

P.O.D.
"Ring King"

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Get out the way nigga, you fuckin' with a two ton brick
Armed and dangerous and I'm about to fuck up shit
Ready to kill for the sake of the squad I rolls with
And everyone knows how to squab I rolls with
Suited and booted, ready for the drama if it cracks
Three hundred and fifty-some ponds on your back
Fuck a rat-a-tat-tat, nigga I'm (bomb going off)
Quik cock me back and make a nigga go (bomb going off)
I'm the rough nigga, throwin' blows from the shoulders
Runnin' over niggas like a big black boulder
Detrimental to mankind
Hittin' hard like a vehicular manslaughter
Murder every time
I'm top-notch at gettin' down
Nigga we can go pound for pound, but I doubt if it last one round
I'm the nigga comin' to your hood snatchin' bling blings
I'm the motherfucking ring king

Chorus:

First I'ma hit you like (bomb going off)
Then I'ma hit you like (bomb going off)
I break backs like (bomb going off)
'Cuz Mausberg is the ring king, the ring king
I'ma hit you like (bomb going off)
I'ma kick you like (kick and a scream)
I'ma break you like (bomb going off)
'Cuz Mausberg is the ring king, I'm the ring king

Now let me drop this lyrical plague for round two
When I declare war, yo the tussle is through
I'm on some real nigga shit, some kill nigga shit
And I'ma break 'em off before the child even hit
Ain't no way out
You want it? I'ma bring your hat to ya
Hold ya captive and let the Tecs run through ya
Nigga softer than toilet paper and tryin' to come up on a caper
I'm knockin' niggas upside they taper
Leavin' your grill leakin' for runnin' your trap

Yo, that right to your body made your lungs collapse
Take it personal, but fuck rap nigga I'm real
Leavin' niggas in critical, crippled
The victim of a kill
Y'all fuckin' wit' a real nigga
I love to see the blood spill from a square nigga
I leave a coward ass nigga at the crime scene
'Cuz Mausberg is the motherfucking ring king

Chorus

I'm still sayin' fuck y'all, the realest of 'em all
And it ain't no third round 'cuz I dealt wit' 'em all
From the small to the tallest, weak to the buffest
I don't give a damn, I done battled your toughest
It ain't no competition 'cuz I be knockin' walls down
Strategize and break a nigga grill for the crown
Not a troublemaker, but like to finish what a coward
started
I turn the smartest niggas retarded, I'm cold hearted
i flow like the Spruce Goose, sting worse than a bullet
from a deuce-deuce
I'm 'bout to cut loose and react with raw tactics
Rights and lefts be bustin' like fully automatic, I love
static
Me and my nigg put some shit in the game
But the way we do our thangs ain't gone never change
And I'm tired of you niggas actin' mean for green
You gotta fight for the position of the ring king

Chorus

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