

King Tee, At Your Own Risk

.. it's at your own {*repeating, getting louder*}
.. it's at your own .. it's at your own
.. it's at your own .. it's at your own
.. it's at your own risk SUCKER!

Yo! Whassup? Yo.. what's happenin, what's happenin?
E-Swift, you cuttin the records nice boy
DJ Pooh whassup man? We all chillin
Yo, yo, J-Ro's in the house, we all cold coolin out y'knahmsayin?
And I'ma bust it off like this for Compton

Well - look who sprung up, comin the fuck up
I came in the place to let you know what's up
with a bunch of trunk jewelery
Two or three fat gold chains, ring plates with my name on 'em
Yeah I rhyme fly, real fly Hobbes
I wear Nike's cause I run from the cops
Pops taught me lots he said "Toys are for tots"
At four, bought me a box, when I was six I wore a jock
cause, my jimmy was gettin kinda big
At nine I was a kid but I took my first swig
Hugged that Olde English beer
So my peers wouldn't think that I was queer
Yeah, right off I got the title of a gangsta
Pranksters run because they know that there ain't a
person, runnin a verse on like this, hahahaha..
Whassup? This at your own risk, sucker

Uhh! This at your own risk, sucker..
P-Puh, Puh-P-Puh-P-Puh-Pooh man fuck it!

People always say, "Are you the King of the West?"
But there's always some pest who try to put you to the test
even though, they know I'm King, I'm on a higher level
I even dust the church and sold they soul to the devil
I mean really, how you think I'm livin?
On the strength I'm livin like it's Thanksgiving
So yo, whassup turkey, tryin to jerk me?
Your rhymes don't work see, you can't hurt T
The almighty individual
You said you knew, but I don't think you really know
about the K-I-N-G super cool mack daddy
I drive a Caddy, and I'm livin fatly
Had me on stage in a rage
Yellin was what ya know, that's how I get paid
Made my mark but rappers still insist, to diss
but yo it's at your own risk sucker

Sup? It's at your own risk
Ayyo, E-Swift, bust the break

Verse three is another one for those to remember
King Tee is the champ, smashin all contenders
For those who disbelieve, just step in my direction
I'm snappin arms, legs and even necks and
suckers who thrive to drive me crazy
You know the ones who front tryin to amaze me
Take it as a warnin cause I'm hopin that you don't diss
But get a load of this, it's at your own risk, sucker!

Yo, it's all about me and DJ Pooh and E-Swift
Rockin the house, y'knowhatl'msayin?
We got Walkman in the house
We got J-Ro in the house

We got (??).. {*echoes*}
Y'knowhat!msayin we cold chillin y'know
I wanna send this record out, to the Piano Man
Piano Man, won't you play somethin for me
Aight, get busy, right here, c'mon c'mon
Get funky, get, get funky, c'mon c'mon
Get funky ass oh, ohh yeah
Get funky, aww ooooooh shit!
It's at your own risk suckers, knowhat!msayin?
Yeah, E-Swift, scratch that in
Awwwww yeah..
Aww you're doggin it man, y'knowhat!msayin?
SEE YA!