

## Patra

### "King"

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"I'm the king, I'm the king, I'm the king" -  
Run-D.M.C. (4X)

[Slick Rick]

Is there a party over here, wit no guns and knives gettin  
in

Now let and best, get sweat the life threatnin

Nettin is suggestin, guest do the restin

Mic test, kiss BLS, who the best then?

Cuz when I appear wit hoes off a chair wit

Stare wit, I'm talkin bout a party over here wit

Main wreckon, girls be checkin, could be neckin

To respect and to remember every one of y'all a  
second to

Relaxin, gonna be fraction, affraction, attraction

You don't wanna see action, I ask then

Screw, cuz you don't what the Rico do

Giggle to and as you can see a butt wiggle to

Fried and spin my bride and move your hide in

Nuttin but a jammy on my side and

So cling on brother's arm I'm thin

I'm wonderin, should I begin to kick ya mind in ching

Cuz I'm King

[various samples scratched up]

[Slick Rick]

If ya forgot who was the man I'll stand and live kid

You will be bouncin up and down cuz I'm a grand  
individual

Shit you will fist and cheer to dear, disappear,  
to where you no where near to

And could never dream, run horse for Debra and

Clever trap a hook and screamin on yours forever and

Town to town wit the B-Boys sounds

That has the Ruler Rick announce, which ammounts to  
bounce to

Classin, still hum the lassin, smash jewelry have like

Kids from the Bassin, cuz bodies lay about

respect you better pay about

Obey about, cuz Ricky isin't sweatin what you say about

Hum on the clause, silent jay younger boy  
Rap bein strong, cuz see this is violence ya hunger for  
So cling those on them cling, I'm wonderin  
Should I begin to kick ya mind to ching, cuz I'm King

[various samples scratched up]

[Slick Rick]

Like Ceaser, I wanna chill ho on knees for  
Please for, breeze, why money grow on trees for  
Ten to play, I'm poppin willie on the way in  
To K, the Rick could make a milly in a day in  
Kid shot, cuz we on the boy's hot  
Cuz the part don't start that's killin noise fart cuz  
Strive kid, go for the nicest  
One for the trife shit, run for ya lifest  
As I scrape hoes, graspin to shape up  
Clothes drape, tell me why you blastin the tape up  
And up high to, as you boyfriend tried to be  
Hoes fly to Vance Wright, tearin inside of me  
Sonya, sweat so I bone ya  
Let nobody clone ya, and get what I own ya  
So hoes cling, those aren't I'm thin  
I'm wonderin should I bring to kick ya mind to ching  
Cuz I'm King

[various samples scratched up]

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