

Professa Nuts

"Payback's a Mutha"

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(Intro)

See, not long back when I was seventeen
When I walk in the jam
Suckers look at me mean
They wouldn't give me respect
Told girls I was wack
You shouldn't have did that brother
I'm here for the payback

(verse one)

They spreaded rumors about the king
They said that I was a front
All my rhymes are wack
All my cuts are bunk
They said I live in a slum
My father's a bum
They said my sister's a crackhead
My brother's drinkin' rum
But I didn't let it bother me
Took my time
Sat at the kitchen table
Wrote my rhymes
And now that I'm eighteen, I'm not a kid no more
I could walk in a nightclub and wop across the floor
I'm a show you I'm good
Make you wish that you could do the things that I do
If I could teach you I would
See, back then you didn't like me
I stayed in your path
See my name on a flyer
You giggle and laugh
Tell people I'm soft when I could really get off
You didn't know it, now I show it
I'm the Hip Hop boss
See, people like you are known for fakin'
Frontin' and bluffing and perpetratin'
Biting and lyin' and always waitin'
For me to come around and see how much I'm makin'
See, money I got, 'cause I'm a pro at this trade

You thought you got away
But you're about to get paid
You told girls I was wack
Shouldn't have did that brother
Look, I'm King tee and my payback's a muther

(scratch freestyle)

(verse two)

As I talk you get madder
Because the crowd starts to notice
A professional rhymers, yeah, you must know this
I'm cooler than most
Most of all I'm so cool
Never smacked on the crack
Because I'm too busy in school
See, I just think you're jealous
And you envy my style
You hear my rhymes, say it's weak
But in your mind you're sayin' "wow"
Tell people I'm ugly and I got big lips
But as I walk by your girl
She wanna ride king's tip
Going down in fame just remember my name
Not a sapoe with a afro
A king with a brain
If a sucker gets beef
And wanna battle, let 'em come
We'll discuss it over lunch
And drink some one-fifty-one
After that I set a trap
Even though I feel tipsy
The crowd starts to clap
And I ain't even got busy
I'm great
Some even say I'm a genius
You said my crew was wack
You haven't even seen us
So I'll get you back
Can't survive too long
Tellin' lies about the king
But I could take it I'm strong
Got a Emmy in rap for usin' my cool strategy
Rappin' was nominated to get a Academy
The girlies I get, suckers probably get mad at me
But I don't care
King tee is the baddest, see
Fila's my trademark
I'm going for a medal
Letting off some steam

Like fire to the kettle
Sportin' real gold and a baseball cap
You better look out punk
I'm here for the payback

(scratch freestyle)

(verse three)

See, I'm macho supreme
Head honch of the team
Numero uno
Kadafi of the Hip Hop scene
I could be a cool rebel
I'm already tuff
Dominate rap artist
Never spoke on a bluff
Down and I'm hard
When I'm rockin' I'm smooth
I get a trophy for mostly doin' B-Boy moves
Affiliated with a posse
Let me go down to the list
Scotty Dee, Keith Cooley
And cold crush Chris
Vatchiek's a pro
He's also down with the krew
The master mind of the drum
Dj Cool Pooh
If you ever get souped up
You'll look like a poot butt
You'll ask me to stop
And I ask you to do what
I won't stop till I paid you back
By the time I'm through with you
You'll wanna smoke some crack
Because I'm the King tee
There is no other
Ya better get ready
My paybacks a muther

(scratch freestyle)

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