

King Just

"The Scrimmage"

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[Intro: King Just] I do this for practice The pre-season, a scrimmage, check it [Chorus: ? (King Just)] Can we rock? (What it take for me to be hot) Why not? (They won't let a brother get a spot) Is he hot? (You better check, and watch him blow the spot) Give him props (You know this hip hop don't stop) (If you hot, then you not, if you got, what I got If you hot, then you not, if you got, what I got) [King Just] Alright, hut one, hut two, missiles back at you The strongarm of the block, is here back to muscle Hustle, you think these rap niggas yo can touch Who Not true, we the ones screaming "Who You" Get your best crew, cuz I'm bout to show you what the vest do Stress you, test who, oh God bless you Guess who, back out, here to blow your back out Coming through the lane, stacking chips like a stackhouse Carlos built a crackhouse, Goldie pulled the mack out And anybody that else that ain' with it, sure is assed out I'm coming back, have 'em Xerox'ed and Memorex'ed But not really though, they ain't really catch the style yet On my dialect, must of caught my shit off the internet Been a vet, yo, you small time like gigapets My intellect, can catch a ball like an intercept When I bet, when I rain, shit'll get wet Catch wreck on your mark, get set, jet Should of went right when you went left Think I'mma quit, nigga, hold your breath [Chorus] [King Just] I've been tested by many, go through any With more 'harder ways' these days, to save 'penny's' Nasty like Henny, Hill, sharpen your skills, you no frills And I'm so sick, that I'm ill Yo where's Park Hill at? I've seen it on the map When we was 52 states, and back, ease back The Harter Carter, five starter, point guarder, right hand man To the Godfather is hotter than lava Continuing the saga, with more drama To being the man slash dot comma, New York rap bomber Armored king with no armor, with thoughts just like the Donna With a chick, with the hips the size of fucking ramma Dancehall slay, I all just call when it's time to brawl And I be there giving you my all Twenty four seven, it's how they all get done God bless I'm heaven sent like I'm Reverend Run They holding the gun, but I got aim, where's the frame Warrior's Drum,

and I ain't got to say no names [Chorus] [King Just] Yo I
broke ground, held down, battle of the beats, now Full
nights, five mics, new heavyweight crown Show up,
show down, one of us leave town Beat down, either cuz
you shit where you eat now See how, I put it together,
so clever, with no error The nicest nigga I know be
looking at me in the mirror He telling me I'm the
epitome, of the industry And everybody else'll be a
fucking memory For centuries, me and my kind existed
Off the hook, like a phonebook bitch, we not listed
Gifted, stay lifted, I went from niggas saying "Who
dat?" To be like "Yo, that nigga ripped it" You missed
it, if you didn't go cop the Mystics If hip hop was the
block, ya'll niggas be sellin Bisquiks This shit'll have
you out your shoes and socks Pulling out two's and
glocks, busting shots, cuz that nigga hot Give 'em
props, give 'em applause, give him awards Give him a
blunt and a stub when he out on tour Smash him in the
door, don't let him off the sixth floor Just, they can't
take it, son, nah, I got to give 'em some more [Chorus]
[Outro: King Just] 2G, the scrimmage, baby Word up,
rookie of the year Mr. Choke Armstrong, and I'm out of
here

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