ain't heard of ya
And if you sneak in the spot they might murder ya
I used to be in them spots just servin the
Raw rhymes flows and yes earnin the
The respect from the streets in a circular
Over the years, an MC I turned into

Ladies and gentlemen, the most controversial
MC in hip-hop is about to raise your adrenaline
Settle in and grab a seat, they start meddlin I'm a grab the he
at
I already grabbed the streets
KRS, you don't find me on your radio station
You find me chillin on them Indian reservations
I spit like cajun spice
You don't know KRS? Your momma must notta raised you right
Man I blazed your type, done raced your type
Man sit down~! You still on a training bike
I'm the crazy type, you the lazy type
Hey yo, look, I blaze these mics; cause