

## King Tee "Got It Bad Y'all"

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Ladies and gentleman  
That nigga King Tee and the Al-cum-a-holiks

Pooh-butts play the rear 'cause I'm makin' yapes  
The rhymes ain't no thicker than a Skittle grapes  
A lot of girls would like to thank me for the hanky-panky  
On the mic I hold a belt, now I know no one could spank  
me

It took a long time for the people to hear my rhymes  
Seems like I been rappin' since my birth in '69  
Sorry to keep you waitin', I run rhymes like Walter  
Payton  
I get a rhyme like spokes on a Dayton

But I won't knock off, because I just rock off  
The beats to get funky, like when you take your sock off  
To all the white folks I would like to say howdy  
And to all my brothers I say peace, quit actin' rowdy

Wack MCs in '92, ew, you need to take a rest  
The public don't you aim the best  
You're softer than a hooker's chest  
Raps, I make 'em, snaps, I make 'em  
For duties movin' booties 'cause I shake, shake, shake  
'em

And I got rhymes, funky funky rhymes  
E-Swift hold the needle down with nickels and dimes  
I drink Olde English, St. Ide's and Mickeys  
When it's time to roll, I throw on my black Dickeys

On the mic I get wicked, like Wilson Pickett  
I get the place jumpin' like a cricket when I kick shit  
I'm from the West Coast but don't sleep home-stimpy  
Even if I was a paperboy, you still couldn't rip me

I walk up and chalk up pairs like the Knicks  
I'm all in the mix like snares and kicks  
When it comes to rhymes I get loose like belt buckles  
Those who chose to oppose this nose is felt knuckles

(Where you goin' to?)  
To the tip  
(And what cha 'bout to do?)  
'Bout to rip  
Some people use the word funky too loosely  
And just how many rappers say they kick it like Bruce  
Lee

(What's your favorite brew?)  
Olde E  
(And what it make you do?)  
Go pee  
It used to be about rhymes, all about rhymes  
Now rappers rearrangin' and changin' like times

I got it bad, y'all, I got it bad, y'all  
When it comes to the pen and the pad, y'all  
I got it bad, y'all, I got it bad, y'all  
When it comes to the pen and the pad, y'all

Back the fuck up, gimme room to breathe  
Not too many niggaz can flip the rhymes like these  
I freak the technique as if it was a bitch  
Got more soul than the pit with a fifth

Pitch the ball, so I can beat it with the bat  
Talk some shit, so I can smoke ya with my gat  
I'm feelin' kind, feelin' kinda, feelin' kinda, feelin' kinda  
Feelin' kinda buzzed off a sack of chocolate tie

My, my, my ho, I like to rip the shows up  
Smack the hoes that walk around with they nose up  
Run to the liquor store before they close up  
Buy a few 40s, 'cause daily I get to' up

Sit at the crib and write riggy riggy rhymes  
Line after line after liggy liggy line  
Yo, I can get funky, buy my tape and bump me  
To the break of dawn, I hit the bud and pass it on

Hangin' at the park, shootin' craps on the weekend  
My brown bag is wet 'cause my tall can is leakin'  
Starin' at the cops, beatin' up on Rodney  
While a pack of O.G.'s steppin' to me tryin' to rob me

Just because I'm dope, niggaz wanna smoke me  
On the mic I get funky while you're doin' the hokey-  
pokey  
Dance steps, I think that you should leave to Paula  
Alkaholiks is the shit, E-Swift's the smooth baller

Is slangin' these rhymes like a rock  
Life ain't shit but money and a glock  
Don't punch a clock, but I cock a fat knot  
So I can smoke a lot of pot that I roll up with tops

And ya ain't heard shit yet, I'm just getting' warm  
Like hot butter on, say what? The popcorn  
I'm headed to the top, please give me my props  
My beats are fat as fuck, so bump my shit in your box

I love to hit the skinz, but then again who doesn't  
I love to hit the herbs 'cause it leave me feelin' buzzin'  
I dedicate this chumpie to the poets who can wreck  
And to all the nottie dreads, I gots to give them 'nuff respect

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Up jumps the man with the loot  
Rockin' like a troop with the Alkaholik group  
Everything is kosher, got a little taller  
Livin' kinda phat 'cause King Tee's a baler

I just irritate the wack, leave 'em so confused  
When I'm checkin' on the mic with the ones and twos  
Sneak you a peek of the drunk technique  
Can't stand up, need to take a seat

Baby, baby, baby, it's the Alkaholiks  
But I can freak the mic no matter how ya call it  
Metaphors grand, and I'm the great man  
Drink a whole fifth yes, I can, yes, I can can

The girls call me dick-em-down  
Got that title rockin' for the crown  
Catch y'all later, around next weekend  
I'm a Alkaholik and I'm late for my meeting

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