

You Don't Really Want It

KRS-One

My rhymes still be ill
You don't really want it
I suggest you chill
You don't really want it
#1 I'm still
You don't really want it
The prophecy is fulfilled
You don't really want it
KRS in the streets
You don't really want it
I drop the rawest beats
You don't really want it
No ice just heat
You don't really want it
Playa face defeat

That was a nice try Nelly
I don't mean to be bold, but put that "Hot in herre" bullshit on hold
And let's get down to the facts of the matter
In the dictionary under wack rap, you the rapper
It's simply cuz you're lacking the spectacular vernacular
And hip hop's character seems to be in back of ya
Either that or you're truly amateur
I'm askin ya, how does it feel to have the whole world laughin at ya?
You just too stupid to see
I was made on the streets, you was made on MTV
How you gonna talk about my nose to attack me?
When you steady guzzlin them pills for your acne?
My nose comes from a line of kings
Your acne comes from you eatin the wrong things
Your words don't make me hurt, they make you work
You'll hurt when you find it's you gettin jerked
I tell ya, it don't take me to say
Don't buy your album, street cats ain't buyin it anyway
You tellin me make up my mind
Yet on your album, you don't know if you wanna sing, or rhyme

You tryin to diss me? How?
If it wasn't for the true-school your bitch-ass wouldn't be here now
Blau blau, show me respect from the gate
Or I'ma have to drown you kids like Andrea Yates
You can't handle the break, I'm a flamethrowa, you a bic lighta
You think I'm cocky cuz you a dickrida
I spit tighter
I'm not like all the rest I'm not a playa but I did stay at a Holiday Inn Ex
press
So nevertheless I'ma teach ya, teach ya
But when them slugs hit you, you'll be screamin, "Momma, EI! EI!"
You never seen me sing? You don't know what I bring?
You'll be singing the blues like BB King
I'm all about the unity of Miss and Mistas
You all about grabbin money and dissin our sistas
Take your ass back to TV land
And let this be a lesson, you can't see me man!

Just when I thought I could do my gospel
And become an apostle I got a whole to get hostile

I don't mean to knock ya Nelly
But ain't you that MTV house nigga with a spine like jelly?
I'ma do this by the book, for the art
I heard what you said on BET's 106 and Park
But what you don't know, is right around the corner on 3rd
I hold a Desert Eagle, and no, it's not a bird
You sound absurd, you're gonna bring ME back?
I taught all year round the spot ??? had
Copycat, with sloppy raps, you chill with N'Sync, I chill where hip hop be a
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