

King Just

"Killa Verse"

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"You bunch of lame, disgusting, rubberneck perverts" - movie sample [Intro: King Just] Killah Hill, we back, 10304, back to settle the score His Royal High, King Just, you ain't ready for it Shaolin, baby, do it right this time up [King Just] Aiyo, ain't no rapper you know can go toe to toe And if so, yo they lying on the low Damn dirty shame, I put work in the game Old Eddie Kane that make your main rapper look lame Fame wasn't worth the course for what I brought Fifth borough, stay thorough, Shaolin, New York Fly walk shit, Ted DiBiase handle Distribute soup, like my name was Melvin Campbell Rock a banjo in a western country, bop disco Straight cowboys wilding out to heya hoe With a ten gallon hat and six shooters going 'bow bow' No where to go though, you in the smoking section Like a compass with no dial, no direction Lonely child with parent, who need attention I'm benching more than your brain lift just Scared straight, shit, I leave 'em straight scared stiff I'm Mister Good Time, but it seems they wanna take mine I guess that's why muthafuckas do hate crimes Shine like the savage son, I ain't the average one I'll attack like Atila the Hun Move rhymes like ya'll niggas move jums And stay getting buns without giving up the ones All hail son, you ain't ready for the invasion Underground sound that pa-pow in the basement Replacement, starts here, no fame, no fortune, no gear No fair, we hold it down here, clear Electrical shock voltage, this raise my modern soldiers Or watch 'em, hawk like a vulture Bald eagle Knieval, getting drunk at the Regal Beagle That's the rendezvous cookoo poo, so do you, I said no, do me Six months later, bitch winding up a groupie Keep a hootie, and if I'm the shit, then I'm dookie What LP for? A secure life whoopie Haduken, niggas can't do what I'm doing Til you at your own album release, and niggas booing I'm moving your career with, one dart here Put you on the back of the bus with no car fare Best they trash rappers, smash you with the goggles Read the sign right there, yeah, 'beware of starving artists' I got this, covered like, New York Under With so much bread that'll make a nigga wonder How I made it

to be the greatest and drop the latest On some Star
and Bucwild shit, kid, I love them haters Faders like the
hut or exclusive cuts Balance a Heineken glass on that
big ass butt Strut like Mr. Wonderful, Paul Orndorff It's
a domino effect, they gon' all fall off Soft like two big
boobs, on your tube Mr. West Indian'll cook us all
without food Rude like Ravishing Rick, the Mystics'll
have the Flavorest flavor, the kid ballistics Rip this, like
the track was on me BK brick everyday, you still buying
four G Cross me, and I hang that ass alive I'm big head
of the company, hours is 9 to 5 And have you repeat it,
just in case you ain't hear it Get on some bullshit, and
still drop you for the touch terrace You in the zoo, you
think I can be touched by you, you & you Stop sniffing
glue, whatever that you do Boo, I got you, scared to
death, you need to quit them cigarettes You ain't got
enough breath left to test the wreck And it's profess', I
suggest, that you rest Retire, before I set the stage on
fire You Jim Carrey rappers is all 'liar, liars' Oscar the
Meyer this, Oliver Twist'll Have that shit roll before that
ass can take the shit Shit...

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