

## **King Tee f/ Mike Dean, Whoz Who**

### **"The Original"**

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[Intro: Mike Dean Talking] Aiy, check this out I heard two sounds of my home boy Pinky telling me They got motherfuckers out there yelling: Why do you see them when you can see their friend? [Prelude #1: King Tee] We gonna go down south Some of that south funk, you know what I'm saying? What you really know about the dirty south? Ha ha, check this out [Verse 1: King Tee] Man, let the summer begins, the heat excites my westsiders Ain't nothing but Gs and Lowriders Dipping in tightest, indoed out, benzoed out Fool, what got the Hen' no doubt My friends show out, we stack up ends and roll out Make sure the Chronic smoke blows out Them tricks got no clout Cause they're hating how we serve it Don't test T, Loc, it ain't worth it The satellites go circuit, zooming in or how you work it And killers make the world standstill, picture perfect Infinite since the infantile of the child Mamma said the baby gone wild, so I'm like Ta-dow How you like your chickens hotter mile I slang it like it's going out to style Now, I'm in traffic, any block these rims will turn Take you niggaz from the burn [Chorus: Whoz Who] Now, if you wanna be a player baby And if you wanna be a G King Tee is the player second baby Because you Can't fade me I'm the original When I made Gs and brought the Mo' Trunk tight making these niggaz know I'm the original [Prelude #2: King Tee] Watch the chin check, yeah, ha ha [Verse 2: King Tee] Now, I was taught, half heart, half the money and survive "Beware of them player hating marks and disguise" Stay wise, these whores are crying look you in your eyes "And set you up, cause money lives forever lowride" No surprise, that's why I'm Hub City everlasting Any disrespect, I'm blasting Old School fashion, a pair of the Desert Eagles in the Regal Designator hollow point diesels, running down your peopls And I don't bluff, I stand tough and roll deep Blessed by the homie Big E, rest in peace I keep the phone calling out I got the neighborhood spoiling high, scolding And I'm lost in the Gangster ways The Gangster Makes, they wonder where this gangster lays Hey, out west, where the best rest and chill And chant Makaveli lives [Chorus: Whoz Who]

[Verse 3: King Tee] And as the world turns, I still  
recieve scars and burns I'm out west, my niggaz wear  
curls and perms Time just ticks while little Gs grab  
guns for mix Cause murdering a fool ain't shit to them I  
want money and rims and big jewels Gs have heart,  
have money no rules Is what we've been taught And  
killers they don't talk for the hood, we all faught And  
some outlined and choked Sometimes I see murder  
then I cry, maybe I'm high But the glocks live-by Plus, I  
struggle with keeping my game wrapped tight And  
mashing on the next player hater on sight Because my  
state of being, my only obective Cause I shot the  
Sheriff and that punk detective Run and tell them, King  
Tee is bailing with 'Dre Represent yourself through your  
shit that bump all day [Chorus: Whoz Who w/ minor  
variations X2] Now, if you wanna be a player baby, and  
if you wanna be a G King Tee is the player second  
baby, because you can't fade me I'm the original When  
I made Gs and brought the Mo' Trunk tight making  
these niggaz know I'm the original

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