

Brooks Buford

"King Of Kings"

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[DJ Paul talking]

It is I my son, the king of the muthafuckin M
Awakened by all you hatin ass hoes, ya bitch you
And it's going muthafuckin down
For all you muthafuckin wannabe Hypnotize Camp
Posse azz niggas
Who we got in this muthafucka, nigga count em out

[Crunchy Blac]

Crunchy Blac up in this bitch, my nigga Juice

[Lord Infamous]

Lord Soze

[DJ Paul]:

Louder nigga let em know!

[La Chat]:

I'm pull the trigga nigga bitch, it's [La Chat] hoe

[Frayser Boy]

Yeah you got Frayser Boy in this muthafucka
Bout to ride on one of you bitch-made niggas

[DJ Paul]

And ya boy DJ muthafuckin Paul
Like thiiiiiiiis

[Lord Infamous]

Nigga get all ya boys, tell em bring all they guns
And being ya'll some hoes I get the heater when you
come
When I dump to hit your pressure point with .44 slugs
All this medicine, a felon is committed by this thug
Head bust, they took ya in mood, huh
Cuz we'll rip you for whatever and leave ya skull fucked
up
Pop some double bucks
To ya nuts
Cough em up
Slut

Drop the meat up
Then I call em triple six guts

[La Chat]

Who run, I know you know
Quit playin, you damned hoe
La Chat, can't take no mo
We brangin it to the dome
I got the tec-9, four-five, can't forget the AK
Finna take you to the streets, blow you bitches clean
away
Mayne I'm sick and tired of you talking
I'm open with my dog and
Is it true that I will be stalkin
And punkin bitches walkin
Hope you niggas paying attention to everything I
mention
Shit I'm full up on that tension
I'm goin on a mission

[Juicy J]

Now sippin on some gin and some mo (some mo)
Watchin niggas in the room snortin blow (snortin blow)
They got weed, and it's already rolled (ready rolled)
Quick babies in that doe (that doe)
Now I'm so fuckin buzzed bout to faint (bout to faint)
Sittin back watch R Kelly tapes (Kelly's tapes)
E'rtime you see a playa I be high (I be high)
So come and get a lil piece of a nigga pie

[Frayser Boy]

I'm a schizophrenic
Don't you panic
You can't handle it
So god dammit
You can't stand it
Leave you stranded
Push over nigga, you been banded
I been blazin
You are facin
Fuckin killers in yo place and
Heart is pacin
Ya'll be racin
Bout to catch another case and
Killer nigga
Driller nigga
Kill a nigga
Feel me nigga
I don't give a fuck bout what you sayin, I'm the illest
nigga
Pistol mother

Drama lover
Pop a sucka
Motherfucka
Like no other
I'm a lethal weapon like a Danny Glover

[Crunchy Blac]

Nigga lemme tell you my specialty
My specialty is getting you nigga
Lock and load wit that gun pullin the trigga
How the fuck you figure
That a nigga ain't robbin you niggas
When I'm out her trying to get like Jigga
Dippa yo body up when I kill you nigga
Shouldn't have talked that shit cuz I'm pullin triggas
How the fuck ya'll niggas wanna go to war
When ya'll ain't bad enough for us boys

[DJ Paul]

See I'm the king of kings, Scarecrow's the lord of lords
And fuckin up with my kin is something you can't afford
Tryin to compete with Hypnotize man I wouldn't even
try that
My lil keys cost seventy g's nigga can you buy that
You wonderin why I had the for sale sign in the yard
Nigga I sold my crib, my new house cost one million
And this some king shit, MTV crib shit
You mouth is up you startin to drool u need a bib bitch
Before you diss me nigga turn your pockets inside out
Or clean your shoes and your pants, break some starch
right out
Cuz I'm the K-O-M, you wishin you wuz down with this
click
But you chose otherwise so you a clown to this click
And in the streets nigga you get nothing but frowns
from this click
And we done covered all sides of this country lil bitch
So if you ever get a chance to get inside the Source
yeah right
You'll be like my nigga Nas and all you'll have is one
mic (all I need is one mic)

[DJ Paul talking]

Yeah this for all you muthafuckin hoes
If you ever wanna know the muthafuckin truth
It's in yo face, bitch
Trying to use our muthafuckin name to come up
You aint muthafuckin Hypnotize Minds you bitch, you
nigga
And don't be trying to memorize the faces on the
muthafuckin videos

Cuz them ain't the niggas that's gone come to your
muthafuckin den nigga
Where my muthafuckin killas at nigga
Yeah nigga, where they at!

[Crunchy Blac]
Yeah Crunchy Blac up in this bitch
For all you niggas that said I can't rap
Nigga I don't rap anyways, nigga I rob

[DJ Paul]
Yeah bitch ass nigga
Bitch-made hoes

[La Chat]
Hypnotize Camp
Dick ridin bitches
And nigga fuck ya'll bitches

[DJ Paul]
And for all you hoes we'll stomp you muthafuckas short
nigga
Couldn't handle the heat get the fuck up out the kitchen
type niggas
Shit get thicker for a weak nigga hoe

{*talking and yelling till end*}

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