

Professa Nuts

"Got It Locked *"

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* Taken from BET's RapCity top 10

Once again it's the shadiest
In the 80's when you was pushin Stadias
I was rollin on Mercedes with the alias, daily
Throwin up my radius
Maybe it's why the ladies afraid of me
Don't know what to say to me
But she's intrigued by the diamond cut watch
The black silk socks, the videos, and [edited]
and buddha parties in the docks
that's where the 80 foot yachts is
And you can hear the bass for blocks
Fool wet bar just to fade ya
Left behinds keep blowin up my pager
And it's a freaky scene, chains and whips
Only bring the squeaky clean [edited] that came to mix
with Tha Liks, the authentic, [edited] scented
Limo, windows tinted, so you can't see who's in it
There's no limit to how many mics get tore a minute
If the party's crackin then I'm in it

Chorus: repeat 2X

We got the party locked down, whatchu wanna do
Ladies wanna dance, homies do too
Don't even bring a strap to this
King Tee'll make ya clap to this

Now you're rollin with the King, flossin with no flaws
in the ring tossin to leave jaws in a sling often
The scrilla peeler, cabbage clutcher, kitty luster
[edited] toucher, [edited] hustler
Rush the dancefloor, see a [edited]
that make me wanna 'be the one with you' like Usher
Plus the cluster, the type black in the bar back
was cool, the front and the back was cool
So we do, Cognac for two
that make the King wanna Act A Fool (remember that?)
Playa haters hot, cause I got, more gold than
Willie Gault an' them, I ain't faultin them

But Let's Talk About Sex like Salt n' them
I won't end, you want in, let's not pretend
I get the party hot like the cops walked on your block
(Whassup?) Cause King Tee got it locked

Chorus

Some of y'all still don't know what King means, it
means ruler
Cas-tle dweller, old schooler with the wine cellar
and a drawbridge, my troops got ya crew hostage
While I'm gettin [edited] ? a sausage
Y'all kids wanna know how the boss lives
Crib, saucy like ribs
And I got first dibs, soon as you crack the bottle
Toss it back til it's hollow, mackin everything
from hoodrats to supermodels, never subtle
Save your rebuttal, you couldn't get play in a huddle
So ladies tell your man tonight, you can't tonight
He gotta use his [edited] tonight, I guess I planned it
right
We can smash out in the glass house
Hit the hotel, pull the cash out
I give it til ya pass out, then slide back to the spot
Cause Aftermath and King Tee got it locked

Chorus 2X

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