

King Tee, Bus Dat Ass

King Tee:

I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass

J-Ro:

Naw, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass
(say what?!)

E-Swift:

Naw nigga, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm the man that'll bust dat ass

Hook:

I'm the man that'll bust dat ass, I'm that man that'll bust dat ass

King Tee talking:

Yo check this out. This is Tha Alkaholik crew. E-Swift didn't they say it couldn't be done? They said King Tee couldn't bring out the Alkaholik crew (but we doin' it). Yo, it's the fresh shit. The dope shit for 1993. Tha Alkaholik crew. I'm gonna bust out like this, here we go, come on.

King Tee:

Now bust it, I'm a try to freak it with the drums
Alkaholik funk, bass for the trunk
And I'm kinda crazy, stupid and hey I can do the nasty and drink like a sailor
I'm real smooth, free from germs
Even walk away when my homie smokin' sherm
Cause this is how I kick it, hoes got to lick it
It's Tha Alkaholiks and J-Ro is wicked
E-Swifts mad, cause he Got It Bad
King Tees phat and I sport a blue rag
For the little whips and the honey dips
It's gang truece so I put away the clips
Baby baby baby I might flip
Got to get it on, let my backbone slip
If I fall back then give me some gas
If you try to play me I'll bust dat ass

Hook (x4)

J-Ro:

Put the mic down clown, you can't get down
Jump around stage like your name was Charlie Brown
When the kid is played out your rap record is finished
Deminish, you couldn't come strong if you ate a gang of spinish
Popeye, you could never drop by, you can never stop by
Cause you can never top I
I got to hold back now I'm out before your turf
Because I want it all like the nigger Greedy Smurf
It's time to scoop the wack up, E-Swift bring the track up (alright)
Punk you better pack up, cause the unit got my back up
You're a mic stand, got a steady woman
But I been in more sheets than the Klu Klux Klan
I'm the J to the Ro, and I want to make it clear
That you're rappin' like a queer so why don't you get on out of here
With the alley cat coat wearin' Hush Puppy shoes
? seen you with (punk you ain't shit!)
King Tee and the Liks blowin' up like gas
I bend your rhyme over, I bend your rhyme over
I bend your rhyme over, I bend your rhyme over
I bend your rhyme over, then I bust dat ass

Hook (x4)

Talking:

Tha Alkaholiks, Tha Alkaholiks, I'm drunk, I'm drunk, Tha Alkaholiks.
Straight for 93. Rippin' shit up. Tha Alkaholik , now you join E-Swift

Hook

E-Swift:

I fiend to get busy like a bee, check 1,2,3!
E-Swift and Tha Alkaholik crew with King Tee (baby)
Bangin' niggas out the box, drink my scotch on the rocks
And I'm makin' more hits than the motherfuckin' cops
I'm kickin' lines like Tyson kickin' ass
Niggas can't laugh, I put your neck in a cast (whoa)
Yes, I'm the man with the skills to talk shit
And I'm back by the crew that none of y'all can get with
So back to the lab to fix your demo
Or get played like Sega or Nintendo
Simple as that, give me a beat that's phat
And watch a nigga jump on a motherfucker like cheese on a rat
It's strickly, dirty underground ass funk
That's busting out the weak 15's in your trunk
So don't be scared, be prepared when it hits
The average motherfucker can't hand with the Liks

Hook (x4)