

## King Swamp

### "Just Flauntin'"

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Hay-ya!  
'sup  
Got my homeboy jazzy ren in the house  
This is the mighty king tee  
And my homeboy dj aladdin is in the place  
Blunt-smokin mike  
And i'ma flaunt these lyrics right here

Moves - I got moves for the mind  
Kind of weary but if you hear me, you'll find  
No one could conquer the kingdom I resurrected  
Perfected this, watch out, there's a hectic  
Man on the stage, screamin out a page I wrote  
The type of shit mc's wanna quote  
And get broke off somethin real swell  
Cause I can tell you try to swell when you bail  
But you ain't big, don't try to stick out your chest  
Just phantasize you bein the best  
Not a clear picture, huh, not vivid  
Mediocre mc's can't deal with this  
And what you're hearin now is tha great  
(is that right? - oh yeah, he's back, for haven's sake)  
Yes, I'm comin, I'm bringin what you're wantin  
It might sound like I'm goin off, but hey, I'm just  
flauntin

(suckers try to knock him but they never succeed)-->  
w.c.

Back at home I got a throne where I sit  
Piecin up metaphoric bits  
My style is the quiet, cool gangster type  
But when the 40 hits, it gets hype  
Niggas can't understand and trip  
When I be rockin that old school shit  
That I used to play when I rolled like a professional  
Hittin side to side in my fo'  
Flauntin the technique just like when I speak  
My words come above the average peak  
E can get swift with a scratch  
(\*e-swift scratches a quote\*)

People keep askin: does king tee still have his coupe?  
Or will he flip and make a song like 'knockin' boots'?  
Come on, hop, picture that on a flick  
I ain't goin out like a trick  
No matter what you do, I always pop up, troop  
(like what? ) sort of like if I was wild rumour  
And this is how you pump it when you're livin in  
compton  
Cause it ain't about nothin but flauntin

(suckers try to knock him but they never succeed)

Yeah, I'm just flauntin'

(suckers try to knock him but they never succeed)

Break it down

(suckers try to knock him but they never succeed)

Come on

Now homes! (what up? ) homes!  
I need headphones to hear the funky tones  
No more switchin, I'll pitch the bitch and  
Now we're gonna swing  
With the coolest king  
The imperial  
I'm the one that makes you go buy your stereo  
So you can hear me flow  
And bro, on the microphone I'm a flexer  
You got played, and on the mic you're a extra  
I go deep for the dope style and I stay sharp  
Frame my lyrics up like art  
Mc's keep on runnin cause my tracks are stunnin  
Back in '85 is where I spun, and  
Up jumps the crowned royal king of cool rap  
And when I rock the joint, they be like "who's that  
Fly rappin nigga? !" and rappers be like, "pull the  
trigger  
Let's assassinate king tee tha great"  
But faith keeps me on top of the crop  
With a 40oz. of beer and a blunt full of pot  
And this is for the suckers that be frontin  
It's king tee tha great, in '92 I'm just flauntin

Baby!

Just flauntin'

I wanna say peace to my homeboys dj aladdin and dj

pooh  
My homeboy mc jazzy ren  
Blunt-smokin mike  
Youknowmsayin?  
And we outta here  
On out

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