

Gary Stewart

"Next Up"

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[Intro : Monk]

Yeah, yeah yeah once again

The Black Knights is back

The Rugged Monk is back

[Monk]

Yo, I'm from the Black Knights

I only spit Black Knightful exciteful

I slow bob up the street with a stick and rifle

My tight flow unlike no other nigga on the list

patented high-pitch, on that like a switch

Never ran, switch snitch turned bitch on my click

Talk shit 'cuz I can back it

sneakin' with a ratchet

Uncontrolled, unorthodox

Always catch me on the block

shootin' dice, sellin bags

spittin' gang bangin' tracks

Slow-mo', 'cuz I took two drags off a stick

Bang that Black Knights shit

Straight off the top

we the hottest shit off the block

Connect with some vet's now we settin' up shop

Push through the hood, blue SS

Chrome I rocks, hood-tap

Park, brake, pancake

A free-wheel motion off a fire-water potion

down the strip, we steady floatin'

Black Knights, West Coast Killa Killa Beez

Pump yo' brakes and check yo' anti-freeze

When you step to emcees like these

from the West Coast, test most

and we'll leave your body afloat

[Break: Monk (Doc Doom)]

Yo, Next Up

(Dawg I believe that's me)

Light up the mic like a Wu Killa Bee

[Doc Doom]

When Doc Doom brings it, it's strictly raw

Fuck what you heard us all, my murder call
murders all you rap fraud neanderthals with one line
Better hope your rhymes can't compete with mine
cuz I'm that nigga you dont wanna see that rhymin'
crime god
So what up, beef wit' Black Knights'll get you lit up
Five shots to the stomach'll leave your belly ripped up
like sit-ups, fuck ho's to get-ups, rock shows for G-cuts
Supreme Clientele tryin' to Re-Up like Ghost
We got a gang of niggas on post
The Killa Bee Gang, we bang from the East to West
Coast
We deep, swarmin' through your party with heat
Ready to mash and blast the first motherfuckers with
beef

[Monk]
Black Knights... Black Knights.. Black Knights...

[Break: Crisis]
Y'all niggas tore that shit up
Black Knight style, it's my time now

[Crisis]
Niggas ain't got what it takes
Make no mistakes in my circumfrence
Shatter your nonsense, my dominance'll crush ya
confidence
I promise it, be the day of your life
Black Knights sacrifice mics, yeah we murder on site
Emcees get blown to debris for steppin to a Killa Bee
You fake niggas be killin' me, frontin' like you ain't
feelin' me
It's all good (All good), because my shit is hood
anyways
Eat you up anyday, show you how the inner-city play
In Killa Cal, we nice with chrome gun a microphone
Enter the sniper zone and watch your mind get blown
physically and mentally, lyrically and literally
All I know is seriously you niggas couldn't get with me
on your best day or my worst day
I'm takin' first play, every event in the cut
Heavily bent, heavenly sent
for every dime-piece lookin' for dick
The one and only, Sharpshooter dick 'em down and
leave 'em lonely
Crisis, dick 'em down and leave 'em lonely
(Sharpshooter dick 'em down and leave 'em lonely)

