

## Da King & I "Mr. All That"

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[Izzy Ice]

Once upon a time in the streets of the ghetto  
Lived a little old lady with the grand baby hello  
It's me, here I am, where I am, there I am  
Never knew that soon I was to be the man that I am  
I wrote rhymes with my cart and a cap  
In junior high, indeed he became Super Fly  
Went into high school, soon it became my school  
The girls would sweat but couldn't get me so I drooled  
Cause I'm the Golden Child and I have a golden  
Stylistic, ??? mystic I'm sophistic with the style  
Writing rhymes every day so I could battle  
The bums, making em run like cattle, cause down so I  
can elaborate  
On who I am to be in the future  
??? has seen more pipes than Roto-Rooter  
You get smoked like Camels til you shine like enamel  
Leave your head spinning like Dorothy Hamill  
Ask the panel, they hide under flannel cause this man  
will  
Dismantle a crew at a candle or two, for Mr. All That

Each verse I construct is a bomb  
I'm as calm as Vietnam, my rhymes are fat as Dom  
Delause, oh ??? I wanna kick it  
Don't wanna wait to the Midnight Hour to kick it like  
Wilson Pickett  
Cause I sweats no one, oh did you realize  
But I have more moves than a shogun  
Warrior, I'm sorry you didn't understand  
Younger man as I result I'm flooring ya  
My rhymes hit like a car crash  
Stand clear when the man's here, with your lard ass  
With my Jordache, who gets more cash?  
I'm large as an oak tree, you wanna approach me?  
Now isn't that cuuuute!  
Not really, I'm sleeping on your rhymes like a silly  
Pasta peanut can rock the beat is essential  
I make so much music my acapellas are instrumentals  
And could you please shut your jawing  
Or as your leaving could you please shut that door  
behind you?

And don't come back  
Unless you're ready to be trashed by Mr. All That

Now "Mr. All That" is just a title that I've earned  
We can reconcile after for the fact cause I be wrecking  
while speaking  
So don't try to distinguish my language  
Cause since you're just a sandwich, I'd rather eat a  
Manwich  
Or a meal, I think it's time to peel  
Cause I heard it through the grapevine  
That someone tried to take my reel-to-reel  
I got the hand that rocks the cradle, that's my label it's  
fatal  
You don't believe me? Well wait a little bit  
So I can do it at my own pace  
Hey there's so little comp I gotta climb up in my own  
face  
Now isn't that a shame that I man I call Dames  
A lame people give him credit but that's game  
My rhymes have thiacin, nutrients also vitamins  
Protiens, carbohydrates, I can't forget the niacins  
Take a dosage of my rhymes if you're weary  
If you're sick just sit and I'll pull out my dic-  
-tionary, cause I forgot the name of the medicine  
I usually have an MC a la king with lettuce and  
Tomatos and potatoes on the side but it gets me fat  
And you gotta be swift to be Mister Aaaaaaalllll That

And you don't stop, keep off

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