

Slick Rick, King

"I'm the king, I'm the king, I'm the king" -
Run-D.M.C. [x4]

[Slick Rick]

Is there a party over here, wit no guns and knives gettin in
Now let and best, get sweat the life threatnin
Nettin is suggestin, guest do the restin
Mic test, kiss BLS, who the best then?
Cuz when I appear wit hoes off a chair wit
Stare wit, I'm talkin bout a party over here wit
Main wreckon, girls be checkin, could be neckin
To respect and to remember every one of y'all a second to
Relaxin, gonna be fraction, affraction, attraction
You don't wanna see action, I ask then
Screw, cuz you don't what the Rico do
Giggle to and as you can see a butt wiggle to
Fried and spin my bride and move your hide in
Nuttin but a jammy on my side and
So cling on brother's arm I'm thin
I'm wonderin, should I begin to kick ya mind in ching
Cuz I'm King

[various samples scratched up]

[Slick Rick]

If ya forgot who was the man I'll stand and live kid
You will be bouncin up and down cuz I'm a grand individual
Shit you will fist and cheer to dear, disappear,
to where you no where near to
And could never dream, run horse for Debra and
Clever trap a hook and screamin on yours forever and
Town to town wit the B-Boys sounds
That has the Ruler Rick announce, which ammounts to bounce to
Classin, still hum the lassin, smash jewelry have like
Kids from the Bassin, cuz bodies lay about
respect you better pay about
Obey about, cuz Ricky isn't sweatin what you say about
Hum on the clause, silent jay younger boy
Rap bein strong, cuz see this is violence ya hunger for
So cling those on them cling, I'm wonderin
Should I begin to kick ya mind to ching, cuz I'm King

[various samples scratched up]

[Slick Rick]

Like Ceaser, I wanna chill ho on knees for
Please for, breeze, why money grow on trees for
Ten to play, I'm poppin willie on the way in
To K, the Rick could make a milly in a day in
Kid shot, cuz we on the boy's hot
Cuz the part don't start that's killin noise fart cuz
Strive kid, go for the nicest
One for the trife shit, run for ya lifest
As I scrape hoes, graspin to shape up
Clothes drape, tell me why you blastin the tape up
And up high to, as you boyfriend tried to be
Hoes fly to Vance Wright, tearin inside of me
Sonya, sweat so I bone ya
Let nobody clone ya, and get what I own ya
So hoes cling, those aren't I'm thin
I'm wonderin should I bring to kick ya mind to ching
Cuz I'm King

[various samples scratched up]

