

## King Just

### "Like Us"

Visit "[Like Us](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: King Just] Niggas can't see me, if I was in color  
on TV Or BET, in 3D, you see us, but you can't be us  
[Chorus 2X: King Just] Yo, they look like us, us, sound  
like us, us But trust, none of them can fuck with King  
Just Yo, they look like us, us, sound like us, us But trust,  
none of them can fuck with (say what?) [King Just]  
Leave my name out your mouth if you don't fucking like  
me If Roy Jones was your trainer, yo, you couldn't fight  
me Your idle threats and your bigets, don't excite me  
You couldn't 'violate', even if your name was Chris  
Lighty Now most likely, you 'do the right thing' like  
Spike Lee Before I 'swish' on your face, like I was Nike  
Try me, niggas want beef, and bring salami Like they  
'on point', like Omni Calm as pot on Fonzi, don't give a  
fuck about your army Turn your 2Pac rappers all into  
Gandhi's Zombies; Return of the Living Dead, code red  
Heavy shooting lyrics, without, no, lead Fed like a  
federali, let me catch you in the alley Stomp you out  
with your own Balley's Sally from the valley, yeah I bun  
that broad While you seeder her up, and married a  
whore You should of seen her on the tour bus, tattoo;  
King Just The good thing though, the hoe fucked all of  
us Plus she brought her friends along, in they thongs  
And a half of pound of weed of Mr. Choke Armstrong  
[Chorus 2X] [King Just] Immitator, see me now, but see  
me later Your raps is like a DJ, without a cross fader  
You Public Enemy #1, with no 'Flavor' It's like Darth  
Vader without his light saber Major, man, I ain't even  
signed yet And you like 'damn, how a nigga rhyme like  
that?' Bring it back, copycats, your shit is wack You  
can't even pay me to get on the same track Perhaps, if  
it was a battle, God Then I get on and embarass your  
ass, free of charge Your squad, bring 'em, they all  
sound alike But I'm a Chuck D fan, so I 'don't believe  
the hype', right It's on tonight, mark my word, on the  
curb Rolling some herb, talking to your bird And polly  
want a cracker, so I crack her Took her virginity, and  
never gave it back to her Now ain't that a crimey,  
grimey, slimey, rhymey Whiny... all on her hiney Find  
me, where ya'll niggas won't be Do you, and stop  
trynna do me... [Chorus] [King Just] And it only takes

ten, to destroy you and your men Mr. Choke Back  
Strokes, same results in the end You can swim low, or  
sky dive high, against me In my prime, Optimus Shine,  
the proof be the bottom line Fine as wine, get to the  
point like a porcupine Throwing gang signs, slinging  
dimes in my spare time Crime doesn't pay, as far as  
they say Shit, let me tell it, I got paid every day Which  
way, the mix DJ, he play what I play Most rappers can't  
rap, so they say what I say How you gon' lie and, try to  
deny It's the art of dart throwing, King... \*bing bing\*  
bullseye No guy can stop the storm, you've been  
warned Edward Scissorhand'll make mics out of your  
lawn And perform in your grasp, showing my ass With  
a stink attitude like a nigga passed gas Mad cuz you  
ain't heard it, you don't word it how I word it You just  
bite it, and then rehearse it The worse is, you got  
niggas catching on Trying to do songs that's all wrong,  
sing along [Chorus 2X]

Visit [King Just](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.