

Naz & Dev

"King Sun With the Sword"

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[VERSE 1]

You know I heard a lotta rhymes and none of them
impress me
If you're tryin to diss me you may as well address me
Callin me out's a suicidal attempt
And on the real live tip you're just another whimp
I cause earthquakes when I rock old breaks
I flip on snakes cause I got what it takes
To make a crowd jump like a 12-gauge pump
Servin lots of speedknots when I fuck with chumps
Size havin nothin to do with this matter
My name is like bullets, let off and they all scatter
Breakin north, south, east, west to vacate
Severe distruction, the god creates and waits
I never mentioned the Sword that I use to remove
Those heads of the mentally dead fools
I wanna build with the brothers who claim to be
A said person of righteous ability
Bits and pieces of math your quotes mean nothin
To my knowledge the father never taught frontin
Just some mystery gods tryin to come aboard
But you're dissed by the 5, by King Sun with the Sword

(Yeah, yeah, we got it goin on) (3x)
(We got it goin on)

[VERSE 2]

It's the King of a kingdom, descendant of King Tut
The Sword is golden, unfoldin a fly cut
Never sweatin small competition at all, y'all
Let em get souped up, I set up a downfall
Yo chief, I get the beef like a butcher shop
Sweep MC's like a broom or a dust mop
Clean house like a maid as I get paid
Games are played, bodies are slayed and laid
Six feet under, pushin up daisies
Yo, I tried to tell you, money grip, you're crazy
To say 'battle' to me, that's a trigger word
S-u-n is a small, yet a bigger word
Solo controller, roll throughout the universe
Fill up your mind with lines till your heads burst

Don't even talk about you're better at a freestyle
Meanwhile I'm manufactured by Profile
Mel-Ice, you got it goin on swiftly
They can't touch you and they can't get with me
I'm the King with the Sword decapitatin heads
Rappers are done before their rhymes are even said

(Yeah, yeah, we got it goin on) (3x)
(We got it goin on)

[VERSE 3]

Sucker DJ's takin a stab in the dark
And every brother I met learned techniques from Clark
Rich from 3rd Bass, Scratch from EPMD
Aladdin from Low Profile, [Name] from Philly
Plastic Men and the Sword Mel-Ice
Are the Supermen sent by Clark Kent who is super nice
What I'ma do is pull the source from a rock, yo Mel
Give em a taste cause they're clockin and what not

[DJ Mel-Ice the Sword cuttin up]
(Hear the drummer get wicked)
(Here's your ticket) --> Chuck D

(Yeah, yeah, we got it goin on) (3x)
(We got it goin on)

[VERSE 4]

Now that you know the damage we are capable of doin
Tell your favorite crew and the posse they're ruined
Just like a waiter I came to serve you
Don't touch the mic till I say you deserve to
Your rhyme style is faded like pre-washed jeans
Go back to rhymin on the corner with your crackhead
fiends
Bumrush the liqor store to get a bottle of Cisco
At the party I dissed you, so they call it a diss-co
I'm a renovator, translator of hip-hop
Shakin the tip-top till all of the drips drop
Of the jockstrap, I rhyme, yo, I don't rap
Rappers are new jacks, I smack em and bust caps
I'm in the mood to intrude with a power move
I'm still waitin for the others to show and prove
You're gonna learn not to tamper with Islam
I'm blowin everybody up with this bomb
Pure greed made em all not take heed
I'm not bendin, you ain't got what I need
Your best bet is to sit and stay set
I'm not one for droppin drinks, but I dropped Mo'«t
A new name, but the flame is still the same
Red dot on your head, I don't have to aim

One shot, gimme mine, cause I just scored
I can't afford to front, I'm King Sun with the Sword

(Yeah, yeah, we got it goin on) (3x)
(We got it goin on)

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