

Krystal Harris F/ A.J.**"TKO'n"**

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[Amen-Ra]

Here we come, here we come, we're two kings
The cipher's complete, spiced up with a smooth beat
A guaranteed hit, sure to get us paid
The cut was conceived by Freeze from the hit brigade

[D.O.P.]

It's a mellow type of flow, the kind you snap your
fingers to
While you're in your car playing Low Pro
You're not an MC, but even you start flowing
Amen-Ra come down, and do a little TKO'n

[Amen-Ra]

All right, let me explain TKO'n
It's like breaking your curfew, coming in after 3 and
You're tip-toeing, trying to be slick or very quiet
It's so smooth your mother and your father try it
Nodding and bobbing your head is the main reaction
Then you're tapping and snapping causing a chain
reaction
And the person next to you does the same
You're acting like really big kids playing one big game
You begin to recite the rhymes
Then you hear a hard line and rewind for a foul time
The record is memorized, your conscious is stimulized
And you're glowing, we're TKO'n

[D.O.P.]

Yes, thy kingdom come
Two Kings in a Cipher keeping you hyper, children of
the sun
And I bless, the listening ones
I'm filling your soul and making you whole
With truth when the rhyme's done
It sounds kind of wicked, am I correct?
And I didn't even say "1,2" or give a mic check
Cause I can just grab it and whip it
A true MC can you dig it? When the rhyme flows, you
sip it
Like drinking champagne with a cutie named Tootie

TKO'n with a mossie, pimping hard like Rudy
Looking like "3 the Hard Way"
TK Tone, D.O.P., and on my right the Amen R-A
Crashing the scene like the A-Team, we're showing off
Grabbing the mic and we're going off, we're TKO'n

[Amen-Ra]

Here I am, back again, the serpent in the sky
TKO'n in the studio making hits when I
Turn on the boards, set up the reel and run the beat
through
Wait for a minute, rewind, then give the music EQ
The engineer asks, "Who's up, you or D?"
I say "Me" and put my vocals on tracks two and three
Then I proceed to rip the mic up like a chainsaw
Brothers falling victim when I'm taking the blame for
Those who slept, crept he stepped on my
Ego, D.O.P. come ghetto legal

[D.O.P.]

Damn, we're saying fly weak dope shit
I got a second mic cause the first one I broke it
But hype hype rhymes I hit harder than a brick
The DJ will scratch and cut and we will just kick
Yes the tempo is slow and my voice is low
So hip hip hooray and away we go
Behind the M-I-C I'm standing, rhymes I'm rambling
On, got MC's scrambling, word is bond
I take a trip and I fly by the power of the eye
And I know where I'm going, that's TKO'n

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