

King Just, Warrior's Drum (Westside Remix)

(Intro)

Can I get the phat intro?
This is how you was gon start it off?
Yeah, knowhatimsayin?
This is the God, the Drunken Monk, King Just
Comin thru for the Shaolin crew
Black Fist, yo hit 'em wit a uppercut

(Chorus)

Shaolin, Black Fist, they do the job
Shaolin, Black Fist, they do the job
Shaolin, Black Fist, they do the job
And Just came back wit that ol' funky rhyme

(King Just)

Heya heya, can I get some?
The sounds of the Warrior's Drum
On the warpath, don't make me laugh
Cuz you never in your life, wanna ever see the God's wrath
I'mma chief that smoke *weed* outta peace pipes
Yo, bro, I'm half Indian, so you're right
I'mma about to show you wit my mic sword
Yo Shaolin sling, come on raise the sword
Charge, they all crowd from the Black Fist
I got fudge in my mouth, they say that'll let your own wrist
M.C.'s fall and they can't get up
I do the rap, why, yes that's a cut
Huh, right back at you, *niggas* better run
Or feel the force of the Hell Razah's gun
Gupao, gupao, my style is wild chopped in the Shao'
Zoo, aow, aow, I can flip it acapello
I'll make you jelly like Jell-O, figaro, figaro
Who would think that the Just would go opera
You could ask Hammer, he know my *shit* is popper
Stopper, stopper, like Cuddy Ranks
I'm takin money to bank, and my moms I like I'd like to thank
Shaolin, Black Fist, they do the job
And Just came back wit that ol' funky rhyme
Bring it

(Chorus)

(King Just)

And there's a thousand M.C.'s, lined up against the wall
Timber, they all gonna fall
Hassan Chop, yo I can't stop
Givin you that off the wall hip hop
To ya ear, make ya wanna cheer
Hallelujah, ch-ch grrrr, now I'm in second gear
Yo, I'm out of here, to get the mo' tical
From the Meth-Tical, hit the budd' tical
Know I'm headed to the hotel
But I'll be pokin and strokin
Yo the hair, got Tical, got a *nigga* open
Hey daddy, who them those over there?
Shaolin Soldiers, huh, wait a minute, no one told ya
That I'm the *nigga*, that they call Stomp
Who got the looks of a killa dead zombie
I take 'em off, sure fast cannin ya tour
They couldn't catch my style if I was a baseball
Bases loaded, and I got my back gun
Blaow, boom, bang, oh *shit* a home run
Crowd cheerin noise Yo, the crowd goes crazy
Bring it, if you want, cuz you really don't amaze me

(Chorus)

(King Just)

Look who's back, it's the Hell Razah, raisin hell
And I've been rockin rhymes, since *niggas* been rockin gazelles
My slang can bang, so I guess I be the man
You couldn't hang wit my style, if you invented the Ku Klux Klan
I'm like AT&T, I'mma reach ya through ya speaker
I got more sole than a sneaker
Asylum, I'm crazy, I guess I'm wildin
My stylin, is the record straight from the Shaolin
By the kiss of the Black Fist
Shit is sick, here to make ya wanna drown a fish
Under water, I'ma slaughter, like a change machine wit no quarter
Out of order, run for the border
The hardcore rap act is back
I stick out like a thumbtack, I wipe *niggas* off the map
And I rhyme to get paid, cuz when I raid
I wouldn't wanna hear ya style wit a hearing aid
Straight up crook, meaner than Captain Hook
Look out, look out, stomp like Bigfoot
And I don't give a *fuck* about a girl
My crew is more crazy than Bebe Kids in *fuckin* Fun World
I'm causin *niggas* doom, I mean sonic boom
I'm *fuckin* stupid, I write rhymes in the boiler room
Like Krugger, funky dope maneuver
The Drunken Monk is so funky, they call me manure
Horse *shit*, I flip *shit*, oh my God, I rip *shit*
I talk *shit*, no one can *shit*, like I *shit*
Shit like this, get you upset
Because the *shit* that I was singin, was pumpin
through ya projects
How much times must I say *shit*?
Well, if the *shit* ain't worth the *shit*
Then I don't wanna be wit the *shit*
And then you be like "Oh *shit*, he flipped it"
Now ain't that some *shit* kid?

(Chorus 2X)