

King Just

"Warrior's Drum 2000"

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[Intro: King Just] All hail... we have returned once again... We play no games... we take no prisoners... His royal high... King Just... No Power on Earth... Entertainment brought by snap, watch your neck, for it gets cracked It's for real here... [Chorus: King Just] Hey-hey-hey... (hee!) heyyyyyyyyyy-hey (ho!) Hey-hey-hey... (hee!) heyyyyyyyyyy-hey (ho!) [Hook: King Just] Now everybody check what's going down Same Shaolin M.C. from the underground Niggas say they hate on me, I never lost my crown I was the youngest M.C. ever putting it down Now, you act like you wanna be this M.C. No one can be J-U-S-T All the kids love D-U-M-P Cuz I kick shit that make you move your feet Together we stand, and divided we fall Killa Hill Projects, baby, off the wall Said together we stand, and divided we fall Killa Hill Projects, baby, off the wall [King Just] Huh, right back at cha, niggas better run 2000 Warrior's still banging on the Drum Shaolin ShoGun, me fear no one Like the dear ghost on ya back, I stay open No win, everything I drop be official It's been a long time since I left, guess who Back to, give you what you need, six bricks of weed And I shall succede and continue, to rock the mic right As long as you can bump K.J. all night Don that hold tight, shine light, how bright? Bright enough to make terrors catch more fight Bout to take flight as soon as they air the joint Warrior's 2000, I think I made my point... We back to give ya'll the business, the business [Chorus 2X] [King Just] Look out, look out! Guess who's back with the bomb? Who? Mr. Choke Armstrong You, can't even touch this lead What is it? It's a Shaolin thing How, maybe cuz my style gets wild Boom, straight to the muthafucking moon Where, anywhere, I don't care Who You? That means we muthafucking in there Yeah, that's how shit is going down Why, cuz I get down for my crown What? That mean the ruckus is on Word? When I say 'word'; word's bond Damn, another funky jam from the man When I step on the scene, it's like peh-dah-peh-dah Pow, he'll me back from Staten Island It's been a while and you can't get a circuit dial Owww, that was old, hehehehe, that was new If you hate me, I hate you Zu hold us for

ya, in your bomb, play me close by the bar And there it
is, baby pa [Chorus to fade]

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