

King Tee, Down Ass Loc

[King Tee]

Well it's the musically drunken King Tee, with the fifth of funk
Guaranteed to make you jump like my 12 gauge pump, huh
I've been around since the days of the Sugarhill groove
Bust it out with "Act a Fool";
When I was seventeen, made some mad-ass green
Bought a six-fo' and some more gold things
Had to play the part for the G's on the block
so I bought a blue rag, bought a black glock
Ran with the bunch that was out to get paid
The Westside of Compton over where the dead laid
On (?) and Central, where niggaz get mental
for a dollar, makin punk niggaz holla
I used to kick it on my front porch, drinkin some 'gnac
while the homies stripped cars in the back
Lifestyles of the short and broke
Ain't worried bout shit, cause I'm a down ass loc

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

So break the nigga off when you come to my hood
Cause the little B.G.'s, is up to no good
Jackin motherfuckers for they Dana Dane's
Got 'em jumpin out they shit like the House of Pain

[King Tee]

Yeah, a young man with the grown man's gun
Tryin to stay full while he's livin in the slum
I used to bang on fools like I was goin insane
from a notorious Compton gang
It's King Tee, strapped "IV Life";
Cause I don't trust niggaz, I use the middle finger for the trigger
Ease back, watch bullets, flock through the sky
for the homies that died, and don't know why
It's the crazy motherfucker with the hot-ass tec
Makin hard niggaz hit the deck
Lifestyles of the short and broke
Ain't worried bout shit, cause I'm a down ass loc

[Chorus]