

King Tee "Check The Flow"

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We got them, Sledge, [Unverified] ruff heads
(Check the flow)

King Tee's on the set
(Check the flow)

When niggaz try to get high-tech
(Check the flow)

The dialect's on the flex

Watch this, when I shine I bring rain
Clouds, bust storms, yo, this ain't the norm
When I perform, I get you up out your seat
Get down with the real deal skills, then chill

Then show your ass how to get amped, then lamp
Stretch, flex, then tackle what's next
'Cause MC's, that luck up, need to hush up
Who can't brush up, on their rap style, shut the fuck up

Then duck from the one that gets buck-wild
I chop your ass in half, with a smile
Big grin, all teeth, for those who got beef
Fuckin' with me ock, you're six feet deep

Down in the ground, alone with no sound
While I'm up here chillin', top billin'
And illin' on all those who oppose
I wanna take one more shot, strike a pose, uh

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Smash, here comes the one that talks trash
To garbage MC's, who try to diss me
And my crew, the ill ville animal cannibal
Backbreakers, government amputators
Bounce to this if you think you know the hits

And all you gassed-up critics, put the brakes on the shit
'Cause I'm tired of this, and I'm tired of that
Motherfuckers sayin' King Tee's shit was wack
But in fact, my rhymes crack backs and make money
stacks
By the truckload, now let's go for the gold

So strap on your seatbelt yo and let's go
And get down, to the sound that burns quick
'Cause I'm about to burn rubber on this number
And any MC who claims his style is legit
Suckers wanna try me?
(I know not why Tee)
I light that ass up like the 4th of July G, uh

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Check the flow, check the flow, check the flow, yo
Check the flow, check the flow, check the flow, yo
Check the flow, check the flow, check the flow, yo
Check the flow, check the flow, check the flow

Capital S-L, crooked letter humpback fuck that
Thump that, shit that's never wack
'Cause this goes out too all the niggaz that we rushin'
To hear the shit I'm bustin' over ruptured percussion

It ain't my fault that I'm layin' niggaz down like asphalt
And blow your ass away like chalk, dust
Then crush your monkey-ass unto the side
'Cause wrecked dialect is causin' lyrical genocide

I stress facts like IRS wants tax
From anyone claimin' that they're livin', kind of fat
You see, I could get sick in the thick of shit
I turn my toes up, when it goes up, my foe's butt

Hey nigga back-steps, even you can get hit
I'm more crankier than a bitch on the shit
Niggaz get heated cause they just got defeated
By the two man team, the Sledge and the King, uh

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