

King Tee, Let's Get It On

[singers]

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down
Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down

[King Tee]

Huh, for your convenience I'm fully equipped with the madness
Plus I bring joy to the sadness
Mr. Insane chose to bring the noise
I flex out the best out, and I brought my boys
for the function, wait bring the pumps and the bumps in
Niggaz wanna trip I got pumps in my trunk then
I rule all I survey, bust a move
Ain't nothin changed but the god damn groove
I bring forth fat shit on the money
Homies wanna trip but I'm chillin with the honies
My girl (?) and Nikki Nicole, gets papes
I brought Sable just for old time's sake
The real ruler wrecks records, I mean wrecks wombs
But now I got the psychadelic tune
I dedicate this to my true black sisters
Niggaz bump this while they rollin on them twisters

[singers]

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[King Tee]

Yo I told you man I don't play around with the music
I'm funkdaified, blowin up acoustics
I'm rather remarkable when I kick the matter
Skilled in the field of rough grammar
I electrify and intoxicate the moment
I branch out and crush my opponent
It's +Super Nigga+ in the skies, wild mannered
Reportin on the sound, you got to gets down
like I toldja, and peep you can write it in your book
Cause, yo - that's that shit with that Soul Train hook, yeah
The blackness gets stronger, the soul gets deep
Make room for the Alkaholik Sheik
I persist to be the infinite all-time great
I'm told that my name gained weight
since the past, so hell, let me take it on the blast
Yo yo, pass the rug before I bust my ass

[singers]

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[King Tee]

Hey nig bust the funk, I feel somethin comin
+Tales From the Crypt+ or I might just be buggin
No propoganda, I stand outstander
A +OutKast+, like them kids from Atlanta
I perform microphone exorcism on rappers
I cast out the demon from them bastards
And oh Nikke, you did the track, what's the plan?
Step to the mic and show these hookers how to slam

[Nikke Nicole]

Flash for a style, Nikke is the picture
Open as I enter, I'd like to send a
track that's fat, constant non-stoppin
From Brooklyn to Compton, my shit is stompin
.. I like to parlay on the Ave

Every now and then smoke a blunt, sip a Heineken
I know a King named Tee, Tha Alkaholik
"I can rock a rhyme no matter how you call it"
Produce hits from the bassment
I make loops, if they're used, I replace 'em
Nikke Nicole, the soul sound, bring the whole crew
We can all get down..

[singers]
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{*fades out*}