

Nothing New

KRS-One & Marley Marl

Aiyyo Kris man I'm seein' a lot of movement in the industry right now
I'm seein' a lot of cats comin' into the industry
But they got the wrong idea
Nah but f'real f'real, a lot of cats comin' into it like Yo what could the industry do for me? No
What could you bring to the industry?
What could you bring into the industry?
F'real Nothing new, nothing new, dem not sayin' nothing new
Nothing new, nothing new, dem not sayin' nothing new
They run, they run, they run, they run, they run their lyric through
But when you're finished rhymin' you have not heard nothing new So this one dedicated to the one that run their
rhyme-a
Time after time after time after time
I know what you will say before you jump up on the stage
But make sure you don't say, "Di-di-di-dah-di-di-di-day" Then we'll have to look for you and chop you all up
So when you see me in the street just keep your mouth shut
Nothing new, nothing new, dem not sayin' nothing new
Nothing new, nothing new, dem not sayin' nothing new, what? Everythin' you doin' kid we already did it
Everythin' you spittin' kid we already spit it
This my 15th album, I'm havin' fun wit'chu critics
Everythin' you doin' kid we already did it If rap was a toilet, I woulda already shit it
Critics sayin', "Kris you shoulda already quit it"
But I can't stop, won't stop spittin' crazy lyrics
'Cause I, am hip hop, other rappers just try You critics wanna sit down and debate every line
But tryin' to get into my concert same time
Spot all packed up, cops yellin', "Back up, back up"
KRS yellin', "Sound man turn the track up" We act up the whole spot a hour straight
We rock 30 classics at least 20 breaks
We always in demand and you must over stand man
We won't be found man on Billboard or SoundScan Seek me and you will find
Where I be kickin' or spittin' that ill rhyme
Until then they can't see me 'cause I be
In the heart of every rapper I shine Nothing new, nothing new, dem not sayin' nothing new
Nothing new, nothing new, dem not sayin' nothing new
They run, they run, they run, they run, they run their lyric through
But when they're finished rhymin' you have not heard nothing new So this one dedicated to the one that run
their rhyme-a
Time after time after time after time
I know what you will say before you jump up on the stage
But make sure you don't, yo yo Marley turn me up a bit Which one of you punk ass rappers

Wanna get chewed up like seafood platters?
Bring your best rhyme, it don't matter to me
You ain't gettin' on tonight by battlin' me
The streets won't forgive you man, them guns go blam
Have you crawlin' up the wall like Spider-Man
You all in the jungle, with no Spears like Britney
Like the coke want Whitney, you still wanna get me
But no, you ain't made for this
I put my hand through your chest like Agent Smith
I jam like them big four-fifths
I go off like a glock 9, no safety on Kris
Y'all talk 'bout platinum, I don't need all that
I got 26 gold and platinum plaques
I'll take away your rights like the Patriot Act
Have your whole crew thinkin', "Well maybe he is kinda whack"
Oh you know what happens after this
Win or lose, you know what happens after Kris
They call me Blastmaster 'cause I be blastin'
Have yo' ass lookin' like Jesus in 'The Passion'

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