

King Sun "Soft Shoe Booty"

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(Witness the strenght)--> N.W.A.

You soft shoe booty-ass punk muthafucka
Thought you were tough, then you cold ran out of luck
A minute ago I know you thought it was easy
To diss me, but you missed me, and that didn't please
me
A song and dance doesn't give you a chance to
advance
I think you better go home and enhance
Your lyrical skills on the real, you can't swing
On the devine, be off mine, picture the King
Bein all up in the open, hopin you could step to
I be a monkey's uncle, and you're my nephew
Climbin on my back while I'm flowin with the tracks
Tryin to learn how to burn - this is what you lack
Air, gas and energy, greater than Con Edison
Fuel into infinity with pure solar medicine
I know what time it is, I clock it on the Sun dial
Chumps are beaten, tied up and dragged for miles
I'm so foul, that at times I'm bad news
Battle me and lose, you win a pair of shoes
Made of concrete, there's somethin sweet about that
To match your dead man suit and your dead man's hat
When it's right I deliver, at the bottom of the river
You'll be found, gagged and bound, with no liver
I fed it to a kid that always bit suckers
Soft shoe booty-ass punk muthafucka
Each and every line I design with precision
In the mind I'm inclined, appealin to your vision
On a physical basis - never the racist one
My mission is to see that competition is done
So I do em, throw em to the crowd
Make the crowd boo while I diss em out loud
Girls that wanna battle, I serve em, then I screw em
Next time I see em, I don't say nothin to em
But then they wanna sweat me, they can't get me
Keep your cool, you're a fool to upset me
Illegit, half-wit geek-ass nerd
(I heard the god can't rhyme) Yeah, fuck what you
heard

You got nerve, you deserve to be stuffed in your mouth
Then you can pop shit while your teeth are fallin out
I throw joints to score points at war
Once more I make sure you leave through the door
On a stretcher, I betcha your concussions are rushin
frequent
Blow for blow my k.o.'s have been a sequence
Step up of step off, the choice is yours
There's always room for one more on the floor
You lay down and stay down, until the full count to 10
Unanimous decision - I win
I know you wonder what part of the game is this
If you know like I know, it's the part you missed
Anybody coulda told you, I'm diesel like a truck to
A soft shoe booty-ass punk muthafucka
I was gonna let you slide, but I decided not to
Don't even try to run, cause I got you
Trapped like a rat, your tail bein squeezed
In the trap I set, caught you goin for the cheese
Sayin please doesn't mean you're released from the
scene of the crime
Tryin to step to me with your bullshit rhymes
You practice in a daily rehearsal
I'm universal, dramatic or commercial
One thing to say about the King is worth big money
Dig, money, I master 120
Okay, you got a gun, now I'm supposed to be afraid?
You pull the trigger, I pull the pin to the grenade
If you catch me in a chest, bust, I'm in a vest
You'll be blown to the zone of your perpetual rest
Don't ever try to take me out the box again
Even on Fantasy Island - you're never gonna win
Your fans are all mislead, cause you're mentally dead
Count your heads, cause your boys just fled
They ran off and left you, played you like a sucker
Soft shoe botty-ass punk muthafucka

(Witness the strength) --> N.W.A

(It's just another nigga dead) --> Ice Cube

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