

Ey-Yo! (The Reggae Virus)

KRS-One

Who wan come try, dis-respect
De mother yon chop upon dis head (chop man)
Mother knows every style, oh-wayyy-ohh
like Shaggy, one called KRS [Yes!] (whoooooh!)
The champagne drink, rock-n-roll link
Holy smoke pon de bass mix (tell em, tell em, tell em)
Never know tell me go, oh-wayyy-ohh
Yo Kali, serve his head like Chef
All de massive in de pub just say, eyyy-yo, eyyy-yo
(Rob him like dat, man now come down bring it)
Eyyyheyyyyyo eyyyy-yo
(Ya come down now KRS, tell em, tell em, yeah!)

You don't realize the magnitude I laugh at you
Flappin you rat-a-tat, you on your own avenue
while I'm slappin you, askin you, "Why you actin new?"
Crushin a mack and you turnin up the black in you
Skill for skill you the minor we the major
I grade your whole album like a mad term paper...
ZERO, don't be a fan! Like DeNiro
Be a teacher, be a role model, be a hero
Get it clear yo, I be rollin with de po-sse
Now do your plan over or get, ran over

I be crusin down the highway, just sportin in the fly way
Turn it up a notch and de sound hits dem
Creepin through traffic with the sunroof open
to ventilate the scent from the spliff we smokin
Huff with a chop we do not
We make up a mighty powder, said scrap, last week!
We close in the Jeep, no fire for sleep
Dem come rough and make you one of dem weak or
in de dance kill a watch like chicken in my pot
Call dem with de champagne, can't stop that's right!
Man of been to dem place, to champagne away
Sign of money, can virus strike

"I see you move..."
Look now man, look look
"I see you move..."
I think it's time for it

Who dat from the chat with the boom shot
Hit you with the lyrical bash, so won't last
Rudebwoy check your stash, caught the cash
and if you don't like dat, somebody gettin bitch-slapped
I'm the raggamuffin with the Dream Team
KRS, Mad Lion guaranteed to make your money scream
(See? All you need) rhythmatical style
(Need) ya done gwan irie, peep
Pump ya best if ya irie, like me
Cause we don't want know si-ren, hey
Nuff a rhyme works, nobody gets hurt
Look up on the dancefloor, herd of nothin but skirts
Fellas in the club, actin like vi-pers
Bitin them girls like your name was Marv Albert
Baby love no fighting, come to back biting

You and your girlfriend should do the right thing
I'ma let this beat swing, while I think I'm the king
and go rap pon a nice sexy young queen

"I see you move..."

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Eyyyheyyyyyo eyyyyy-yo

Yo... get your hands up!! Yo!
On the mic I'm sheddin light, you better get it right
I produce what you like, satisfy your appetite
No fly-by-night, we rock you right
KRS Shaggy Mad Lion yo whassup with this money?

Mind bogglin, oh love them ogling
Turn watch while we seek, see now stop dance wid dem
Don'tcha want this girl, with her Erykah streak
Kafi yome love go me because we off that weed
Chase while we head to the watch pon me wrist
We gets another week til we own necklace
Get receipt on me watch, if we buy it then we flaunt it
Kill you alla dem, make dem come back haunted

Alla big up to Shaggy rock love
Mad supporters, love
And de people rock dis KRS-One
Ya feel the vibes all mel-low
Shaggy, I want cha pump ya fist and just throw it up like this
Yeah, uhh, push it up, yeah, uhh, let em know
I wanna big up my whole, hip-hop fraternity, yeah
My reggae fraternity, yeah
All men, all posse everybody in this rock
left right yeah, uhh, sync your butt, yeah
Uhh, Mad Lion, uhh
Uhh, Flatbush style, uhh
Brooklyn Queens Bronx style, yeah
Strong Island, wicked wild, yeah
Uhh, and New York town flavor
All the crew
KRS-One, Shaggy, Mad Lion run dat