

## King Just

### "24/7"

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[Intro: King Just] Punch in your time cards, yeah It's the God, KJ, what? All day Many hours of work, baby, put it in, baby, they see us coming [Hook: sample] When they see you coming Niggas take off running, from you, is true, oh yes, make dues [Chorus 2X: King Just] Us them niggas, who put in work Cross that line and you bound to get hurt Lay in the mud and you gonna eat dirt Cuz we the type of niggas who don't do church [King Just] You looking back now with goal and fourth down You Ringling Brothers is all looking like clowns Turn around and you won't make it past six All in the Kool-Aid and you don't know the mix Hits, man, we got 'em, all we do is drop 'em Park Hill to KJ, is Batman to Gotham Cop it, as soon as the LP hit the stores Spot 'em in your neighborhood or on tour How about some hardcore, love it, man, dub it Cuz if push come to shove, we gon' get the shovel and shove it Dig it, pick it, biggest rap critic Not Will Smith, but I 'get jiggy wit it' Shitted, without the Exlax in me And I still go uptown with cab drivers named Femmy Henny or Remy, nigga, you choose the drink And I don't puff scamma, but I steal everything [Chorus 2X] [King Just] Rap with a bad deal, but I put in four in the pill Cuz niggas that I fuck with, man, is still real Still here, try'nna stack them bills, to pay them bills To move out the Hill, for real Choose to be chill, or Bill get gold and sealed And them studios get snatched for them reel to reels Up in this Jack, cousin, who gives a fuck how you feel If this was the last supper, I want the full course meal In the prison with high heels, with more Gates than Bill I'm like Kid from House Party, asking if you wanna peel Little dance is like "ill", you looking in the mirror Cuz ain't nothing scarier than a fucking Yogi Berra What the hell is that? A fat naked bitch with Hair on her back, try'nna get her groove back Holla back, when you see the kid going plat' A product of my own kind, straight from the Stat' [Chorus 2X] [King Just] Who go first, and I ain't even got to curse But fuck it, none of this shit's here's the hurse Burst on the scene like the uptown bounce I don't steam, but I dream about burning an ounce Pound for you, like Ali did to Frazier Sold a mil independent, just

imagine with a major I gave ya, that harmonized rap,  
niggas ran with it But now I want it back, ease back On  
attack, combat, showed ya how to format Niggas  
wanna steal my raps, I got LoJack So it's coming back  
and the thief is getting caught Got Johnny Cochran you  
better settle out of court [Chorus 2X] [Hook 3X] [Outro:  
King Just] Put in work, baby, it's not a game It's not a  
game...

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