

# King Just, No Flows On The Rodeo

(King Just)

Well here I am, the funky man wit the ill manner  
Don't spasm, cuz I be y'all bad mamma jamma  
I told ya couldn't fuck wit me, nanananana  
I turn Incredible Hulk back into David Bammer  
I am a slammin this shit just like a human hammer  
And rock suits from Timbuktu to Alabama  
Is the matter, and chocolate here comes the sword  
Hit us hard, but now we livin large, oh my God  
Yo it's on, movin in like Desert Storm  
Droppin bombs, ring the alarm, where's my bong?  
Light it up, cuz I'mma smoke shit just like a Gemini  
For niggas who don't remember, yo Mo Bee  
Make it easy, girls wanna seize me  
Believe me, it's the same shit at the 6 G  
Harvard tactics, breakin niggas backwards  
The Zoo stickin niggas like cactus, for practice  
These fake rappers, try to chill and make a pill  
Knowin they ain't real, knowin they ain't got skills  
I'm from the Hill, where niggas go to toe to toe  
In other words, no flows on the rodeo

(Chorus 2X)

Yippeekiyay, yippee yay, yippee yo  
Yippeekiyay, yippee yay, yippee yo  
Yippeekiyay, yippee yay, yippee yo  
Yo, no flows on the rodeo

(King Just)

Holy cow, the kangaroo, they let the wildest nigga out the Zoo  
It's the bird who flew the coup on the first scoop  
Who blew the roof? Poof, straight into the Mystics  
Super sadistic, I'm butter like a biscuit  
Oh shit kid, watch the sonic boom get boomer  
I flip hits and shits, and free my kazoomas  
On like Pumas, and niggas can't throw me out  
Cuz the rhymes I give'll get ya dick hard like pencil stout  
Shout, a little bit louder now  
Who's that nigga goin, aow, aow  
Style, makes me superhyginetic  
Fuck athletics, I'm dope and poetic  
Forget it, cuz niggas don't want none  
Can't get none, probably done before they see the outcome  
The Drum, is the constant beat in my ear  
The Warrior, is me, because I have no fear  
I swear, to my little seed, take heed  
Cuz in this rap shit, I'mma succeed and smoke weed  
And get lifted, high as a kite  
You can't fuck wit the rhymes I write  
So you write, tonight's the night  
I'm ready to fight, it's on and it's war  
I turn, I shoot, I score

(Chorus 2X)

(King Just)

I'm like a threat to a needle, make more hits than Beatles  
And stay sharp like a church steeple  
For my people, I gotta put 'em on somehow  
Is the faces you meet up, is the ones you meet goin down?  
Bow, I'm blowin up spots this year  
I don't care, so rollin up the owls in the stairs  
Be prepared, for all types of shit like this  
Hits after hits, it can only be Black Fist

Shit, what you thinkin  
The reason, I'm the shit is cuz I'm stinkin  
Ya niggas is dead like Abe Lincoln  
I'm thinkin, I'm a fuckin master plan  
It be the man, that made me the man that I am  
God damn, the nigga slams like NBA Jam  
Tryin to battle me, is tryin to drown Aquaman  
It couldn't happen, I'm still on the Staten  
Still rappin, still keepin the crowd clappin  
I'm blastin, all up in the like a shuttle  
Makin other rap squads go in a huddle, leave a puddle  
Of blood for my niggas lock down, one love  
For you niggas who don't like me, blaow, catch a slug

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro)  
What, '95  
No one survive