

That's right
Up and down, up and down we go
Beatminerz on the track, I'm conducting the flow
Reverse flow, you get wolf if you didn't know
Either way when I play I'm a beast at the show
Like yeast I will grow, to the East I'm a go
And increase what I know, bring relief to my bro
I keep in the dough, but my feast I don't show
I keep on the low and I reap what I sow
When it's time for the concert I creep in the show
Sometimes I walk in off the street to the show
Grab the microphone, bring the heat to the show
Hip Hop, I teach it if you're seeking to know
The introduction to the course is perceive what you know
When Hip Hop is what you perceive, leave, you can go
Others make rap but they don't need what you know
You a divine speaker, what you need is to grow
Believe me, I know, I see how it go
All the doors are shut till you reaching for dough
But if everything's for sale then he is a hoe
And if everything's for sale then she is a how
I do things freely, I don't believe in the dough

Up and down, up and down we go
Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, KRS on the flow
Any time, any place, rhymes ready to go
Edutainment from the pavement, man you already know
Never starving, we go, never crawling for dough
We that orthodox Hip Hop that all of you know
Man I lived through the ballers, they ain't balling no mo'
The arenas, the theaters ain't calling no mo'
The budgets from the labels ain't falling no mo'
Them big gold cables are pawned at the sto'
Them cats now thinking yo "What was it all for?"
Twenty platinum plaques, you still can't tour
All over the radio, you still can't draw
Now listen back to your lyrics, what was that all for?
When you had the opportunity you could've spit it raw
But instead wanted head from the lips of all these whores
Now you fifty-four and you don't spit it no more
Your jams in the clubs, they don't rip it no more
Head in the bed, you don't get it no more
Now you starting to think "What I'm living for?"
That's when you see KRS is on tour
I do a two-hour show, he's spitting one more!

Yo, let me show you what a legend is
I rhyme as KRS, Krazy Rhyme Stylist
You better keep your eye on this, ain't none higher than this
These clubs don't stop hiring Kris
Time for the light to shine
Too many rappers rapping and they even fight for the right to rhyme
I'm nice with mine, I'm precise with mine
As you can see I don't need ice to rhyme
You a biter, I don't even like your kind
The rhyme you spitting now might be mine
Yo, what they doing here if they don't like to rhyme?