

Show Shocked

KRS-One

Yeah, my next piece goes out to you internet bitches
Hiding behind texts and shit

First of all, y'all don't really grab mics man
You be in the studio with the mic in the mic stand
On your knees you supposed to fall
I'm just superior clearly, I'm over y'all
When you stall, really, you call in dad
Talk hefty, I'm a put you in a garbage bag
All them theatrics be wack shit for sure
You the reason people don't like rap no more
You ain't fresh guy, I bought your CD
Listened to it and took that wack shit back to Best Buy
You'll need "TLC" like Left-Eye
I'll smash him, him, you and your next guy
You'll be like "KRS why?"
When I come to your day job and hang you from your neck tie
Your whole shit's fake, your manager hyped you
Y'all like two bitches, kiss like dykes do

Yeah, how would ya like it if I rocked just a little bit?
Oh, how would ya like it if I ripped just a little bit?
If I spit just a little bit?
Rip mics just a little bit?
Light blunts just a little bit?
Tote guns just a little bit?

My name reigns supreme in every rap index
I'll spray your brains on the windowpane like Windex
You wearing fishnets, peep it
We not the same, I'm jeans and scully, you Victoria's Secret
You not on that street shit, you ain't getting skrilla
You rapping cause you a wack drug dealer
So what's it gonna be? Rapping or dealing?
You can't serve two gods, I'm capping and peeling
What happened? You kneeling, your legs got no feeling
Cause when the gun went under your chin, your brain hit the ceiling
We invented this shit, to them cops you be squealing
Your whole Marvin is Gay, you need Sexual Healing
Them cars I be wheeling, you dudes into stealing
From the weak, I'll leave you in the passenger seat
I'll teach a class in a week, bust yo ass in the street
We get more intelligent after I speak

Yeah, how would ya like it if I rocked just a little bit?
Oh, how would ya like it if I ripped just a little bit?

Yo, the Teacha KRS, I got Hip Hop on me
Before Hip Hop, a lotta y'all dudes was corny
You thug? I don't really see it B
I remember when all y'all was dressing like Run-D.M.C.
But actually it was your parents, they were fans
You a fan, it's apparent, you're all transparent
See-through, I would never be you
You rap but really, really nobody believes you
They just like the beats you do
In a real club I'm eating you, Glock greeting you

Peekaboo, I'm that Teacha who
Made an appointment for his bullets to meet with you
Are you available? They'll come around two-thirty
I'm with the clean-up crew, aren't you dirty?
You heard me, man I take your heart
When the show start, I show art like Mozart
I take you back to [?], these rappers got no heart
They not shell shocked, they show shocked, huh
I rock spots with no cop
All in your face like Botox, you like your old pops
You ain't running no blocks
Y'all dudes is corny, chasing ice and cream like Mistee Softee
Get off me, your shit is wack man, you lost me

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