

# King Sun "Fat Tape"

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(Ah yeah)

[ VERSE 1 ]

I make real fat tapes, and I like the sound  
Sayin lines from the mind, never writin em down  
Though a talent I have had for quite some time  
Not everybody enjoys a good rhyme  
I couldn't care less for anyone else  
Put a rhyme on a tape and listen to it myself  
If something is wrong, I gotta erase  
I think of something much fatter, and then I replace  
I see it as a deed, done for reward  
My voice with a beat makes you wanna record  
King Sun with the sounds you could never escape  
Every time you turn around, you hear another fat tape

[ VERSE 2 ]

I went downtown, to buy a fat box  
Everything was included, so the tape could rock  
Had dual cassette with the auto reverse  
Made sure that I had the fat tape first  
When I looked in my bag, cold had a fit  
Couldn't find one tape with hardcore -  
I was so upset, and ready to get ill  
Then I thought about a kid who lived up the hill  
I went to his house to get my tape  
He was playin the jams from the fire escape  
I told him that I needed my tape today  
He said to tell it to the people in the alleyway  
Who are havin a party, but it had to halt  
Pass of my tape, and it ain't my fault  
Went back for the box I came to get  
Bought new batteries for the fat cassette  
Godfather of Rock, the one with the box  
Playin 24 hours around my block  
Some people okay, but I'm in good shape  
It cost 5.99 for a fat tape

[ VERSE 3 ]

Bust the rhythm & blues, here's good news  
For those of you that love the hip-hop  
Continuous beats play through the streets

And the good news is that it will not stop  
(Check this out)  
It's contagious, like a bad disease  
Attracts many people like a dog does fleas  
Though it pumps as this party jumps for only 1 MC  
I am the activator, sole creator  
Down with the man who rocks the crossfader

Back and forth, to move south and north  
And to increase at such a level, and I can go off  
Slow or fast, yet to get faster  
Capability equivalent to the masters  
Knowledge known, wise words to be spoken  
Record what I'm sayin if your deck is not broken

[ VERSE 4 ]

Maestro, I conduct, make mega bucks  
And this tape will certainly self-destruct  
No mission's impossible, I'm unstoppable  
Afford to record on tapes that are droppable  
Various beats that rock the street  
King Sun who you anticipated to meet  
My tape will sore to unlimited heights  
Contract of insurance in case you might bite  
Put a tape in a box, start walkin around  
No need to rewind or turn the tape down  
Turn it up past 10 and have no fear  
You are playin one of many fat jams to hear  
In the winter or the summer, or any time  
Nothin is recorded over none of my rhyme  
Soundwave static, no interference  
People applaud by the sight of my appearance  
No top hat, Tuxedo or cape  
Just me on the m-i-c and a fat tape

[ VERSE 5 ]

Some tapes are heavy, and I mean fat  
I record in a level above the hi-hat  
Bass drum plants fear into your ear  
With the help of the snare it will ruin your gear  
Rippin off your clothes from your head to your toes  
Idolize the sound that many people have chose  
Sound so live, you would think I'm in it  
So much pleasure on a 60 minute  
Cassette, to eject shows disrespect  
Bustin out a 90 minute full of hi-fi tech-  
Nology induced, well givin a boost  
I get loose, and I do it for a musical use  
Not done for the money, or to impress  
I do it, because this is what I do best  
King Sun is the one, fruitier than a grape

Everytime you turn around, you hear another fat tape

Bust the fat tape

Louie Lou  
And the Co-Pro Brothers

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