Elementary

Horace Andy

Verse 1:I hear the same old rhyme, the same old style
The same old runner has ran the mile
See, I don't know exactly what you know
But what I know is that stuff gotta go
Usually when I pick up the mic
Something ill jumps out my mouth for that night
I like to talk about fact not fiction
I got some fantasy rhymes but just listen
Everything I write is premeditated
Suckas wanna fake it, I just hate it
Bitin routines or sayin somethin kinda weak
My words are comprehended every time I speak
Or have spoken, no I'm not jokin
Please don't sleep, I hope you are awoken
Stop! try this again, you had enough? say when
I am the man with the six-pack of heineken
I get tipsy
But never in your life try to dis me
Cos I don't battle with rhymes, I battle with guns
Knowledge reigns supreme over nearly every one
If you take the first letter of what I just sung
You spell my name "krs-one"
It's elementaryElementaryVerse 2:Dj scott larock and i: krs-one
Our mother's first son and no, we'll never run
From complex situations like you t-o-y-s's
Always talkin junk, yet in jail, you're rockin dresses
I have arrived for the purpose of joy
Unlike any ordinary bronx b-boy
I will volunteer my services and launch an attack
On you fake educators with your yakety-yak
This is a fact, the teacher is here now in the flesh
Consistently hounded by you mc pests
If you really want to learn from me
Don't waste time in burnin me
Cos ignorance and inexperience does not concern me
I will emphasize so you will realize and come alive
Never close your eyes, never sleep or you might take a dive
Many people hate me, many people love me
Some are far below me

And you know there's some above me
But this, my hypothesis, to conclude the story
All you fake mc's on a mission, you bore me
I'm the blastmaster krs on the mic
Watchin all these females rock their pants too tight
Cos there's no other creative composition on display
That give a full analysis and rock this way
You will pay, eventually you all will decay
While the dj scott larock will continue to play
Cuttin records, drivin cars, and you'll know who we are
Make a mix just for kicks
And you'll be on our tip
And, oh yes, there's a highlight to the show, of course
You hear dj scott larock (go off! go off!)(scott la rock) (go off! go off!) x8Verse 3:Boogie down productions, no reduction to it's title
If you have a headache, toys, go and take a midol
We have arrived for the purpose of enjoyment
You have arrived to make up for unemployment
You're on it only cos I learned just how to flaunt it
I breathed a rhyme upon you like a sickness and you caught it
Quick, get off the tip, trick, you must be sick
Like a doctor here's my bill, I wrote it out with a bic
Signed my name upon the bottle cos you know I just rocked em
But gettin into battles really isn't my thing
You're probably thinking these are the rhymes for the century
But please don't mention me
It's only elementaryElementary
All it really is to me and scott la rock...is elementaryElementary
Elementary

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