

Stop Frontin'

KRS-One

Bo! Boom bye bye, hip-hop will never die
Despite the fact that I'm fly I'm never dry
You could beat me, cheat me, when you meet me try to defeat me
But nevertheless you'll have stress, cause I don't rest
You wanna know what my problem is, if you're curious??
I take this hip-hop shit too serious!!
I forget that other rappers ain't true to this
So when they grab the mic I get hyped like LET'S DO THIS!!
All my rhymes are fat, while rappers are skimpy, wimpy
So I simply chew they crew like a Blimpie
Skip me when you dissin, skip me when you on a ego mission..
I blow up, like nitroglycerin!
You better tune in to Teddy Ted
"Yo stop frontin', and use your head"

Well if you ain't called it hip-
hop, there's a door, I ain't stoppin
I got more flavors than Baskin Robbins!
I flash the funky fresh flavors force-fully
Freak the phonies and flip philosophy constantly (true!)
That reminds me, rappers rock drip-drop
Not hip-hop, they wanna SING and all dem ting
Thank God KRS is still rappin; all that "ooh I love you baby"
and "blink blink blink" - this ain't happenin

Yo this is curtains for these rappers that be frontin on the ne
xt man
Lookin down at brothers just because they gettin checks and
haven't got a skill but they're LARGE on the hum-bum
You wanna step to Kid Capri, COME COME COME!!
I break em up, just for actin like a superstar
Around the way, we got a neighborhood trooper car
We ride by, and spray your crew, and your honies too
And rip you open and drink your blood like a Mountain Dew

I descend to lend a friend a helping hand
to stop a trend, again and again and again, I just can't say wh
en
I beg to confess my sins to other men
Reverends guard lips, within there I'll begin
I'll always win, over-sakin
The party is ripped, without a hit or with a hit I'm rippin shi
t
You must admit, I'll never quit the lyrics I flip
I'm tough like licorice, battlin Kid Capri? It's ridiculous
We come to the party inconspicuous..