

## **King Just "Boom Bow!"**

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[chorus 2x]

Boom bow, my style be oww  
I be comin down wit that funky shao'

[king just]

Boom bow, my style be oww  
On the real, who can fuckin freak wit this style  
Oww, wow, just like some animals in the zoo  
Monkey, vulture, rat, dog and kangaroo  
When our styles combine we might rhyme  
This unknown to mankind and deeper than the human  
mind  
Rewind, see if you can catch what I said  
Front chump, and then be like 18 in ya fuckin head  
Mr. pirate, rip and I fly shit  
I kick shit wit my jedi mind tricks  
Mamma mia, ch-ch-ch chia pet, it's a must  
That I catch wreck on ya set  
I'm blowin rappers out the frame  
It's a new year, a new rhyme, and ain't a damn thing  
fuckin change  
Beetlejuice, beetlejuice, beetlejuice  
And I appear from the rear, shaolin we in here  
A lotta rappers be fakin jacks  
Comin up wit wack tracks and they think they all that  
But I attack, those who try to steal my flow  
Body blow, talkin shit without a video  
Heya ho, I made a disc for her  
Wit profes, leatha face, slasher and the star  
Aw, back to the ancient roots  
Rollin gooks, and we roll the fuck out just like troops

[chorus 4x]

[king just]

Toxic fumes, all I smell is terror, doom  
Who got flames, so I can get smoked in the patted  
room  
Boom, my single drop and now I'm hear  
It's amazin, they didn't fuckin pop shit last year  
Them sound like them, I and I sound like i  
Pass the ti', yo why must stay try

To go against where do the hell do you represent?  
Shaolin, killa hill residence, nigga  
I go wabble on ya ass, and burn muthafuckas up just  
like backdraft  
Splash into some shit from the shitter  
Super rhyme hitter, money gettin ass nigga  
I figure that you ain't got the wits to match this  
You're style is pussy, i'mma fuck it over like a mattress  
Black fist, a new way of music  
You choose it, don't confuse it, or reuse it  
'cause if you do, I'm gonna come thru from the zoo  
From the shaolin, nigga, you know, who  
Pass the meth, so I can get bait  
I'm hittin june by the river, slayin ricki by the lake  
Take, a good look at what you see  
I'mma threat to the industry, until infinity  
Take, a good look at what you see  
I'mma threat to the industry, until infinity

[chorus 4x]

[king just]

Who wants to test these dark waters?  
I'mma slaughter, competition, man listen  
On donor, on dancin, on blitzin  
Friction, static, tragic, it's magic  
I brainstorm and my war becomes havoc  
Burn to plastic, on anything I wrap on  
I last long, 'cause my long niggas ain't strong  
Enough, so call my bluff, yo e, this shit is rough  
Flyin fist style, wit fuckin uppercuts  
Hadooken, I must got drunk wit the allergies  
Baby pa ridiculous just like bounty  
So watch me, blow this roof off this mother  
Yo lover, I think it's time to go deep cover  
And smother the real from the fake  
I cut the tongue off a snake, and I throw it in a lake  
I await, bake the cow, it's the style  
It's the style? man, it's gotta be the style  
'cause I keep hittin you wit hits and shit  
On that first shit, to that last shit  
On that other shit, what ever kin  
If you wanna, bring it on  
I'mma don, plus I got it goin on  
Word is bond, sing the song of the king  
And his soldier friends, aah  
I thought this track would never end

[chorus 4x]

