

Tech N9Ne

"Kansas City King"

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Dem niggas is dumb niggas
Disrespecting somebody that loved y'all niggas
You deserve everything you got coming
You dumb motherfuckers

This ones for the rogues
This ones for the hoes
This ones for the shows
This ones for the ghettos

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Hey, who put them asses in motion?
Hey, who flow it fast like the ocean?
Hey, this shit is past the commotion
I'm 'bout to push it further, nigga, rub it in with lotion

So many posed to be holding me
Totally foes to me gold to the Protege
His quota be so but he alacrity rhyme
Motherfuckers know the design
How you gonna disrespect me when the whole city's
mine?

I been grinding like a motherfucker chasing my dream
No longer chasing, I'm making my green
And it seems that them niggas talking tough shit
Not just some niggas but the hood I threw up wit
Niggas I grew up wit, get this, what's that?

Them niggas pissed 'cause I got they house note
Mistresses house note, five car notes
Income tax return and three child support
Checks on my wrist

I'm the Kansas City king
I'm the baddest nigga that you ever seen
You stupid niggas don't really want no money green
You 'bout to see me take it about to see me bling

All you motherfuckers

The Kansas City king
I'm the baddest nigga that you ever seen
You stupid niggas don't really want no money green
You 'bout to see me take it about to see me bling
All you motherfuckers, the Kansas City

Down to the nitty gritty did I say nitty? I said, "Nitty"
'Cause ever since he left, the shit ain't been pretty
Nigga had to skip scenes when he rammed his
Dick up in something sacred and your honor
Probably gave him 15 of the damnedest

When I didn't have shiza to do
I used to sit up on the block with the crew and drank
brew
Now niggas mad because I'm gone, bonjour
Stupid niggas you never see me 'cause I'm on tour

Stacking cash and smacking asses with the masses
You still jacking stashes, gun blast's
Funny how my money, it runs rapid
Labeled me a devil 'cause your hustling level I done
passed it

Nigga will, my nigga still, you kept it real
Kept it all about the dollar bill
They wrong and you know it and I'm about to show it
Since you said you was misquoted nigga, I'ma hold it

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Big Scoob, you fixing to get schooled
How could you just diss dude and do something this
crude?
You, motherfucking fool you, I taught you patterns
Had to combat 'em cause you knew that I was a OG like
Tulu

I told you lets to the group called RDV

And you said, "No", 'cause ain't no we repping that R E
D
Then I said, "Fuck that, I mean with R A P"
Get together and make the cheddar as far as they see

So I extended a hand to blend wit a band
Now ex friend's wit a man they'll send to the can
When you pass me motherfuckers don't you ever ever
ask me
Shit about Stuart Ashby simply because he slashed me

Who used to trust you? Me
Who slept on your couch with a A K ready to bust? Who?
Me
You say people saying 57 RDVs ain't shit without me
Make you wanna say fuck me, well, fuck you

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I started y'all gangsta shit
And this the motherfucking thanks I get?
You been challenging me ever since fourth and fifth
grade
Mad 'cause you didn't get your credits on Mitch Bade

Talked to Don Juan, you don't want none
Look at you blood, you just a crab wanton
Making everything black and white the fattest
[Incomprehensible] but your business can't compete
wit Travis

At it's worst status, strange will change the game
And claim domain and all the lames will ravish
Michael Whitebear, you been waiting to bust 'rounds at
a nigga
Well, the opportunity's right there

16 bars ain't enough to express how I feel about you,
niggas
Now I'm with my two niggas deuce niggas
Reign till I'm slain, they will forever feel me

The only way to stop me, you got to kill me

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