

Musika (feat. Magic Juan)

KRS-One & Marley Marl

Yeah, uh, huh
Use your real eyes to realize these real lies
Yo Marley, let's hit 'em, word up
I don't know why these cats tryin to front Marley Marl on the musika, KRS on dem lyrics da
On the side I teach meta-ta-ta-physica, Kris is a
Master MC, challenge he, no nigga nah
Let me get this-a, clear like vinegar Kris is the hood of America, I stay ahead of ya
What I spit will better ya, retire? Me? No, never, nah
Way too clever for cats that want me to sever this endeavor
I'm like whatever, hah The opposite of a lie, many tried to get with this guy
But only the best can spit with this guy
It's the teacher, go on and give him a try
I take you all the way back to ba-da-bad-ba-ba-bi Stay fly, without the flashyness my
Jewels is the gift that I apply, so I ask why
These Kentucky Fried Chicken DJ's promotin' breast and thighs
Marley Marl test these guys, it takes real eyes to realize these real lies Oye repeta mietro
This for the hood, for the ghetto
Do the math loc or get goin
Huh, 'bout that cuenta How can I get in the front if I ain't gettin in front
That's why I spit what I want and slide credit to pun
Lies spread it to none, rely on heaven and funds
A two-faced nigga's what I'll never become Used to be a [unverified], now I see my rhymes get applied
To a track with two live nayendas
Marley, KRS cono dude well that makes it tres
Make a tape, no crosshairs, my aim is great This ain't the top 8 at 8, it's Hip-Hop 88
When it wasn't all about guap' in a baby face
Back then
How all them entiendo porque Soy un free ya boy, hundred percent loco see the toys
Can't win on the streets dog you need a lawyer
Use your real eyes and realize
That real lies are upon us and stop gettin cornered Mira, Mira, the teacher
Mira, see the teacher, he a come tina rap eater
The teacher, a specialist speaker
To stand next to the leader you must be next to BE leader We free and we strive to be freer
The one that helps you to become a better you, that's your teacher
Through these lyrics I reach ya
The truth speaker, roof reacher, proofreader, meaner no one We chosen, lyric shogun
Young gun turned old gun
Challenge me? No son

Use your real eyes to realize these real lies

Songwriters

PARKER, LAWRENCE KRSONE / MARLEY, MARL / PETERS, JUAN F. Published by
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patents pending.

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