

## 45 King "Hands Of Fate"

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(feat. Lakim Shabazz (Flavor Unit))

(Ooh  
What you say  
Come on)

My deejay is dope, def, real death-defyin  
Competators, get with mental def tryin  
The number one candidate, his hands'll make  
Dancers dance, he possess the hands of fate  
He'll scratch a record that will stand  
Out from the rest that's def, and he'll jam  
Anywhere at any given time and thrill fans  
Totally blindfold his cuts will still slam  
Harder than the average, make a savage kid  
Nervous, the perfect combination had to get  
Funkier than funk itself, now haven't you heard  
He sharpens his claws for damagin a nerd  
Just with the power, plus time to mutilate  
You can't escape, don't even try to retaliate  
Cee Just, do that shit, they thought you slipped  
They didn't know that you were smoother than Cool  
Whip  
Now prove it to em ( \*cuts\* ) scratch  
Pull it back ( \*cuts\* ) yeah, I like that  
Energetic, enthusiastic  
Cuts are drastic, knowledge the tactics  
Faster than a centipede. and all that he need  
Is two tables and a crossfader to make the record  
bleed  
Deejay of the year, got the number one candidate  
And he possess the hands of fate

(Disc jock)  
(Come on)

Deejays left to right throw in their white flags  
The way that he scratch you think the record had  
crashed  
Back and forth, forth and back as he'll attack  
The turntable, that's why he's labelled an acrobat  
You need to resign or take a spring break

First you was hard, now you're soft like a ice cream  
cake  
Try to compete with the elite is a silly stunt

He'll smoke the crossfader like a Philly blunt  
Manifest skills on the wheels of steel  
The one-man band never ran, and he never will  
He's a hitman, who's gonna be the next hit?  
You wanna battle, you better bring your best shit  
Courage, heart, balls, cuts  
After all that you still get crushed like a wall nut  
Damn, the brother's nice, I make em do a quicker slice  
Sendin em toy deejays back to Fisher Price  
Hard to categorize or analyze  
The way that he scratch leave deejays paralyzed  
Crisp and clean like a fully loaded magazine  
The track is mean, he's prepared to rag a teen  
Deejay Cee Just, he cuts, you couldn't beat us  
Even if you were to cheat us  
Stun ya, make you wonder how can he make  
A record rag so much, he got the hands of fate

(He's Cee Just)

Sharper than a straight blade are my rhyme skills  
They attack with the impact of a minefield  
And I ain't even started to get loose yet  
Turn up your Alpine, e.q. your gooseneck  
Ladies say "aw!", fellas say "ho!"  
Prepare to undergo  
Lyrical surgery, you're gonna get hit, slayed  
Rhymes'll crack your spine and bust your rib cage  
I can't calculate the rappers I take out  
Before the battle is through, most of them break out  
I never lose, I aim to win  
I'm just a rebel, killin like a Devil Tasmanian  
To take a deejay out is a bear task  
Who's def, he'll make you lose your breath like tear gas  
Just, cut it up, cold smash the break  
Show the people you possess the hands of fat

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