

# Elementary (Instrumental)

## Boogie Down Productions

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 want to 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  
'cause 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 elementary  
Elementary 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-why-S's  
Always talkin' junk, yet in jail, you're rockin' dresses  
I have arrived for the purpose of joy  
Unlike any ordinary Bronx be-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  
'cause 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  
'cause 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!) x8

Verse 3:

Boogie Down Productions, no reduction to its 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 'cause 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 'cause 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

Songwriters

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