

Blümchen

"Knockout Kings"

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[Verse 1 - Coolio]

(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

[The Replacements]

These combinations are taking me places
Knockin my opponents outa 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

[Hook]

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!

[Verse 2 - The Replacements]

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 cos he walked dead into by bisteses
Don't get mad cos you lost to the top of the listeds
I'm sick, cold with the work, demented and viscious
Plus I'm pretty so the ring girls be blowin me kisses

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - The Replacements]

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 (my, my, my)
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 'im 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
Tryina knock the grill up out your mouth

[Hook] x2

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