

Funkmaster Flex, KRS One Speech

(feat. KRS-One)

[Intro:]

Yo what's up?

This is hip hop manifesting as the Blastmaster KRS-One.
Bringing you 60 minutes of funk with my man Funkmaster Flex
so I say...

[Hook:]

Me never never never cross over

Me never never never never go commercial la la [x2]

[Verse 1:]

You ain't major you minor
Get behind a real rhymer
Graff writer, chart climber, path finder, rewinder
A minute
That ass let me get WAY up in it
Now you did it
You steppin' to me like you some type of lyrical chef
But like Coolio said G you better make a leeeft
Now you in the party actin' hard
You need to be home asleep so you can wake up early and get a job
Stop frontin' you ain't sayin' nothin'
Say hello to the Boogie Down Production
MC's today are too pretty what a pity
I represent the city where it's gritty
And GRIMY I'm ferrous you're curious
Just try me if you're serious
Who's your trainer I'll smash you in the face with a bottle
Hit the toggle switch back to a role model
You Benedict Arnold
I'll calm you
You ain't wild I heard this kid in Brooklyn with the same style
Timing for timing your rhymin'
And with that bidy bye bye follow me massive you don't wanna go there
I got mad skills and style I will get wild
Feel my file
Conceptually ahead by miles
Who's to blame when your lyrics are lame?
No octane just can't play the game quite the same
I'm in the passing lane
Shooooom I go by you like a Japanese bullet train
I heard you trying to damage my name
But can...you...stand..the...rain?
The one's I don't kill go insane
Fuck the flamboyant MC I come plain (complain)
What you tryin' for?
What you lyin' for?
You gotta think is hip hop worth dyin' for?
So lets settle the score with rhythmic metaphor
Strickly the motherfuckin' God core
So I say

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

So I leap through
And dominate the microphone I speak through
I'm writtin' for the people bite if you need to
I can see through
And see dat
You saw an MC and tried to be dat
That MC you saw ME

Can you believe dat?
And agree dat
True lyrics will always suffice?
And R.E.A.L. meanin' Rhymes Equal Actual Life
Is the true essence and ebony
Trace your record sales G
Somethings are pure luck others things are meant to be
I bet they'll mention me
In the next century
"KRS-One innovator in early rap poetry"
Simotainusly you will be forgotten
While in the year 2000 'Criminal Minded' will STILL be rockin'
You waste your time battlin' me
I got mine happenin' see
You should of thought G
You should of thought sooner
instead of battlin' me you need to plan your longevity
Before you die broke like Sammy Davis Jr.
The solar followed by the lunar
Followed by the solar
Followed by McDonalds and Coke Cola
The point is that
Whatever the outcome of the battle
the battle goes on with more french fries and soda
So I say...

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Pass the ?
Pass it over here beginner
Battlin' me ain't worth it just to say you are the winner
You'll still be rippin' parties, no
(I'll) still be rippin' parties
You'll still be eatin' McDonalds for dinner
So all you teeny weeny iddy bitty yellow polka dot MCs
I travel the world while you stuck around the way
You iddy bitty teeny weeny MCs trapped inside your city (ha ha)
Turn off your mic you got nothing else to say
So back up from my yard
Move from the door
You name ain't Funkmaster so what you Flexin' for?