

## King Just "Warrior's Drum"

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[Intro]

Can I get the phat intro?  
This is how you was gon start it off?  
Yeah, knowwhatimsayin?  
This is the God, the Drunken Monk, King Just  
Comin thru for the Shaolin crew  
Black Fist, yo hit 'em wit a uppercut

[Chorus]

Heya heya heya, huh  
Heya heya heya, huh  
Heya heya heya, huh  
Heya heya heya, huh

[King Just]

Heya heya, can I get some?  
The sounds of the Warrior's Drum  
On the warpath, don't make me laugh  
'cause you never in your life, wanna ever see the God's  
wrath  
I'mma chief that smoke weed outta peace pipes  
Yo, bro, I'm half Indian, so you're right  
I'mma about to show you wit my mic sword  
Yo Shaolin sling, come on raise the sword  
Charge, they all crowd from the Black Fist  
I got fudge in my mouth, they say that'll let your own  
wrist  
M.C.'s fall and they can't get up  
I do the rap, why, yes that's a cut  
Huh, right back at you, niggas better run  
Or feel the force of the Hell Razah's gun  
Gupao, gupao, my style is wild chopped in the Shao'  
Zoo, aow, aow, I can flip it acapello  
I'll make you jelly like Jell-O, figaro, figaro  
Who would think that the Just would go opera  
You could ask Hammer, he know my shit is popper  
Stopper, stopper, like Cuddy Ranks  
I'm takin money to bank, and my moms I like I'd like to  
thank  
Shaolin, Black Fist, they do the job  
And Just came back wit that ol' funky rhyme

Bring it

[Chorus]

[King Just]

And there's a thousand M.C.'s, lined up against the wall  
Timber, they all gonna fall  
Hassan Chop, yo I can't stop  
Givin you that off the wall hip hop  
To ya ear, make ya wanna cheer  
Hallelujah, ch-ch grrrr, now I'm in second gear  
Yo, I'm out of here, to get the mo' tical  
From the Meth-Tical, hit the budd' tical  
Know I'm headed to the hotel  
But I'll be pokin and strokin  
Yo the hair, got Tical, got a nigga open  
Hey daddy, who them those over there?  
Shaolin Soldiers, huh, wait a minute, no one told ya  
That I'm the nigga, that they call Stompy  
Who got the looks of a killa dead zombie  
I take 'em off, sure fast cannin ya tour  
They couldn't catch my style if I was a baseball  
Bases loaded, and I got my back gun  
Blaow, boom, bang, oh shit a home run  
\*Crowd cheerin noise\* Yo, the crowd goes crazy  
Bring it, if you want, 'cause you really don't amaze me

[Chorus]

[King Just]

Look who's back, it's the Hell Razah, raisin hell  
And I've been rockin rhymes, since niggas been rockin  
gazelles  
My slang can bang, so I guess I be the man  
You couldn't hang wit my style, if you invented the Ku  
Klux Klan  
I'm like AT&T, I'ma reach ya through ya speaker  
I got more sole than a sneaker  
Asylum, I'm crazy, I guess I'm wildin  
My stylin, is the record straight from the Shaolin  
By the kiss of the Black Fist  
Shit is sick, here to make ya wanna drown a fish  
Under water, I'mma slaughter, like a change machine  
wit no quarter  
Out of order, run for the border  
The hardcore rap act is back  
I stick out like a thumbtack, I wipe niggas off the map  
And I rhyme to get paid, 'cause when I raid  
I wouldn't wanna hear ya style wit a hearing aid  
Straight up crook, meaner than Captain Hook  
Look out, look out, stomp like Bigfoot

And I don't give a fuck about a girl  
My crew is more crazy than Bebe Kids in fuckin Fun  
World  
I'm causin niggas doom, I mean sonic boom  
I'm fuckin stupid, I write rhymes in the boiler room  
Like Krugger, funky dope maneuver  
The Drunken Monk is so funky, they call me manure  
Horse shit, I flip shit, oh my God, I rip shit  
I talk shit, no one can shit, like I shit  
Shit like this, get you upset  
Because the shit that I was singin, was pumpin through  
ya projects  
How much types must I say shit?  
Well, if the shit ain't worth the shit  
Then I don't wanna be wit the shit  
And then you be like "Oh shit, he flipped it"  
Now ain't that some shit kid?

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro]

Herb like this, mound up and roll it out

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