

## King Tee

### "Da'Kron"

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[King Tee] While these other cats are flashing their guns I got my barrel down your throat, you're coming up shook I brought that gang bang boogie, you must've mistook me for a coward, I'll wet you with the tech nine shower And man I gives a damn who the fuck you down with Who part of town and shit, you get your crown split fucking with the Likwit expansion assassins Heard about them fo' older anthems, now speak on that These fools got that home grown rap I got da kron, talking bout the bomb, say what? I got the hood rats shaking they tails to excel cause Aftermath laced me with the shit that won't fail I used to rock the module sitting in the county jail now I'm fresh out balling on bail These fools better check the credits, I'm hanging platinum on the walls While your baby mama playing with my balls, yes y'all [Chorus] {X2} I got the da kron, talking bout the bomb Say what? I got the hood rats shaking they tails to excel I got the da kron, talking bout the bomb Say what? Cause Dr. Dre laced me with that shit that won't fail [King Tee] Somebody let me out this cage, I feel like I'm about to burst Snatching props and reps just like it was your mom's purse First thing's first, I'm the King {where you from?} The streets of Compton {what?}, a nigga stay down {right?} Say what? I represent the khaki wearing, weed smoking Gun toting, never broke niggas from L.A. to Oakland Talking that shit will get you nowhere, cause I hear no, or fear no Roll up and you be the last action hero I'm from the land of the calm breeze, palm trees Low riders rolling on roadies Drop tops, crooked cops, carjacks and earthquakes, chronic bud, yeah nigga all that The place where Gs be hitting switches And I'm down with a gang of niggas but I got a gang of bitches Kids from birth born and bred to be hustlers Sipping on the {?} to say I got it going on Aftermath, I represent it to the fullest Spitting at hoes like my tech nine be spitting bullets passed ya, I blast at ya, faster Somebody gassed ya now you lay before your pastor These other clicks know they ain't fading us cause even Treach said my niggas was the craziest Remember before I told ya bring a gun cause it ain't where you're

at, it's where you're from fool [Chorus] {X2} [King Tee]  
Y'all niggas don't know me, low key Riviera Coming  
through your hood with the terror I got it rocked up, I  
got it locked up, locked up Fools in they trunk chopped  
up, nigga like "what?" Posing, cause I know these  
niggas scoping the Rolex full of ice frozen I think  
around eighteen karat golden Can't match what I'm  
holding, pockets stay swollen Casinos in Reno to blow  
dough in Niggas stay out our pimp business cause you  
hoes ain't knowing about the years that I paid dues,  
hoes that I ran through Niggas asking going platinum, I  
plan to So kick back and let the King pull rank No need  
to gas me up, I'm already on a full tank So roll it up,  
light the bitch and inhale Cause Dr. Dre laced me with  
that shit that won't fail [Chorus] {X4} [King Tee] Yeah,  
for my niggas on the west side Roll it up

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