

KRS-One, Mad Crew

Intro:

BooBooBooBooBooyakaShot

Of course, all the hardcore heads, this one goes out to You. Crank up the volume one time. Peace

(mad)

So in the clubs I get (mad)

On the mic I get (mad)

On the beats I get (mad)

Yo,

Chorus:

I got the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

I'm wit the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

I be chillin' wit the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

I'm rollin' wit the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

C'mon

Verse One:

See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this

Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris

They watchin' too much television and they rocka

This ain't the TV show "Taxi" and I ain't Lotka

I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me

Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me

But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin' NOTHIN'

You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or "Productions"

I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets, believe me

Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee

You're rated PG, again I win when I begin

I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend I don't bend

I ravage and damage I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses

Hot flashes, your style is what trash is

Stay out of my classes, PUNK

Stay out of my classes - yo

Chorus:

I got the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

I'm chillin' wit the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

I'm rollin' wit the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

And I be hangin' wit the

(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

C'mon

"Is the Bronx in the house? I said is the Bronx n the house? Fuck that shit. Is uptown in the house?"

Verse Two:

Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star

I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar

So here's a quick freestyle to my target:

My core audience, fuck the rest of the market!

'Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it

To break your legs if you try to chart it

I got heart, it doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it

Some MCs can't rock for five minutes

Sorry, that's not the way to approach me
Use caution I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often
You probably don't know this:
I give birth to MCs and I also give abortions
I'll do a number to your body structure
You look like supper and I'm that hungry motherfucker!
You don't wanna be on the menu!
I'll end you, twist you up and bend you like Gestapo
Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco
No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow
That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem challenge trouble
Me are number one of me there is no double!
And you don't want no trouble
'Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double

Chorus:

I got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm chillin' wit the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm rollin' wit the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm hangin' wit the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
And I be comin' wit the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

"Word, Yo, Brooklyn, where You at, where You at? Yo, Brooklyn, where You at, Brooklyn? W

Verse Three:

Check

Me comin' in quick, me cominadance, now me a sing
KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting
Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one
All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up
We have the champion belt and lyrical cup
Any DJ they want my title filled, no way now man step up
But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up
This ain't no game upon the mic me bring the noise to you like Chuck

Chorus:

I got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm chillin' wit the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
And I be comin' wit the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm rollin' wit the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
Kid Capri got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
Gang Starr got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
Ill Will got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
Flavor Unit got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

Check it out!

"Make some noise! Fuck that shit, baby. Bronx is in the motherfuckin' house..."

Big shoutout to all the real hip hoppers in the house and all the phony DJs that try to battle BDP thi
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)

