

# King Just, Hassan Chop

("King Just"; scratched up)

(Chorus 2X)

Hassan Chop! Yo, I can't stop  
Givin you that off the wall hip hop  
Hassan Chop! Yo, I can't stop  
This the type of shit that you pump on your block

(King Just)

Off top, I came to blow the whole spot  
Solid as a rock, my whole style is unorthodox  
Astronomically bait, to a state  
Where I create rappers rate, snatch ya bodies like the dirty mate  
Wait, til you hear the next album drop  
Cuz this shit right here is strictly for the block  
Put your hemp pump cock, lick a shot if you wanna  
Especially if you drink beer and smoke marijuana  
I'm a goner, to this world of society  
That's why kids admire me  
It must be the sounds that I put in ya ear  
Crystal clear, have no fear, in any mic I tear  
In half or to pieces, my style is so ill  
That my middle name should become Jesus  
Oh please kid, this is off the wall terror  
A new era, man, I got the illest shit ever  
Whatever, if you wanna bring it, let it be brought  
And I'mma watch the Mob hold down the fuckin fort  
(Hold it down) And show 'em what my skills can do  
Real niggas represent from the muthafuckin Zoo

(Chorus)

(King Just)

Don't fuck around buck-o, I'm stickin like stucco  
Uh-oh, better get makeover, rhymes is Play-Do  
The cradle who rock the hand, I'mma slam  
Du-Ra-du-Ra, spinnin like Rodan  
No man can hold me down, I'm like Conan  
The Barbarian, muthafuckas, I'm crushin 'em  
They can't uphold the King Just touch of gold  
Now everything I drop becomes a heavy load  
I explode on the road, doin shows  
Givin pounds to my bro's, chasin after big ol' widows  
They know, that I got this rap shit lock  
From the Desert Oasis all the way to the Hilltops  
At the speed of a hat drop, I make you move ya bumblera  
And make Two-Six buck shots, boy, you fuckin blood clots  
And why not, must I make the music?  
As if not man, yo, I just might lose it  
Don't confuse it, we all in the same game  
You don't know me, you just know my name  
Was it the fame, that made me insane in the brain  
Drivin this track like a runaway train  
All aboard, Shaolin scored  
We goin on a world tour, raise ya hand if you're sure

(Chorus)

(King Just)

Now who's true to hip hop?  
Cuz if not, I throw 'em in the headlock  
And smoke pot, like if I was raised in Woodstock  
The hand cot, got me mesmerized  
Cesstify, look at the red in my eyes

Oh why, must you test the best of this rap profess  
And guess that I would settle for less  
Yo, I'm stressed, and it keeps buildin up  
What the fuck, roll up, hold up, throw up  
The stage, my face is on front page  
Now I'm a rage, they let the Zoo niggas out the cage  
Watch me raise, and burn shit up like the inferno  
Thoughts so deep you need to write them in your journal  
Ask the colonel, my shit is finger linkin  
I'm flippin, and ain't enough shit til I put the shit in 'em  
And strike like the 5 Deadly Venoms, and dead 'em  
Forget 'em, fuck 'em, turn around and uppercut 'em  
For frontin, talkin shit and really wasn't sayin nothin

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro)

A new era, a new day and age  
Off the wall hip hop  
Raow, raow  
Once again, peace  
("Ahh" scratched up)