

## **Professa Nuts**

### **"Just Flauntin'"**

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Hay-ya!

'sup

Got my homeboy Jazzy Ren in the house

This is the mighty King Tee

And my homeboy DJ Aladdin is in the place

Blunt-smokin Mike

And I'ma flaunt these lyrics right here

Moves - I got moves for the mind

Kind of weary but if you hear me, you'll find

No one could conquer the Kingdom I resurrected

Perfected this, watch out, there's a hectic

Man on the stage, screamin out a page I wrote

The type of shit MC's wanna quote

And get broke off somethin real swell

Cause I can tell you try to swell when you bail

But you ain't big, don't try to stick out your chest

Just phantasize you bein the best

Not a clear picture, huh, not vivid

Mediocre MC's can't deal with this

And what you're hearin now is Tha Great

(Is that right? - Oh yeah, he's back, for haven's sake)

Yes, I'm comin, I'm bringin what you're wantin

It might sound like I'm goin off, but hey, I'm just

flauntin

(Suckers try to knock him but they never succeed) -->

W.C.

Back at home I got a throne where I sit

Piecin up metaphoric bits

My style is the quiet, cool gangster type

But when the 40 hits, it gets hype

Niggas can't understand and trip

When I be rockin that old school shit

That I used to play when I rolled like a professional

Hittin side to side in my fo'

Flauntin the technique just like when I speak

My words come above the average peak

E can get swift with a scratch

( \*E-Swift scratches a quote\* )

People keep askin: does King Tee still have his Coupe?  
Or will he flip and make a song like 'Knockin' Boots'?  
Come on, hop, picture that on a flick  
I ain't goin out like a trick  
No matter what you do, I always pop up, troop  
(Like what?) Sort of like if I was wild rumour  
And this is how you pump it when you're livin in  
Compton  
Cause it ain't about nothin but flauntin

(Suckers try to knock him but they never succeed)

Yeah, I'm just flauntin'

(Suckers try to knock him but they never succeed)

Break it down

(Suckers try to knock him but they never succeed)

Come on

Now homes! (What up?) Homes!  
I need headphones to hear the funky tones  
No more switchin, I'll pitch the bitch and  
Now we're gonna swing  
With the Coolest King  
The imperial  
I'm the one that makes you go buy your stereo  
So you can hear me flow  
And bro, on the microphone I'm a flexer  
You got played, and on the mic you're a extra  
I go deep for the dope style and I stay sharp  
Frame my lyrics up like art  
MC's keep on runnin cause my tracks are stunnin  
Back in '85 is where I spun, and  
Up jumps the crowned royal King of Cool Rap  
And when I rock the joint, they be like "Who's that  
Fly rappin nigga?!" and rappers be like, "Pull the  
trigger  
Let's assassinate King Tee Tha Great"  
But faith keeps me on top of the crop  
With a 40oz. of beer and a blunt full of pot  
And this is for the suckers that be frontin  
It's King Tee Tha Great, in '92 I'm just flauntin

Baby!

Just flauntin'

I wanna say peace to my homeboys DJ Aladdin and DJ

Pooh  
My homeboy MC Jazzy Ren  
Blunt-smokin Mike  
Youknowmsayin?  
And we outta here  
On out

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