

King Tee "Take You Home"

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(*yawns*)

Ah man

Suckers bite my stuff, man

Can't get no sleep, man

Yo, what's up, DJ Pooh?

Nice to see you back, man

For 1990, right?

Finna do it up

But I want you to do somethin for me, Pooh

You could do me a favor right quick?

W-won't you pump up the beat a little bit right here,
come on, right here

Suckers

Suckers

1990, y'all

King Tee back on the map

And we gon' tear it up like this

I wanna dedicate this song to all the L.A. rappers out
there

Check it out

(Don't turn away, I think you should listen) -- > MC Lyte

Well I'm the one for my treble, two for my bass

3, 4, 5 just to stay on pace

Now that I got your attention you'll be happy to know

That they call me Tee the King but King Tee's how it
goes

So suckers, get your shit and get packed

Catch the next boat out, supreme Tela's back

And I'm funky once again, so run and tell a friend

They said I wouldn't last but I'll be here until it ends

Yo, I'm the king at being cool but get a load of this

They wanna label me best L.A. soloist

I couldn't be like that, but then again I could

Cause half of you MC's ain't no good

Anyway, hey, I got somethin to say

Directed to every MC in L.A.

You run up on the King - huh, how dumb

You knew from the beginning you shoulda brung a gun,
son

Cause I be shootin the gift like it's a gift

Take the punk, slide em up just like a spliff (*inhales*)

Then everything's cool and copastetic

I wrote the book on being cool - oh, you read it?
How'd you like the part where I tell you how to walk
The kinda clothes to wear, the use of slang in your talk?
No need to look around cause there ain't no clone-
acapo

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