

King Just

"Brawl"

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[Intro: King Just] Ladies and gentlemen, from out the group from Shaolin We have, his royal high, King Just
[Chorus: King Just (?)] I make, you take, I create, you entertained Make, no, mistake at all (We came back, cuz they had my back against the wall, brawl) What do you see in me (brawl), do ya'll think you can (brawl) crawl (brawl, brawl) [King Just] They had me stuck on the corner, you know solo in the avenue Where jakes harass you, and barbeques try to bag you Where niggas snappin' you, you know bitches got attitudes When niggas hustle like the life, like it's all natural Blood attracting those that have love for the music I taught em how to put it down, I showed 'em how to use it Some did it to do it, some still persued it And others that never had it don't know what to do with it Losing it, before you get a grip on life Raw nights, smoke mics like crack dude's pipe Fuck tight, Mr. Exciter, making it nice Shop light, how bright, me and Taylor's still tight Got to fight for my life, for that sword that I got Won't be satisfied til I gat a mansion and a yacht Paid for, with my own KJ store But until then, Monday Night Brawl, Brawl [Chorus] [King Just] They say he's washed up, I guess that means he's clean Cuz all I heard 'em chase was a dollar and a dream A little cappucin', and a beam to steam Early morning motivation to get this CREAM Get the newspaper, huddle up and check with the team To the left, hear your debts, now I'm talking to fiend Got that dope shit man, it'll make you lean Even got booster roosters that be bringing me jeans By all mean, I stay in between the scenes Now it's me that you see on your wide ass screen Where's my canteen, man, I got a thirst to quench Mr. All Time Scorer, why you off the bench I can really care less if you take offense My defense'll have you jump back over the fence Intense moment, doggone it, like you really really want it For my album, I got layaway, put five on it!
[Chorus] [King Just] I ain't had a good laugh in a long fucking time And if time is money, then ya'll don't need to rhyme Fine, I guess you got money to lose How could you win this game, if a name don't rule Still paying dues, and I ain't get back shit Broke like

Hammer, but I'm 'too legit to quit' All in the mix and you
don't know the flavor Don't rap like Will Smith, but I
want a wife like Jada No more player, I signed up for
the coach Quote, Staten Island Ferryboat flow Wrote
what was written, once twice bitten Stay shitting, while
these hits keep hitting Finger licking, and I ain't talking
bout chicken It ain't worth sticking, til the plot thickens
Charles Dickens of rap, the number one seller You can
brawl to the music or brawl acapella, but brawl [Chorus
2X]

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