

King Just

"You've Been Warned"

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[King Just] Heed the warning, get ready for this
outburst, first things first Any one front is getting put in
the herse On the voyage like Kirk, claiming new turf
The expert for grabbing the mic, and going to work
Like a nine to five, or better yet a job Never
unemployed cuz I fuck with the mob It's hard, ya'll
niggas can't hold me back Check my stats, I'll be
outshining niggas on tracks Like that, speak Pulp
Fiction, I speak facts Alotta niggas hit the front, crab
niggas hit the back We attack from the dead side, it's
from the secret room Started all of us, die, then try To
reclame the name, but it's in vein Cuz you ain't running
with the grain You should be ashamed, to your whole
fam, my man You didn't understand the plan, til you
had to scram We expand like coke in the pot, the six
got it locked Ya'll niggas fuck around and get rocked,
why not? Terrorist action, it's on... You've been warned
[Chorus: King Just] You've been warned (we on a come
back) You've been warned (we counter attack) You've
been warned (only the strong shall survive Heed the
warning and die) [King Just] Sabotage your entourage,
here comes the mob Putting pieces back on the map,
yeah we on the job Shit is hard, God, but I'm here to be
living proof You couldn't hang with my style if ya neck
was in a noose I get loose, and like the fucking movie I
got "Juice" You entered the dragon like Bruce, too late
for a truce The enemy is on the frontline, bottom line
Walking dead, them signs read flatline Then
deceased, and this is for my fam in the beast And all
the Gods that bring to the east, we increase Like cell
organisms that's spark izims Dangerous, Black Fist
terrorism Worldwide, moving on the inside Nowhere to
run to, nowhere to hide You can try, but there's no way
you'll escape Unless you reside in that 53rd state But
wait, you think shit is deep, it gets deeper We can meet
in hell, walking dead, I'm the gate keeper Grym reaper,
ceremony preacher Heat seeker, battle, I'mma beat
cha For sure, niggas don't want no more I don't give a
fuck yo it's war [Chorus] [King Just] We hit the
underground, railroad express, non stop All aboard,
secret war, lock your door It ain't safe no more, but

these rap acts think it is Man they shady in this biz
Tryin' to put in a squeeze, have you beggin' on your
knees But my crew be making cheese, so we won't, do
that shit, nigga please You got to come better than that
With your ohkeedoke, nonsense, nursery rap Bullcrap
that you call a track that you put on wax The question I
ask, where's your heart at? You should be slapped, for
jumping both sides of the fence Present or past tense, I
leave MC's bent Slumped over, walking dead is dead
soldiers Strap a ride, and survive, when the secret war
was over Watch the cobra, poisonous move, snooze
you lose And you choose to be butt, like a whole pack
of Kool Cigarettes, catch wreck, for my niggas and my
niggarettas Put your money down and bet You know
how I feel, kid I don't give a fuck Life or death, choose,
nigga, what? [Chorus 2X]

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