

King Just

"High Horse"

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[Intro: King Just] May day, may day, danger, danger
The lone ranger stranger Knocking phony rappers off a
pedestal [Chorus: King Just] Just because you got
chips, that don't mean shit Just because you got stacks,
that don't mean jack Just because you get paper, that
don't make you a player Come off that high horse!
[King Just] After this one, niggas gon' pick up they pen
again All hail, when you see the real rap veteran Better
than, any fucking rapper you can bring about Swiss
ross, handwash, spin dry, air 'em out No doubt, this
rapper here sold out From every fucking record store
you stole out Choke out, every label exec', for not
giving Who You respect Had rubberbands checked
Check yourself before you tamper with ours It takes a
small man to be a big bully, you coward Devour, the
knowledge to the game, I guess I'm to blame When
niggas start shitting on my name Compare the dollars
to the fame, but it's not the same On your mark, get
set, go, and the dough is to aim Claim turf like Captain
Kirk, No Power on Earth You RuPaul rappers better work,
jerk [Chorus 2X] [King Just] High ho silver, let me
guess, that's platinum And you must be the baboon,
goons is backing 'em Acting and, like you don't know
what's happening The rowdy Staten Islanders is back
again Tell a friend to tell a friend, to fax it in With an
R&B wifey like Biggie and Mack 10 Back then I couldn't
picture that, with a Kodak Too busy running from this
bald head cop named Kojak Sold crack to make a buck
or two, fuck you If you can't relate, what a starving
artist been through Chopped you like gensu, hang that
ass like tensil And stab instrumentals with a number
two pencil Avenge you, Who You's the label, now shout
out Full moon'll have niggas surround you, that's bout it
Outed, from the doorstep with a war rep And most of
them slept, where there jaw was last left [Chorus] [King
Just] What goes up, must come down Been to every,
how can I be down and still ain't down What now, do I
step down, and hand my crown down Hell no, clown, I
pump sounds through the underground Run now,
before you get, runned down, gunned down From
every shell in my round, feel like a beatdown Eat now,

cuz later we gon' still be hungry And I don't want your
money, money, get it straight I could wait, til they put
food on my plate And it be my turn to burn, for ten
years straight Debate, while I hit the fifty-two states
And polly with the kids behind the black iron gate
Hoping we see the pearly ones, but not early, son Until
then I'm trapped on this Island like Gilligan Back to the
Hill again, it's real again With some unfamiliar faces
and few fake friends Here's a message that I send,
while you see me in The Source You had yours, now it's
mine, get off that high horse Here's a message that I
send, while you see me in The Source You had yours,
now it's mine, get off that high horse [Chorus 2X]

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