

King Tee

"That's Drama"

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[Intro: King Tee] To all my real niggaz in the house,
check me out Without a doubt, Aftermath! Ha ha [Verse
1: King Tee] See, back in '93 when Eazy-E was alive Gs
hit the spot to show the world how to ride But ever since
he died, man, I felt shit But this time to get these
fruads delt wit Y'all niggaz got shaken, mad cause y'all
niggaz is fake I'm sick of all them lies telling you take
Known damn where you frauds are made, or wanna be
You're a prankster, made a little money turned
gangster You're feeling paranoia? - yeah loc, I got
something for ya It's real life, triffling niggaz all up on
ya Now, who you're scaring? - who you're daring little
whinny? With your played out locs and beanie I'll knock
you out, let me show you what this Westside is about
Fuck them whores, get money, get clout But so many
boast about this and that And what they would do with
that empty strap Load your gun, that's if you even own
one You're throwing up signs where you from, never
heard of you Kill the murderers and _Bust Verses_ at
your way Cause King Tee has set tripping on the bay
[Chorus: King Tee] Y'all fools got drama, talking out
your brain for fame It's to put the Bitch Made for shame
These fools throwing up westside, known that they
never gangbang Much less "F" around with the hood
they claim That's drama, talking out your brain for
fame It's to put the Bitch Made for shame These fools
yelling out westside, known that they never gangbang
Much less "F" around with the hood they claim [Verse
2: King Tee] Extra.. Extra, hear the whole scoop about
your group They faker than them birds with whoop, it
ain't real The ship might sail, but when the truth hits the
light Your punk ass probably can't fight Telling all your
gangster tales over your played out beats Woofing like
you're coming from the streets But when I'm at your
back with heat, there's no room for explaining Stripped
like a bitch for campaigning I'm aiming at these fools
who didn't pay their dues like W.C. Experience to rough
and hard times like RUN D The Triffling King Tee is
back with the twelve gauge I'm finna act a fool, niggaz
felt the rampage Worldwide, with Pooh and Bobcat and
Black Devin I've ripped _Pay Back_ in eighty seven

Swear it ends, I bring the real gangster Bis'
unconcealed Your whole background will be revealed
[Chorus: King Tee w/ minor Variation] Y'all fools got
drama, talking out your brain for fame It's to put the
Bitch Made for shame These fools yelling out westside,
known that they never gangbang Much less "F" around
with the hood they claim That's drama, talking out your
brain for fame It's to put the Bitch Made for shame
These fools throwing up westside, known that they
never gangbang Much less "F" around with the hood
they claim [Verse 3: King Tee] They call me Big Balling,
suckers can't fade King Tippy Alkaholic gypsy,
murdering these sissies Diss me, I'll find that ass up
real crispy Glock Nine, talking to you now, baby kiss me
Caution, let me dress that ass for your coffin Often, I
bring it to these fools quite awesome I ain't nothing to
fuck around with Cause baby, I'll leave you worthless
like thirst I came through to break it down for my coast
The land of the big dogs and the C-Locs Ain't to be
trusted, so raise on up Before your punk ass probably
get stuck You little bitch.. [Chorus: King Tee w/ major
variations] You got drama, talking out your brain for
fame It's to put the Bitch Made for shame These fools
yelling out westside, known that they never gangbang
Much less "F" around with the hood they claim That's
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