

## Coolio "Knock Out Kings"

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1, 2, 3, 4

You in the ring with a thing, not a man  
And what I bring is shots to the body  
That'll make a fool sing, soprano  
Fall setter, ain't nuttin' better  
Massive concussion, career over, no discussion

Both eyes closed, broke nose, cheeks swole  
You can't see, vision like a peep ho  
This ain't no slug-fest or exhibition  
It's a disaster, cold, beat-down, tragic massacre

Call in the doctor, he's been rocked and socked-up  
Call the police, the champ's insane and oughta be  
locked up  
Pay-per-viewers have to try to not to light the whole  
block up  
He's hurt and he's wobbling and he can't keep his  
things up

He's gettin' banged up  
Uppercuts, overhead right, short left jab  
Right into a change up  
Big thing, he's down and canvas smell like dirt, don't  
it?  
El Cool Magnifico crush all weak opponents

These combinations are taking me places  
Knockin' my opponents outta they shoes with tight  
laces  
Makin' faces as they body hit the canvas in pain  
The championship belt is what I taste and claim  
survivin' the game

Pound for pound, you got the best man standing right  
here  
'Round for 'round, I got the cowards runnin' in fear  
Town for town, fight fans stand and cheer  
Your knockout king is up in the ring

1, 2, 3, killer, 4, 5, 6, spitter

7, 8, 9, 10, 4 to the body and 2 to the chin  
1, 2, 3, killer, 4, 5, 6, spitter  
7, 8, 9, 10, ding, ding, now it's on again

Uh, 'round for 'round and pound for pound  
It's the king of the ring with a hundred knockouts  
Uppercuts to the chin, knock your mouthpiece out  
Got your corner-man yellin' that you ready to pout

Yeah, he hit the ropes in front of a sell-out crowd  
Stand-down punk, ain't no need to go 12 'rounds  
The belt was mine soon as you heard the bell sound  
Roper Doe style, boxin' with the best around

Taped-up wrist, swing your fist and miss  
When I crush your face it feels like a tonne of bricks  
After the standin' eight head to your corner to sit  
Manager screamin' at you, "Fight back, move his fists"

It don't matter 'cause he walked dead into by bisteses  
Don't get mad 'cause you lost to the top of the lists  
I'm sick, cold with the work, demented and vicious  
Plus I'm pretty so the ring girls be blowin' me kisses

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Body-blow, uppercut, accidental elbow  
Ming Lou's in the ring, hell no  
Ain't gon' happen, stage all tappin'  
Skills quickly end all the gossipin' and yappin'

I'm talkin' Roy Jones ability  
Knock anybody up in the facility  
Black guy after I attack guys  
Spectators like Johnny Gill  
Amazed, ain't no love only hate

Let me hit you with these boulders  
Servin' you from the shoulders  
Step into the range of my blows and get rolled up  
Folded-up wit' your snot-box leakin' on ya  
Hold him up so I can put bangs and bings on ya

You see two of me, don't ya?  
From the series of punches  
To your dome and your kidneys  
Should'a did you some crunches  
I throw thangs in bunches

Got me grabbin' and punkin' now  
Tryna knock the grill up out your mouth

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