

Patra

"Who Rotten 'Em"

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One of the greatest rapper, walk - I'm sayin'
In the field makin' my brick without hayin'
Mad busy kid, nah whip cut here
You, boy, drop your bundle bring your butt in
A soldier, what I do to that hood?
"Are you that slave everybody tellin' me rap good?
Calm down, not goin' ta murder ya
Clean yourself, Pharoah said he wanna have a word
with ya"
My mom, pop, look concerned
After takin' a shower, dress and returned
The soldier, kinda on the dark end
Brought me and the motherfucking palace was barking
In the midst, a poet, dryin'
Pharoah and his girl being entertained by him
Motherfucker got some nerve
said "Bring slave forward, let me observe"
He asked me my name and start badger me
"Ricky, what?", 'Ricky, your majesty'
And bowed because I had to,
Kick a rap that shit better sound fat too

Who rotten 'em
Plaits swing, but have you forgotten 'em
Biggest big shouts since King Tut and 'em (who rotten
'em)
Kids ville, motherfucker couldn't sit still
All bitches is open off Rick's grill (who rotten 'em)
Definetly exort, any stalkin'
Hawk gawkin' at silk fabrics when I'm walkin'(who rotten
'em)
Fondle with right, yet, spec get delighted
All a that jungle shit, whites rap

"He's fat" queen said to the pharoah excited and
did seem obvious the rap delighted him
Then start banging on appliance (Yes your honour?)
"Send this other rapper to the lions" (Please, no!)
Pleaing with merit, if you kill him for my sake
My raps will do the spirit
'Please let him live, I prefer that'

"OK, well, send him where this slave used to work at"
Do or die jammin' me into
Even was allowed to move the family in too
Any beat better rap good on
Even gave me mad nice outfits to put on
Knowing that my rap stlye bumped many
And expecting some important company
The king visits where I was put to write
"Slave, you're behind, better rap real good tonight"
In other words, lay your mack down
'Cause these cats not the one to sound wack round
So that night, when they summers be them clapping
Took a deep breath and then began rapping

Who rotten 'em
Tryin' a find out what excite, what I write,
What ignite with
Lion never once tried to bite Rick
Excusely, assumed to meek, refuse to greet
A smoother geek, just move ya feet
Shocked all dippin' and stoppin'
Even slave owner wanted me to whip a man, fucker
Shakin' any prison, kickin' back, sick of crap
And sista breakin' when a nigger rap

Well it was obvious the raps unpluggin'
Dignitaries spat wine out they mouth, buggin'
This they never heard that type a tactic
Gold sandles all over their fat steps
One dignitary over what man said
"I'll give you half the eastern border if you sell him"
Back at the rest spot to nap a bit
Mom! Pop! They delighted with the rapper did
"Son", my mom said sweepin' up
"That lunatic'll kill you if you don't keep it up"
What's wrong with you, "Son, I'm not scornin' you
Leave your best for a rainy day, I'm warnin' you"
Ripped my ego apart
So I set upon a mission to change the king heart
'Sire, whippin don't pay off
A lot more done you give a nigger one day off'
He took my advice, 'stead a yell again
Sir noticed that my input was accurate intelligence
That type meant ta stripe, kids
Even after he died, I still write raps like this

Who rotten 'em
All teacher and scholar try proceed me, believe me
I am all culture that you need be
And superior juice to abuse, I choose
Use words racist slave owner used to

Sandwich known crook, redbone hook too
Got his own land, which you're known look to
Not only ass wipes, swept side kick
Shocker and them niggers even try to dress like Rick

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