

## Patra

### "Kit"

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Kit, where you goin'?  
Sorry, Michael, it's Rick the Ruler, I have to go

Lights, camera, action, you're on,  
Get old Ricky D, what's wrong?  
The crowd's gone,  
So help me out Kit cause this thief has to be caught,  
Radio the chief of police, get a report,  
Chief of police said "Well, I'm sorry Ricky D cause I  
really can't  
help,"  
Ahh drats I think I'll take a long walk,  
Kit put your scan on all these rappers in New York,  
"But Michael's callin' me Rick, I got to go,  
If I get a word you'll definitely be the first to know,"  
Well on that night I felt really up tight,  
Hello?, "Rick, it's Vance Wright,  
Throw on your clothes, I found 'em, they're down  
town,"  
Word?, "Someone's havin' a concert and they're using  
your crown,"  
What?, you sure its mine?  
"Yo Rick, I know the shape of it,"  
You know your scratchers?, "Yeah, plus I got tape of it,"  
Get over my house quick, ride your motorcycle,  
Kit, Ricky Rick, pick up, forget old Michael,  
Well here came the DJ, trick to say the least,  
"Yo let me hear the tape," it's a complete masterpiece,  
Y'all figure this kinda is, but this I bound to overtake,  
I heard a (honk honk), that's Kit, so lets pray,  
Here go my rap Kit,  
Analyze a hit, so Kit what's the scoop?  
"Slick Rick, this one is it"

Well my tummy was growlin while I'se chillin in my seat,  
We stopped by McDonald's so I could somethin' to eat,  
Skipped the line, the crowd started to break,  
Hey yo, let me get a Big Mac and a strawberry shake,  
Someone snatched me by my neck I thought I must be  
dead,  
Injected me with somethin', threw a bag over my head,

I felt real weak, word, I couldn't even stand,  
I fell, next thing I'se being thrust inside a van,  
Unconscious, who could be this shady?,  
When I awoke I was in a room with this lady,  
"So your the boss, Rick Rick with all the clout?",  
Uh-huh know why'm I tied up and what's this all about?,  
And this she left the room this was my one chance for  
hope,  
I used my watch lighter to burn away the rope,  
Then I's free, I's free, an alarm was alerted,  
I made a flying leap through the window and it hurted,  
Someone threw a knife, who could be this trife,  
Then I ran and I ran cause I's petro (petrified) for my  
life,  
Stranded and raw I saw a phone not far,  
I radioed in to my supadelic car,  
Yo, what's with the concert, am I still in it to win it?,  
"Yes I'm in Manhattan and I'll be there in a minute,  
And oh, by the way, I re-listened to your hit, hey Rick,"  
What's the scoop?,  
"Oh man, this one is it!"

Tight tight security, man, there was a (?),  
Came in with some candles and bum rushed the office,  
Grabbed up the one who liked to front and pretend,  
No, I don't know who it is, some brother lookin' like a  
hen,  
"Let me go, let me go, please," you must be dusted,  
Hand cuffed this brother cause the thief could not be  
trusted,  
Grabbed up my money and my crown that's how I  
dissed 'em,  
I went on the mike, and DJ, man, I'm on the system,  
I warmed up the techniques to show he ain't soft,  
The crowd was up and this is how it started off,  
(Who, who, who is the top choice of them all?)  
Yo Vance, cut, thanks a lot, who wanna die?,  
We up top, somewhat, forget me not,  
Class that I have won't last,  
Soon as I blast, from out the past, dash fast, and hear  
a last,  
Vance Wright, no man can bring you this,  
And Ricky Rick, clean shot, cause I'm the king of this

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