

# KRS-One, Are You Ready For This

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)  
Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)  
Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)  
Well we just can't miss (drop the beat like this)  
Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)  
Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)  
Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)  
Well we just can't miss

[KRS-One]

Well when I speak this  
I'ma be like this, I'ma be like Kris  
I'ma teacher, I'ma preacher, I'ma free my kids  
I'ma grow dem and show dem what a leader is  
I'ma teach dem the laws of receive and give  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, believe and live  
You done heard the hype, COME to where the talent is  
&quot;I'm Still #1,&quot; yep you heard right  
People say, &quot;KRS-One you shine bright!&quot;  
Others say, &quot;Yo - you rhyme tight&quot;  
When you find me, you find light, and that's alright  
I don't know about pimpin, sellin women like retail  
Or turning coke into crack for resale  
But I do know if we fail  
In 2020 our children by the million gonna be jailed  
We got the victory over the streets  
God willin we chillin, we know we gon' eat  
I'm a whole different kind of MC, hoes don't like  
not tempt me but the ladies treat me oh so gently  
Universities sendin me stretch Bentleys  
My seminars and lectures, are rarely never empty  
We teach students plenty, honorary degrees  
Gold and platinum plaques I got many, ask Kenny  
People get shocked when I walk into Denny's  
Or the corner Kwik-Stop, they say, &quot;That's Hip-Hop  
right there,&quot; and yeah it's really quite clear  
2004 might be the right year  
for mental and spiritual repair  
The solution is in the resolution you just declared

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

When I speak like this  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, hip-hop philosopher  
All in the street well I'm very popular  
All through the hood I make all the stops and I  
avoid the cops and them random shots well I  
love hip-hop and I, live hip-hop so I  
spit that shit to get you off your block cause I  
can't understand and I, wish I could see dem  
cats that talk bout they love the hood and they  
never bring the hood anything that's good, and they  
rap for the money tree, chasin a company  
But I think you can now see, rap is fun to me  
I got a ministry, a class, a staff that's under me  
KRS in pop rap? Nah, it ain't ought to be  
It'll never happen like, you eatin pork with me  
Amateurs hawkin me, DON'T EVEN talk to me  
My house is in Atlanta but I still got New York in me  
Walk with me, most rappers are short to me  
I'm like Chamberlain, dominatin the sport you see  
I toss MC's off of me

When you hear KRS you say that's how it ought to be

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]  
I drop heat like this!