

# The Conscious Rapper

KRS-One

You think this is easy right? (Yeah!)  
You think this is easy right? (That's easy!)  
You think you got what it takes? (Yeah that's easy!)  
Huh, we gon' see.. we gon' see right now (Now what?)  
Look

So you wanna be a conscious rapper  
Can you handle the press and they negative chatter  
Can you eat cold platters, and still spit data  
Watchin others spit lies and they pockets get fatter  
Can you climb up the ladder, and reach the top?  
But it still doesn't matter, cause you ain't pop  
Can you rock for the love of the art  
Can you drop hit after hit after hit and still don't chart?  
Can you REALLY stay loyal to God  
when your life is full of strife, plus it always seems so hard  
Can you handle the criticism  
People holdin you up to higher standards, but they don't live 'em?  
Can you hear these kiddy flows and laugh at it  
But when you spit they callin you arrogant?  
You better think about that before you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', let's do it!

Think you can do what I do  
Think you can step in my shoes  
You have no clue what I go through  
You never felt my pain  
When they attack my name  
All because I have spoken the truth

To be a conscious rapper ain't a mystery  
You gotta laugh when they call you contradictory  
The whole industry, you gotta push and pull it  
To really get with me, you gotta dodge they bullets  
Blaow, blaow, blaow, every day and every way  
You critics got somethin to say  
At the same time, you gotta uphold Christ  
Uphold life, while others flash cars and ice  
It could break you down, take you down, make you frown  
It could actually shake your ground  
But if you love who you are, and believe in that  
Best believe you will BE where the teacher's at  
And where's that? In fact, in cold or heat  
Yes, I declare victory over the streets  
Overstand, over these beats, over the so-called elite  
Over the strong, over the weak  
I know how to speak, and most of all I know how to eat  
I know I want humble and meek  
So you better think about that before you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', uhh

Look!  
So you thinkin about bein a concious MC  
Well you gotta love God and you got to live free  
You got to see the life that others can't see  
You got to be the person that others can't be  
You can't be a S-L-A, V-E

If you sayin to yourself, "This may be me"  
Then you know goin in that you work against sin  
Your very skills will kill the demons within  
So don't expect respect from slaves and hoes  
Nor the slavemaster's video shows  
Nor the rap mags, you know how it go  
Especially black mags, you know they don't know  
Just go to the crowd that you know will need you  
Cause NOTHING compares to the respect of the people  
That's what you look for, that's what you work with  
Cause anything else, is truly worthless  
You better think about that before you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris'  
You better think about that, 'fore you rock to this  
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris', uhh