

# HipHop Knowledge

## KRS-One

You know, life is funny  
If you don't repeat the actions of your own success  
You won't be successful  
You gotta know your own formula, your own ingredients  
What made you, you 1987, I was at the Latin Quarters  
Listenin' to Africa Bambaata give the order  
The call of the order was to avoid the slaughter  
He said, "Record companies ain't got nuttin for ya"  
Without a lawyer, he taught The Infinity Lessons  
In how hip-hop could be a, many a blessing  
And that was great, so in 1988  
There was no debate, we had to end the hate The name of the game was Stop the Violence  
And unity, knowledge, and self-reliance  
We started talkin' 'bout Martin and Malcolm  
Had these ghetto kids goin', huh, what about him?  
1989, Professor Griff speaks his mind  
But his freedom of speech is declined  
1990, came with the West coast  
East coast, West coast, who is the best coast? Lookin' back now, of course it was bogus  
The whole argument was where we lost focus  
We got hopeless, not with the lyrics and music  
But with hip-hop, and how we used it  
Or abused it, you know how the crew get  
You like it cause you choose it  
1991, we opened our eyes  
With Human Education Against Lies, we tried To talk about the state of humanity  
But all these others rappers got mad at me  
They called me Captain Human, another message was sent  
Self Destruction don't pay the rent  
Remember that? Nobody wanted conscious rap  
It was like where these ballers at  
Where can they call us at? All was wack  
Hip-hop culture was fallin' flat and that was that So in 1992, I found my crew  
They said, "Yo Kris, what you wanna do?"  
I said, "Damn, why they wanna get with me?"  
If I bust they I'm contradictory"  
If I play the bitch role, they take my shoe  
Tell me what the am I supposed to do?  
So I did it, don't stop get it get it get it

All of a sudden these critics they wanna spit it  
Kay Are Ess One is contradictory  
Just 'cause I wouldn't let these rappers get with me  
That, you and your pen  
If a rapper wanna diss, yo I'd do it again  
But I'm makin' these ends, and I got my friends  
And I really don't wanna have to sit in the pen  
So I go back to the philosopher  
1993, hip-hop is uhh, wack  
Go back, check the facts  
1994, return of the Boom Bap  
It wasn't all about the loot  
It was all about Harry Allen Rhythm Cultural Institute  
Blowin' 1 up, 1995  
Conscious rap is still alive  
But nobody wanna play it, nobody wanna say it  
Nobody okayed it, they'd all rather hate it  
1996, it really don't stop  
We put together somethin' called the Temple of hip-hop  
Not just DJin', breakin', graf and lyrics  
But how hip-hop affects the spirit  
Step Into a World, that's what I did  
1997, I was raisin' my kid  
Or kids, but I, had to go  
'Cause New York DJ's changed the flows  
To clothes and hoes, but that wasn't me  
I'll be damned if I dance for the MTV  
So in 1998, I began to debate  
Should I go now, or should I really wait?  
'99, I moved to L.A. you see  
And took a gig with the WB  
Started studyin' philosophy full-time  
To have a full heart, full body, full mind  
But you know what the problem is or was  
DJ's don't raise our kids, 'cause  
They so caught up in the cash and jewels  
How they gonna really see a hip-hop school?  
How they gonna really see a hip-hop temple?  
They don't even wanna play my instrumentals, but  
Big up Dr. Dre, Snoop, Xzibit  
Especially Xzibit, he was there in a minute  
Mic Conception, all of them, said  
Yo you need help? I should call them  
When I was in L.A., I held the crown  
Bloods, Crips, they held me down  
I could never forget Mad Lion, killer pride  
With the gat in the lap in the low-ride  
Oh, I can't forget, Icy Ice, Lucky Lou  
Julio G, that was the crew  
Davey D, Ingrid, David Connor  
The list goes on and on, let me tell ya  
Fred Wreck, and my man Protest

Much respect, no less  
To my spiritual and mental defenders  
Big up to L.A., temple members  
But in 2000, I seen how I wanted to live  
I wasn't no executive So I picked up the mic and I quit my job  
Said to Simone, I gotta get with God  
She said, "Don't worry bout these dollars and quarters  
Record companies ain't got nuttin' for ya"  
Damn, she took me back to Bam  
Took me back to who I am  
Brought me back to the New York land  
Now I overstand {Now KRS-One, now you've been quoted as saying that  
Rap is something we do, hip-hop is something you live  
Yes  
Explain that to us please} {Well, well, today hip-hop, we are advocating that hip-hop is not  
Just a music, it is an attitude, it is an awareness, it is a way  
To view the world  
So rap music, is something we do, but hip-hop is something we live  
And we look at hip-hop, in it's 9 elements  
Which is breaking, emceeing, graffiti art, deejaying, beatboxing  
Street fashion, street language, street knowledge, and street  
Entreprenurialism, trade and business} {And uhh, that's where y'know  
That's the hip-hop that that that we're about  
We come from the uhh the root of, of Kool DJ Herc  
Who originated hip-hop in the early 70's  
And then Africa Bambaata and Zulu Nation  
Who instigated something called The Infinity Lessons  
And added consciousness to hip-hop, and then Grandmaster Flash  
With the invention of the mixer, on to Run-D.M.C. and then myself} {And uhh, we created the Stop the  
Violence movement, you may recall  
A song, Self Destruction and and and so on  
All of this, goes to uhh uhh, the idea of living this culture out  
And taking responsibility for how it looks and, and acts in society}

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>