

## **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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