

King Just

"Forget Me Not"

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[Chorus 2X: King Just] They know... they can't forget about me Cuz my flow... been so low [King Just] I'm the first platinum harmonized rap from the Stat' It's like an epidemic cuz I spread across the map Way back in '93, I dropped my first LP When half of ya'll couldn't M.C. Let's see, who can stand the test of time When half of ya'll don't even write your own rhymes Blind to the fact that these niggas is wack They only get over cuz a hot producer did they track I ain't hating, cuz I'm over you waiting I'm bout to give these rappers hell, might as well call me Satan Pentilating, my frustation on a nation I do what the back of a pencil do and erase 'em Case closed and throws 'em, because I've arosen The choice that you chose was the chosen [Chorus 1.5X] [King Just] The living legend is repping, I'm nice with the weapon Ever since Kane dropped "Ain't No Half Steppin'" Hip-hop, beggin' my call, so I've answered Live on stage, without the muthafucking dancers Cancelled deals that's sold as King Just Without a cigarette, I still give a headrush 'Cold crush' like I was a 'Force MD' I ain't gotta say nothing, nigga, talk is cheap New York streets is mines, cuz I'm taking it back Laying down the format to show these cats how to rap I hear that, but most of ya'll is death On the turnbuckles, screaming 'time-out' towards the ref Try'nna guard ya left, while I'm steady throwing rights Brawl til we fall, cuz we all love to fight The great white hype, should of been Pellegrino If he's T-Money, who the fuck you think is Nino? Not a Gambino, and I don't own casino But I still cop weight from Radamez Encino [Chorus 2.5X] [King Just] Last but not least, I keep it short like briefs Cuz most hungry niggas gotta eat Starving artists, who the fuck you think started this? Selling out the back of the trunk with no marketing Beg you pardon, son, man, I live where you live Nigga, did what you did, but I gave back when you didn't give a fuck About your roots and youth In the dark there's lies, in the light there's truth And justice, but ain't that the American way Watch out for real raps on Veteran's Day Hear what I say, make this clear to your ear That this one individual shows no fear With much more to gain and, nothing to lose With

my ass in your face like the Rikishi move On the ten
o'clock news, screaming "Who You?" Rick Rude, I eat
you like Charleston Chew [Chorus 2X]

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