

King Just

"Batter Proof"

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[Intro: King Just] Yo, everything's real here I swear,
the proof is in the batter Batter proof, a hundred
percent real Killa Hill, 10304, back to settle the score
Yo, back me up, yo, back me up, yo, back me up, yo
Killa Hill, Killa Hill, Killa Hill, Killa Hill [Chorus: King Just]
Yo, it really doesn't matter, how I make something
phatter Cuz the proof is in the batter, everytime you
climb the ladder Got to make, something better, when
it comes to getting cheddar Yo, they thought they'd
have me locked down forever, never [King Just] I am
here, so all raise your hands and cheer Hallelujah, cuz
this one here just might do ya Not Rick the Ruler, but
yo, I talk "Slick" Not that gay shit, but on my own dick
Don't like potatoes, but yo I get chips And don't like
bitches with hips, and no tits Thirty six C's, with cheese
and foreign V's Who love, with hustlers, gangstas and
common thieves I promise these rhymes be the ones
you appreciate We start the grands, indeed, and so,
tell 'em to vacate Set a date, mayday, mayday Similar
to Tyson, baby, I want the payday From here to L.A., still
rock my Pele Pele And I ain't try'nna hear what the fuck
you wanna tell me Sell me your lies and call your alibies
Want a, piece of the pie, without lifting a finger to try
Your mind is out your ego, off the hook like a receiver
You should of paid attention when Rakim said "follow
the leader" Ask me, the Hill eater, cuz yo, I ain't Feeling
like Shaquille, all in the paint, over think With a tank like
No Limit, no gimmicks, raw lyrics That's why you can
tell the difference, every time you hear this The
weirdest, that ever put the mic in my clutch One of the
best, when it fucking came to the guts It's all about
such-and-such, so what, them niggas suck In the cut,
when the mask, what, held you up Shit out of luck, with
nowhere to go, on the low Like Fidel Castro, unlimited
cash flow, yo [Chorus 2X] [King Just] Had to see you
sweat, and no talk about begets And still get the same
respect that all these rappers get It finally happened,
we were known on the Staten But all these, killas and
biz, take the fun out of rapping Instead of clapping they
pack, instead of packing, they clap you One for to over
reacting, I'm asking Why we can't all just all get along,

raised in the ghetto Singing survival songs of the dawn
I bomb like a terrorist across seas, let it be on Your P's
and Q's, cuz I don't plan to lose to MC's Nigga please,
it's a done deal, sixty four mil man, yo I wanna feel like
your Earth feels Run up in your fortune, and all I,
caught was the vein Was it, the love of money, or the,
love of the game All the same when it comes to eat, all
my hungry niggas Stay on the low, and the, heat on the
streets Even though they watching, ain't no stopping,
we still copping The hundred G profit, with an overseas
market The target, the top ten, Mr. Choke On Baby doll,
you can't stop him [Chorus 2X] [Outro: King Just] You
can't stop me, signing off Mr. Choke On, will choke on
Mr. Choke On, will choke on Mr. Choke On, will choke on
Until I become a living legend, dead and gone Mr.
Choke On, will choke on Mr. Choke On, will choke on Mr.
Choke On, will choke on Until I become a living legend,
dead and gone

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