

King Just

"Conquer"

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[Intro: King Just] The beginning, the end The Alpha, the Omega Yo, it's time to conquer [Chorus: King Just (CL Smooth sample)] No matter, what or who you are Got the shot that ring so far And we gon' do what we got to do To get this money (battle physically, conquer mentally) They can't stop the shining stars The horror robbers on they job And we gon' keep on making hits For everybody [King Just] Yo, I can't stand the rain, pouring down on my brain Nigga still caught up in the game Try'nna maintain, but the pain I feel is so real That's why I ain't for a record deal I wear my rhymes like a shield of armor I hold the castle gates until Shitty, Real and Donna Touch ground, like a touchdown, come, come now Ain't no way in hell, instrumental or acapell' I build my skill on the H-I Double L, Hill, niggas know the deal For real, that's why they all keep they distance Record label rebels that run with the resistance Persistent, ain't we, with money in the bank, G. Hip hop needed a savior, so ya'll should thank me But instead ya'll wanna hang me like the Klan Used to be my man, now you see me as a fan Or a six camp rhyme groupie, how many loops does it take to loop me On the LP, where all pimps and hoes be And sold g, to this industry I thought slavery was abolished I guess they brought it back with a new line shine of polish We all didn't see college, there's no power, without knowledge That's why I stack dollars and don't give a fuck how you holla So don't bother, on fabricating on the saga Talking like you kicking down spots in the carter If that was true, you would have to deal with the drama From the man, slash comma, all day at the horror, what? what? what? [Chorus] [King Just] Go for yours as I'm about to get mines King this and King that, in everybody's rhymes I wish they come straight to the point Cuz we can make at any rap seminar throwing joints Point taken and taken, I ain't mad cuz you made it But don't fake it, niggas take this hip hop shit for granted Only grow with the fertilized seeds that were planted In the holy soil, went from it's grain, to it's royal High, mob affiliated, B-U-M-P-Y Never try, cuz when you try, nigga you fail And I ain't see an MC yet to touch the

third rail Third world scale, if you blind, read me like
brail Horror storm, nigga, rain like snow, sleet and hail
Your rap voodoo is doo-doo, who you? Acting like you
fresh out the box, brand new You ain't got the muscle
to tussle, left the hustle So we can do the doggin'
shuffle No more struggle, now it's strictly 'good times'
Like JJ Evans, yo, Just is Dy-no-mite Well allright!
Freakin'-A! Yo I bake like a cake in my rap souffle My
forte, is hitting 52 states With the kids behind the black
iron gates Can you relate? Zoo is bombing, you've
been warned Heed the warning, horror storming
[Chorus]

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