

King Just f/ Fes Taylor

"Pack it Up"

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[Intro: King Just] Pack it up, pack it in, word up To all my world WP, NYC [Chorus: King Just (Fes Taylor) {both}] If you think you got wins over there {pack it up} (L.G., if you ain't Dub-P) {pack it up} King Just on the M.I.C. {pack it up, pack it up Pack it up, pack it up, pack it up, pack it up} [Fes Taylor] Yo I beat 'em up, whoever front, beat 'em up Wanna battle, eat 'em up I know chicks, who bump a little, skeet it up Like to fuck, mics I clutch, no white owl, I hit a dutch Don't ever try fighting us, that stuck up, might of been us Running from the popo, no, Germans is loco What you don't know, my Wolf Pack, about to blow From the dirty south from the big city, S.I.N.Y. I like broads with big titties, big thighs, wide hip size Ya'll wanna know what's up with me? No rapper can fuck with me, living comfortably Ya'll slum to me, never hung with me Whether done with me, ya'll W.P. My Killah Hill vets, want respect, snatchin' ya rep First place, we check ya hip, where the ratchet is kept Yo my shit crystal clear like from DAT to cassette I take half my money first, ya'll spend half of the rest My name Profes, confess, yeah I bang like gang members Bust guns, sold drugs, all in the same winter Step in the club, get stalked by gangs when we enter Chicks call me L.G., give me brains before I pimp her I stay with the getcha, now look I got to you A thug full of liquor, you 2Pac imposter Who You Records, nigga, better check the roster Two 4 Warriors, Two Six mobsters [Chorus] [King Just] Red light, green light, 1, 2, 3 AKA Chokemon, ya'll ain't gotta smoke with me Reppin' NYC, til I D.I.E. When I touch the M.I.C., spread like H.I.V. Try me in the dark alley in Cali With a 'fuck the Grand Wizard' shirt, had it on Klan Rally But Sally from the valley, but she said I seeded it Nuff bitches in this party that I done skeeted in Feeding in, my adrenaline, Wimbledon, champion Forty nine, throw it back like Park Hill from Stapleton Hits now I'm making 'em, D.R. lacin' 'em Period, ain't nothing else I should say to 'em 52 stating 'em, Tunnel, Speed, Stadium Mad is the script, before they closed the Palladium I was them, got you fantasize about, that you wrote your rhymes about But you couldn't turn the jam out, no

doubt All out is how we go, H2O is how we flow Look at
'em now, you ain't got to ask if I'mma blow Or po' like
vest, never ever smoke stress Maybe cuz I'm J-U-S, I
got J-U Ice, cuz I'm just too nice Any hands'll give you
plenty, mami, from, all night Keep that pussy tight,
right, pa won't fight, right I'mma shine, playa shine,
why you blabbin' bout my life Fuck the mic in The
Source, we gon' fight, just for yours Trouble make, like
porns, Warriors love war You gon' see me, on tour,
everybody on the bus It's K.J., not Spike Lee, but still a
million of us [Chorus 3X]

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