

## King Tee "Payback's A Mutha"

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(intro)

See, not long back when I was seventeen  
When I walk in the jam  
Suckers look at me mean  
They wouldn't give me respect  
Told girls I was wack  
You shouldn't have did that brother  
I'm here for the payback

(verse one)

They spreaded rumors about the king  
They said that I was a front  
All my rhymes are wack  
All my cuts are bunk  
They said I live in a slum  
My father's a bum  
They said my sister's a crackhead  
My brother's drinkin' rum  
But I didn't let it bother me  
Took my time  
Sat at the kitchen table  
Wrote my rhymes  
And now that I'm eighteen, i'm not a kid no more  
I could walk in a nightclub and wop across the floor  
I'm a show you I'm good  
Make you wish that you could do the things that I do  
If I could teach you I would  
See, back then you didn't like me  
I stayed in your path  
See my name on a flyer  
You giggle and laugh  
Tell people I'm soft when I could really get off  
You didn't know it, now I show it  
I'm the hip hop boss  
See, people like you are known for fakin'  
Frontin' and bluffing and perpetratin'  
Biting and lyin' and always waitin'  
For me to come around and see how much I'm makin'  
See, money I got, 'cause I'm a pro at this trade  
You thought you got away

But you're about to get paid  
You told girls I was wack  
Shouldn't have did that brother  
Look, I'm king tee and my payback's a muther

(scratch freestyle)

(verse two)

As I talk you get madder  
Because the crowd starts to notice  
A professional rhymer, yeah, you must know this  
I'm cooler than most  
Most of all I'm so cool  
Never smacked on the crack  
Because I'm too busy in school  
See, i just think you're jealous  
And you envy my style  
You hear my rhymes, say it's weak  
But in your mind you're sayin' "wow"  
Tell people I'm ugly and I got big lips  
But as I walk by your girl  
She wanna ride king's tip  
Going down in fame just remember my name  
Not a sapoe with a afro  
A king with a brain  
If a sucker gets beef  
And wanna battle, let'em come  
We'll discuss it over lunch  
And drink some one-fifty-one  
After that I set a trap  
Even though i feel tipsy  
The crowd starts to clap  
And I ain't even got busy  
I'm great  
Some even say I'm a genius  
You said my crew was wack  
You haven't even seen us  
So I'll get you back  
Can't survive too long  
Tellin' lies about the king  
But I could take it I'm strong  
Got a emmy in rap for usin' my cool strategy  
Rappin' was nominated to get a academy  
The girlies I get, suckers probably get mad at me  
But I don't care  
King tee is the baddest, see  
Fila's my trademark  
I'm going for a medal  
Letting off some steam  
Like fire to the kettle

Sportin' real gold and a baseball cap  
You better look out punk  
I'm here for the payback

(scratch freestyle)

(verse three)

See, i'm macho supreme  
Head honch of the team  
Numero uno  
Kadafi of the hip hop scene  
I could be a cool rebel  
I'm already tuff  
Dominate rap artist  
Never spoke on a bluff  
Down and I'm hard  
When I'm rockin' I'm smooth  
I get a trophy for mostly doin' b-boy moves  
Affiliated with a posse  
Let me go down to the list  
Scotty dee, keith cooley  
And cold crush chris  
Vatchiek's a pro  
He's also down with the krew  
The master mind of the drum  
Dj cool pooh  
If you ever get souped up  
You'll look like a poot butt  
You'll ask me to stop  
And I ask you to do what  
I won't stop till I paid you back  
By the time I'm through with you  
You'll wanna smoke some crack  
Because I'm the king tee  
There is no other  
Ya better get ready  
My paybacks a muther

(scratch freestyle)

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