South Bronx

Boogie Down Productions

This what you call hardcore, fat gospel street gospelSouth South, Bronx
Yo where my people at?
South South, Bronx
Yo where my heart is at?
South South, Bronx
C'mon let's bring it back
South South, BronxRaw rhymes for raw times
My albums are underground, but this blessing is all mine
And when it's tour time, we open more minds
You need to rethink who you think is the "Greatest of All Time"
I got this -- I'm raw like Freddie Foxxx is
Hardcore like The LOX is, Scott LaRock is where Tupac is
Where hip-hop is, Digital-ly Underground like Shock is
Oh yes -- I know where the top is
But I'd rather rhyme about how crooked some of these cops is
My synopsis ain't pretty
I'd stay, off them plains and, out the city if I were you
Do what you gotta do
But while you wave them flags, remember Amadou Diallo
Here's what we gotta do, follow
I'll put hip-hop in you if you're hollow
Those that already filled, still take swallows
Goin over potholes with Tahoes
You don't think +I+ know? Huh! I'm lookin at you right now
You ain't dancin in the club, you in your car, sittin down
You in the crib, on the low
You got them headsets on the go
You just saw me at the show oh you don't know?
It's the Temple of Hip-Hop, comin, with a whole different flow
Yo where them hoes at? I don't know
But wherever God at, I'ma go
I give 'em a hard rap and a flow
That's why when they call back for the show, with no video
We get up and goYo where it started at?
South South, Bronx
Yo where my people at?
South South, Bronx
Yo where my heart is at?
South South, Bronx

C'mon let's bring it back
South South, BronxSouth South, Bronx
Yo where my people at?
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C'mon let's bring it back
South South, BronxPeep it out while I tell ya like this
In every single hood in the world I'm called Kris
It's the, truth for ya, it's the proof for ya
My Cristal passes more bars than lawyers
The underground sound, this is not easily found
You don't need no rings to be down
This is, past the platinum and gold
We already had 'em, it's old
Here's the truth if it be told, gather 'round
Philosopher style is known to be wild
If you only holdin them guns, who's holdin your child?
You got to be thinkin you know that you shrinkin
When the art of Navigation has been reduced to a Lincoln
Change the dial! I was free then and I'm free now
You free, runnin to MTV? I don't see how
You know the real from the fake, you know they stealin they cake
You know it ain't about the art, it's all about what they make
You know the radio's late, you know they play what you hate
That's why you got that Kay Slay tape, tryin to escape
You know the love of the cars and the rims
Tattooed arms and Timbs, are also called sins
You know you got to pay for these spins
You know the rap magazines be wack from beginning to the end
BOSouth South, Bronx
Yo where my people at?
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C'mon let's bring it back
South South, BronxI never was a king and I'm not the Pres
I'm a teacher like that reefer goin straight to your head
I'm a preacher tryin to bring my people back from the dead
I'm a leader tryin to keep you all away from the feds
You my sister I'll be tryin to get you out of the bed
I'm a philospher sayin what has got to be said
I don't fill you with lead, I bring that knowledge instead
Follow this dread, I'll take you from A to Zed
Who am I? Just a scholar called K-R-S

You can spend your money on others but they ain't blessed
You can spend your money drugs and still be stressed
Look around for conscious rappes yo there ain't none left
I'm holdin it downbetter yet I'm holdin up
Waitin for some young buck to come and sip from the cup
And continue with the menu puttin new knowledge in you
I got a question and a lesson cause I know what you been through
ButSouth South, Bronx
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C'mon let's bring it back
South South, BronxThe South South Bronx, boyeee

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