

# King Tee, Played Like A Piano

(King Tee) King Tee's drunk again...Yo, check this out: awww shit, aw shit, I wanna dedicate this song to all them motherfuckers out there that-that-that-that-that-that-that (not again) perpenetratin'...perpetratin'... perpin' tratin'. Wait, rewind. (eh but yo...King Tee, man, what is this? What is this?)

Some cool shit for the King's anthology,  
and when I'm done, don't expect no apology.  
Stupid motherfuckers shoulda stepped when I warned 'em.  
I'm from the Boondocks of Compton, California.  
I'm just anxious to whoop some ass,  
I went to high school, but I flunked every class.  
So what makes you think I give a fuck about respect?  
I'll put your bitch in check, and I'll bet  
you won't run up, son of a punk and a bitch, too.  
I shoulda did a drive by on you and your crew.  
Cuz ya'll be poppin' some shit that's unheard of.  
For you, what's the word? Uh...(wack!)...it's murder, son.  
When I be crushin' your hood with a passion,  
and I ain't talkin' that Action Jackson.  
When I come you better run for ammo,  
or get played like a fuckin' piano...

And yo, we got my homeboy Ice Cube in the house from the motherfuckin' Lench Mob (what's up, nigger?), and yo Ice Cube, I heard you're a singer now, man what's up? Yo, yo...

(Ice Cube)  
Do-Ray-Me. But I don't sing, mothafucker.  
I kick shit with the King, mothafucker.  
Ice Cube will clock the cash, rock the mass,  
and if you run up, I'll sock your ass.  
And watch that eye get swollen,  
cuz I'm playin' punk niggas like Beethoven.  
So bust a cap or swing and die.  
Fuck Yul Brynner, it's still The King and I.  
Cuz where I'm from the sun don't shine,  
so One-Time hope I only bust one rhyme.  
But I bust one more for the suckers,  
last year I was Ruthless, now I'm Lenchin' mothafuckers.  
And you'll see in a tree, MCs and crews.  
Now they're lookin' for me, King Tee, and Pooh.  
Now every nigga that crossed me's soprano,  
cuz I played their ass like a fuckin' piano...

(King Tee) Yo, check this out, we got my homeboy Breeze in the motherfuckin' house from the L.A. Posse, and he got some shit to holler. Come on, man, bust this shit.

(MC Breeze)  
Well, I'm-a take the mic like it was a jack move.  
Run with the beat as long as the track moves.  
Hot as lava, organized like a seminar,  
serve you, your crew, him, and them and a  
couple of rap-saps who think they can get butt.  
You slipped and shit, so nitwit, just get the nuts.  
Stealin' your high hopes, watchin' you write notes,  
better walk a chalk line, not fuckin' a tightrope.  
Rap slicker, thicker, quicker than others, then I stop swift.  
Shift from 1st to 5th, while you stop to shoplift.  
Take the mic stand whenever the duty calls,  
if I bust a nut for every rhyme I had, I'd get blue balls.  
Serious as drama, I'm-a watch her say "Me too."  
You're shorter than Michu, your rhymes are see-through.

You're nothin' like GQ, transparent, I made it apparent.  
I'm here to wax and tax the incoherent.  
Cuz B-R-E-E-Z-E will eas-i-ly re-main to be-e a top MC.  
When you see me, I wear a beanie, and not a Kangol.  
Now you got played, like a fuckin' piano.

(King Tee)

This is just a sample of three black Nig-roes  
who grew up in the heart of the ghetto.  
Doin' what we had to just to make ends meet,  
some steal for a livin', some stand on the street,  
just slang. Some gang-bang, but big deal.  
They say in Compton, you gotta kill or get killed.  
Mothafuckin' police pull ya over, slam ya down,  
then tell ya that your hood is their town.  
And I ain't goin' for no shit like that;  
cuff me up, take me to jail, I'll come back.  
Talkin' much shit, cuz I talk what the fuck I feel,  
a few weeks in the county ain't no big deal.  
So a punk like you can't fuck with me,  
that big ballin'-ass nigga named King Tee.  
You think ya can? I don't think that you can, though.  
Peace to Ice Cube and Breeze, and the fuckin' piano.