

Kj-52, 12 Round Knockout

Chorus:

Yo, its a 12 round knockout

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I'm going on 12 rounds and I'm never gonna drop out (repeat)

Yo, I keep my eyes focused 'cuz time is ticking to the final moments
My opponents try to approach us but they can't hold us
How you gonna stop the Son when your plan is hopeless
We got the Father shining on us with angelic soldiers
I keep my gloves on, for every challenge that is brung on
Back against the ropes I still hung on
I've been swung on and told I wouldn't last long
But I was the only one standing at the last gong
So come on, bring it on now if you go it
'Cuz even with a padded brakes son, you couldn't stop it
My head down, hands swinging 'till the last round
Toe for toe, pound for pound, 'till the bell sound
My feet moving more than cockhen and I'm never losing
My eyes on the prize even when the crowd is booing
King and king is got every punch that I swing
Its a 12 round knockout let the bell swing

Chorus 2x

I'm saying "Put your dukes up."
I mean, yeah your crew is rough, but they ain't looking too tough
So when your crew is up (what then?)
I stay covered in the blood of the Lamb from the shoes up
I put my boots up, I throw my gloves on
Bobbing and weaving, ducking and dodging, come on!
I gots plenty more, whatever you gots I stay ready for
12 round make it 24

Chorus 2x

There goes the final bell sound
I watch the crowd jump to their feet like a last second touchdown
Try and stop me?
Heh, thats like using your feet to try and slow a truck down
You better duck down! When this uppercut comes around
We come down to make it phat without even gaining one pound
Any one city, one town
We proclaim the God who reigns from the sunup to the sundown

Chorus 2x

Chorus 2x

Chorus 2x