

Build Ya Skillz

KRS-One

Check, I control your mind with one rhyme I speak
And get you open like a prostitutes buttcheeks
Rapper get kicked in they mouth with cleets
'Cause they're speech refuses to reach beyond the beach
Have a seat quick, I speak or spit flicks on your
[Incomprehensible]
Time to complete shit, no weak shit, I mean freak shit properly
I can feel myself becoming a lyric monopoly
Others will copy me but repeat my shit sloppily
Shocking me with inclinations of rocking me
Insanity it got to be
My true identity is never meant to see
I simply use the gifts sent to me mentally
Yo, word up, get from out my face
Before you get bust quickly
That's the hip hop, the hibby, I rip it in a minute
'Cause I'm gifted like December 25th, now let me flip
I'm all knowing lyrically syllable growing
Even when it's snowing, I'm party going
Free flowing and stomping, never tip-toeing
Overthrowing the comp, big up Bronx
I got more styles than the planet got women
I got as many rhymes as is many styles of women
Don't make me come out on that ass start flippin'
Your mental I'm afflictin', actin' ill and sickin'
Pickin' the victim at random, slammin' em
Draggin' them to the stage and dismantlin' them
As my Hydrogen turns to Helium, I shine
None of your lyrics I'm feelin' em, you rhyme
Like you should be wearin' an apron
Scrapin' a pot with a name like Mariam
But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyric
Build ya skillz
But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyric
It's time for the raw shit, not that on tour shit, that outlaw shit
That real hardcore shit, KRS-One runs shit like diarrhea
Bitin' motherfuckers, hear my shit and get up outta here
I don't care this year
A lot of albums is wack this year
"Will KRS bring it?" Ahh yeah
Thanks for the invite, it's just about to get hype
That straight up raw street type shit is what it feel like
I will be displayin', lyrical styles, I'm saying
Lyrical styles from the miracle child
Want a pile of ill styles wildin' on your radio dial?
Smile, I been here for awhile
Peep my style while I go on with the song
I rock the microphone then take it to the streets with the Krylon
Clicka clacka, clicka clacka
Take a spray can and slap a wack rapper
Stacks of money for videos, I don't have it

You're lookin' at the last MC with true talent
Get your tape recorder fast kid
Boombastic another classic, turn up the cassette! All my styles are lyrically fantastic and movin'
While soothin' any urges for booing
Ungluing your mouth from my private
The more the merrier, syllable superior East Coast, West Coast, battles are inferior
'Cause I by myself will take out the whole North America
We need to expand rap beyond this land
Set up competitions with England and Japan World cups for rappers that really fuck shit up for fun
Yeah, I know I'll get one But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyric
Build ya skillz But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyric
Build ya skillz Rappers talk too much shit
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