

King Crimson

"Can This Be Real"

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Yo
What's up
King tee's in the muthafuckin house
Got my homeboy young floyd in the house
J-ro's in the house
But yo

[verse 1]

Now here's somethin everybody can relate to
I know you hate to, but i feel great to
Be the man to shake you, awake you and make you
Stop sleepin, and i do what it takes to
Bring a screechin halt to the snoozin
First listen to the jam before you start choosin
And refusin, sayin you can't hack it
You never even bothered to take it out the jacket
Put it on the turntable, have a listen
Then if it's wack, start dissin
Now i understand why you're dissin my cut
So i spit in my foot and stick my fist up your butt
Cause you have no business, really in this
And i have no time for that diss-diss
I shoot a rhyme at you like i'm shootin to kill
And you can do is ask yourself (can this be real?)

[verse 2]

Now this song, i dedicate it to the sleepers
Nothing real hard, just a little teaser
For those who told those that the king tee was done
with
No, not quite, yo pooh - pump it
Suckers don't front, i know it's me you admire
I take your girl, set her soul on fire
I use the mic like a gun and my rhymes like ammo
I go tyson while others go rambo
Pooh-puts are warned, break north while you can, bub
Give up rappin, join my fanclub
I'm the rap reverend, hip-hop evangelist
Yo, i can handle this, pass me the canabis
Pro rap artist, and my rhymes are kinda raunchy
Start with somethin smooth, end with somethin punchy

See, i can rock, funk, rock, reggae or salsa
Heavy metal or some soul, disco at the casa
Just to the point of a vinyl convention
Tee does the rappin, e does the mixin
So if you're still sleepin, yo, that's ill
But when you're awake - what's your question?
(tell me, can this be real?)

Let me see if i can bust this one off
Right here
One take

[verse 3]

As i resume with my rhymes, or should i say continue
You got the nerve to try to pretend you
Don't like what i'm doin or sayin so far
But usually when i'm done you're satisfied, of course
I don't front or fake, don't base or sniff
Don't rob or steal or shoot dice and pimp
Cause i love to hang out with my posse and chill
You might think i'm a thug, so think what you will
I got a girl with a curl, and a homie named sonny
Never smoked crack, cause the shit smelled funny
King tee, my alter ego, there's not to be a sequel
Suckers try to diss me when i entertain the people
Hey, i'm a murderer, your girl, i'm servin her
You feel like beefin - hah, the nerve of ya
I hit you so hard, it make your mother feel dizzy
Back up, punk, the king came to get busy
(tell me, can this be real?)

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