

King Just, Can I Get Some

(Intro)

Hell yeah

This is how we supposed to do

Uh-huh, Black Fist we gon' do?

(Chorus)

Drop the grenade, niggas ain't larger

Time to get paid, you're in the alarm

Rappers get slayed, and they cause no harm

I'm about to lay, hey, can I get some?

(King Just)

Yo, come get a fuckin taste of reality

Casualty, wept over the whole fuckin galaxy

Battle me, your styles a game like Sorry

Or like Atari, I'm gnarly just like a Harley

Davidson, I take on the bravest one

And turn into that bitch ass nigga he was

Cuz, ain't no fakin and no playin

And every word that I say, is every word that I'm slayin

Oh God, why do they think I'm broad

Is it my lyrics is hard or is I'm wit the Mob

From the Six, now all these rappers talkin shit

But I must be schemin on my life to make hits

Black Fist on the rise, oh now you're surprised

Ya niggas don't exist, like fuckin pens you pry

But I'mma ride, this beat like girls ridin my meat

Fuckin wit Just, that's like swimmin in Shit's Creak

Wit diarrhea, oh mamma mia

Skills is ill, real faster than a cheetah

In a jungle, and I'mma watch ya empire crumble

If rap was football, ya niggas would of been fumble

(Chorus)

(King Just)

Back up, back up, yes Zoo's in town

Wit the new twist and a brand new sound

What you want? Ya niggas ain't ready for war

Cuz it take ten more, before I get raw

Hardcore, off the wall hip hop

Nonstop, settin up shop on your block

Wit glocks, let ya brain rot

Mob tactics, bustin shots, there's a freeze on the pop

What blood clot? Means no money, no honey

And that's what make us better than you dummies

Sayin all types of shit like Shaolin wouldn't last

But just like an automobile you been gassed

Passed, just like the rest, you wanna come for test

My brain's half rhyme, the other half cess

I've been blessed wit the success

What did you except? Look at the way I catch wet

From the projects, and I'mma live here

Til I die, gettin high, Shaolin Soldiers take over in '95

And I'mma make sure all my shit is raw

For ya niggas who front, spell it backwards, war

(Chorus)

(King Just)

Hey good lookin, what you got cookin

Pack your nerve quick, I have this in the street shookin

The fucked up, niggas better duck

Somebody call a bomb squad, cuz I'm about to blow up

Boom, there goes the building
The bomb makes a killa stackin loot to the ceiling
Who dwellin and dealin, maybe I got the fuckin feelin
That I'mma make platinum, I gots to see the million
I'm destined to buck fuckin wild just like a Western
They goin two in the quarter, and have mad sessions
Ain't no second guessin, I'm back, where's ya heart at?
Shaolin's on the map, Zoo niggas attack
The track, got my mind flippin a hundred miles a minute
And as long as I'm in it, boy, I'mma finish
A M.C. off, they got lost and tossed by the source
Cuz I pay the cost to be the boss
You get flagged like Betty Ross and the Spangled Banner
Slammin shit more harder than fuckin Thor's hammer
The ill manner, wit ill grammar
When I get mad, I turn the opposite of fuckin David Bammer
The incredible, unedible, turn backwards
Terrible, cock a phony rappers offa pedestal

(Chorus)

(Interlude)

Yeah, how we on that Shaolin Soldier shit
King Just, the Mystics of the God
Sex, Money, and Cess and the Blas'e Blah

(Chorus)