

King Tee "Let's Get It On"

Visit "[Let's Get It On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[singers]

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down

[king tee]

Huh, for your convenience I'm fully equipped with the
madness

Plus I bring joy to the sadness

Mr. insane chose to bring the noise

I flex out the best out, and I brought my boys

For the function, wait bring the pumps and the bumps
in

Niggaz wanna trip I got pumps in my trunk then

I rule all I survey, bust a move

Ain't nothin changed but the God damn groove

I bring forth fat shit on the money

Homies wanna trip but I'm chillin with the honies

My girl (?) and nikki nicole, gets papes

I brought sable just for old time's sake

The real ruler wrecks records, I mean wrecks wombs

But now I got the psychadelic tune

I dedicate this to my true black sisters

Niggaz bump this while they rollin on them twisters

[singers]

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down

[king tee]

Yo I told you man I don't play around with the music

I'm funkdafield, blowin up acoustics

I'm rather remarkable when I kick the matter

Skilled in the field of rough grammar

I electrify and intoxicate the moment

I branch out and crush my opponent

It's +super nigga+ in the skies, wild mannered

Reportin on the sound, you got to gets down

Like I toldja, and peep you can write it in your book

Cause, yo - that's that shit with that soul train hook,
yeah

The blackness gets stronger, the soul gets deep

Make room for the alkaholik sheik

I persist to be the infinite all-time great
I'm told that my name gained weight

Since the past, so hell, let me take it on the blast
Yo yo, pass the rug before I bust my ass

[singers]

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down
Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down

[king tee]

Hey nig bust the funk, I feel somethin comin
+tales from the crypt+ or I might just be buggin
No propoganda, I stand outstander
A +outkast+, like them kids from atlanta
I perform microphone exorcism on rappers
I cast out the demon from them bastards
And oh nikke, you did the track, what's the plan?
Step to the mic and show these hookers how to slam

[nikke nicole]

Flash for a style, nikke is the picture
Open as I enter, I'd like to send a
Track that's fat, constant non-stoppin
From brooklyn to compton, my shit is stompin
.. I like to parlay on the ave
Every now and then smoke a blunt, sip a heineken
I know a king named tee, tha alkaholik
"i can rock a rhyme no matter how you call it"
Produce hits from the bassment
I make loops, if they're used, I replace 'em
Nikke nicole, the soul sound, bring the whole crew
We can all get down..

[singers]

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down
Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down
Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down
Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down
{*fades out*}

Visit [King Tee](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.