Where You At

Critikal

[KRS-One]Get out of the car now!!
Woo Woo Woo (Police Siren)
Pull over ya Rhymes is Whack,
Coming Through on the Track KRS-One Rascalz like that.
you'll get jerked up neighborhood I run Berserk
Respect the Faze 2, respect Kool Herc
Time to do work, the Microphone Expert
When the plug insert the Mixer, I spurt
I'm quicker to pick up rhyme and Blo Blow Your Mind
If you look closely to you'll see the stop sign
Cause my Lyrical Physique is Tweak to its peak
I'm brand new at the same time antique
Mic's be tonguing Chief when I speak, yet my technique is unique
I rap from here to Mozambique, you go take a leak
Your dialogue is analog, mystical digital is my lyrical catalog
Hogging Rappers, clogging up Rappers, Smogging up Rappers
KRS is mind Boggling.
Even rappers like the white castle, with no hassle.
As I unmask you the 6th member of the raskalz
KRS-One from the Bronx, respecting as we stomp, there is no cop.
From America to Canada, lyrical stamina
Coming through like that on the track
(Where you At)
Right here, so tell me what u want from me.
(Where you At)
Yo right here where I'm suppose to be.
(Where you At)
Underground with the hiphop sound.
(Where you At)
With the head that be holding it down.
{RedOne}
Hey yo my turn to catch wreck, feel the effects when it connects;
the body checks. The crowds be rough neck so i'm set.
intellect thug cock, ready to target on lock.
unorthodox is my style cause its for the Hard Knocks.
Bald head and Dreads locks yo,
strictly Hiphop.
we blow the shots and,
(Wo Wo)

and den Escape from the cops.

Cause we criminal minded,
and rhyming with time, and Hey
Full Domination.
With curse and the sign,
were Crimming so pass hydro let me ht I'm wit it and committed for Life.
Can u dig it the way we live it.
We wild dogs with no muzzle
we dope, droop and Drizzle and leave a puddle,
to make my spot so u'll never be where u should not.
Yo Dis the Bronx and VanCity if Ya Forgot,
Raskalz and Krz
with the real hippo still house in 2000 and we Ain't goin' to stop.
[Misfit]Hey yo check it as I open ur eye,
it the Mistakerilze.
I got the Microphone and we Bound to capsize,
I flip a 40 excerize spit it just to mesmerize,
Tantalize and energize,
as the sun rise I snatch the Prize.
I got u open now u scooping just to see
how many Mic's get dressed between us,
Don't intervene us.
Plus when I bust,
Nigga and because,
Thrust is my concense.
To spit dope lies,
to make ur heads fly like cancer.
Yo when I rhymemy gift is genacidal or homicidal,
I can't see any race is safe and petrified.
So I stab your third eye.
Make u see why with 2 eyes, the 3 guys
just spit it on the mic, is gonna ride
ain't an Mc's from East to West
Blazing like wayotecks.
stop your heart and chest make u feel it like Stress.
Now Tailor made KRS and Rascalz Manifest,
Beat to Digest to get your head blessed like smoking sess.
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