

King Just "Round 'em Up"

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[intro]

Yo man, yo, I don't know man
Yo this rock thing got me buggin yo
Word, I be buggin out and shit
Yo, yo

[king just]

Baby are you ready? on the zone high
Oh why, must these bastards try
To test, my buddha cess, mine I remind
The fist knew the time, and I came wit the rhyme
Fly, on top of the world
I came to kick this shit for the boys and the girls
Twirl, into the wind of shaolin
Begin where you want, and end where you in
Come on, send, a message to you crew and your
troops
That my soldiers stomp like timberland boots
Fruit, roll up, yo hold up, lucky
Make your the 'cal is tight, packed in tuckly
I might be, comin at a project near you
Wit the zoo and the two, and the whole shaboo
Shebang, it's the God doin his thing
And it ain't no thang, but a chicken wing
The king, sits on the throne wit a bone
And I'm known, from makin a fuck wit microphone
In the zone on my own, always singin alone
And I'd be damn, if I take a fuckin ugly bitch home
Roam through the ancient tomb of doom
A metamorphosis, that becomes a cocoon

[chorus]

Round 'em up, move 'em up, lay 'em down (flat)
Shootin m.c.'s wit my lyrical (gat)
Never had to front 'cause the mob got my (back)
Like that (like that) like that, like that

[king just]

Yo, I'm back, to set shit straight
Aiyo, waitin from the king
You never make it past the castle gates
Norman bates is my fate, but I gotta escape

I fuckin hate the plate, but I know I gotta date
Escape to the next cut, and blow up, grow up
Ah, rhymes that'll fuckin rot
To your ear, my style is sharp just like a spear
I see fear, whenever the God presence is near
Clear, the way, 'cause I slay
Everyday in may, and niggas don't come around my
way
You better head for the door
'cause I get raw, plus I'm shaolin stompin through ya
floor
I want more, pounds and sounds, I'm gettin down
Lick 'em down, I represent place, home and sound
Peep my style, I'm back wit the high pro-lo
Another flow, another sound boy over the rainbow
Aiyoo, can I get a fat one? I'm back son
Dead men tell no tales, will be the outcome
The wild hon', hit ya so hard
To make a buck reign rock it to meth
And blow the fuck up

[chorus]

[king just]

It's the return of the bad h-h-holes
No one knows where I get my strange flow
You're slow, it's the mystics of the god
The sex, money, the cuss, and the blas'e blah
No sellout, no doubt, 'cause i'mma represent
'cause wayne's world, I'm excellent
Bah humbug, he'll catch a slug from the slug (blaow!)
Black fist make the way while the shaolin show love
Oh lord, that means it's my turn to rock
Hemp pump cock, as I'm smokin up the block
Nonstop, I got skills to go on and on
From dust to dawn, from night to morn'
Word is bond, you're corn, will get eaten
Just like a terrier, I ain't scared of ya
Yo what's on in the area

[chorus 2x]

[outro]

Harvard tactics from the black fist

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