

# King Tee, Take You Home

( \*yawns\* )

Ah man

Suckers bite my stuff, man

Can't get no sleep, man

Yo, what's up, DJ Pooh?

Nice to see you back, man

For 1990, right?

Finna do it up

But I want you to do somethin for me, Pooh

You could do me a favor right quick?

W-won't you pump up the beat a little bit right here, come on, right here

Suckers

Suckers

1990, y'all

King Tee back on the map

And we gon' tear it up like this

I wanna dedicate this song to all the L.A. rappers out there

Check it out

(Don't turn away, I think you should listen)☐- &gt; MC Lyte

Well I'm the one for my treble, two for my bass

3, 4, 5 just to stay on pace

Now that I got your attention you'll be happy to know

That they call me Tee the King but King Tee's how it goes

So suckers, get your shit and get packed

Catch the next boat out, supreme Tela's back

And I'm funky once again, so run and tell a friend

They said I wouldn't last but I'll be here until it ends

Yo, I'm the king at being cool but get a load of this

They wanna label me best L.A. soloist

I couldn't be like that, but then again I could

Cause half of you MC's ain't no good

Anyway, hey, I got somethin to say

Directed to every MC in L.A.

You run up on the King - huh, how dumb

You knew from the beginning you shoulda brung a gun, son

Cause I be shootin the gift like it's a gift

Take the punk, slide em up just like a spliff ( \*inhales\* )

Then everything's cool and copastetic

I wrote the book on being cool - oh, you read it?

How'd you like the part where I tell you how to walk

The kinda clothes to wear, the use of slang in your talk?

No need to look around cause there ain't no clone

King Tee came to take you home

Come on

(You can make it)

(Don't turn away, I think you should listen)

(You can make it)

(Don't turn away, I think you should listen close)

I came to take you home

(You can make it)

(You can make it)

(Don't turn away, I think you should listen)

(You can make it)

(Don't turn away, I think you should listen)

Now this tune right here allows you to get funky

Literally you can do what you want, see?

I'm more like the pilot or the driver of the scene

Or somethin that you usually dream

Yeah, I'm manufacturin the sickest metaphor  
Lyrics you're not ready for  
Hear it, I keep a steady score  
Of suckers and muthafuckas who like to suffer  
I wear big ropes in clusters  
And I execute, never wore a sexy suit  
I wear khakis with a t-shirt and hiking boots  
A rare fashion with the gangster touch  
Because Ballys don't mix and turtlenecks suck  
But hey, I be crashin, throw in a accent  
Maxin while I'm waxin the boots with passion  
Happens to be one of my favorite attractions  
The name's King Tee, but the T's for taxin  
Phoney MC's, them sucker punks wanna riff  
Just because I wanna give the party a lift  
You know, build your spirits expand your horizon  
This particular production is mine's  
And E-Swift's, the DJ E-Swift to be exact  
Holds a hypnotizin scratch, make the others look wack  
So look all you want cause there ain't no clone  
King Tee came to take you home  
Come on

(You can make it)  
(Don't turn away, I think you should listen)  
(You can make it)  
(Don't turn away, I think you should listen)  
(You can make it)  
(Don't turn away, I think you should listen close)  
(You can make it)  
(Don't turn away, I think you should listen)  
(\*E-Swift cuts up\* )  
(I think you should listen)  
(I think you should listen)  
(I think you should listen close)  
(Don't turn away, I think you should listen close)  
(Don't turn away)  
(Don't)