

## King Tee f/ Bud'da, Dr. Dre "Got it Locked"

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[Intro: Dr. Dre] Bump bump, ha ha ha Make it bump, bump bump Bump bump, said what? Bump bump, yeah Yo, kick this shit homie!! Ha ha ha [King Tee] Once again, it's the shadiest In the 80's when you was pushing Stadias I was rolling on Mercedes with the alias Daily, throwing up my radius Maybe it's why your ladies afraid of me Don't know what to say to me But she's intrigued by the diamond cut watch The black silk socks, the video is on the pock Let's move the party to the Doc Dre at 80 foot yachts is And you can hear the bass from blocks Fool, wet bar just to fade ya Whores left behind, keep blowing up my pager And it's a freaky scene, chains and whips Only bring the squeaky clean tricks that came to mix with Tha Liks The authentic, Indo is scented Limo, windows tinted, so you can't see who's in it There's no limit to how many mics get tore a minute If the party's cracking then I'm in it [Chorus: Bud'da X2] We got the party locked down, what you wanna do? Ladies wanna dance, homies do too Don't even bring a strap to this King Tee'll make you clap to this Word up, y'all -----> Quote from a previous record [King Tee] Now, you're rolling with the King Flossing with no flaws in the ring Tossing to leave jaws in a sling, often The scrilla peeler, cabbage clutcher, kitty luster Tiny toucher, not a buster, hustler Rush the dancefloor, see a whore That make me wanna "Be The One With You" like Usher Plus the cluster, the type black in the bar back was cool The front and the back was cool So we do, Cognac for two That make the King wanna Act A Fool (remember that?) Player haters hot, cause I got more gold than Willie Gault and them I ain't faulting them, but let's talk about sex like Salt and them I won't end, you won't gain, let's not pretend I'll get the party hot like the cops walked on your blocks (What's up?) Cause King Tee got it locked [Chorus: X2] [King Tee] Some of y'all still don't know what King means, it means ruler Castle dweller, old schooler with the wine cellar And a drawbridge, my troops got you crew hostage While I'm getting head at their grapes and sausage Y'all kids wanna know how the boss lives? Crib, saucy like ribs, and I got first dibs Soon as you

crack the bottle, toss it back 'til it's hollow Mackin'  
everything from hoodrats to supermodels Never  
subtle, save your rebuttal You couldn't get play in a  
huddle So ladies tell your man tonight, you can't  
tonight He gotta use his hand tonight, I guess I planned  
it right We can smash out in the glass house Hit the  
hotel, pull the cash out I'll hit it 'til you pass out, then  
slide back to the spot Cause Aftermath and King Tee  
got it locked, yeah!! [Chorus: X4] [Outro] We gotta get  
in to you, aww wweee We gotta get in to you, aww  
wweee We gotta get in to you, aww wweee We gotta  
get in to you, aww wweee We gotta get in to you, aww  
wweee We gotta get in to you, aww wweee We gotta  
get in to you, aww wweee

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