

Next Up

Black Knights

Yeah, yeah yeah once again
The Black Knights is back
The Rugged Monk is back

Yo, I'm from the Black Knights
I only spit Black Knightful exciteful
I slow bob up the street with a stick and rifle
My tight flow unlike no other nigga on the list
patented high-pitch, on that like a switch
Never ran, switch snitch turned bitch on my click
Talk shit 'cuz I can back it
sneakin' with a ratchet
Uncontrolled, unorthodox
Always catch me on the block
shootin' dice, sellin bags
spittin' gang bangin' tracks
Slow-mo', 'cuz I took two drags off a stick
Bang that Black Knights shit
Straight off the top
we the hottest shit off the block
Connect with some vet's now we settin' up shop
Push through the hood, blue SS
Chrome I rocks, hood-tap
Park, brake, pancake
A free-wheel motion off a fire-water potion
down the strip, we steady floatin'
Black Knights, West Coast Killa Killa Beez
Pump yo' brakes and check yo' anti-freeze
When you step to emcees like these
from the West Coast, test most
and we'll leave your body afloat

Yo, Next Up
(Dawg I believe that's me)
Light up the mic like a Wu Killa Bee

When Doc Doom brings it, it's strictly raw
Fuck what you heard us all, my murder call
murders all you rap fraud neanderthals with one line
Better hope your rhymes can't compete with mine
cuz I'm that nigga you dont wanna see that rhymin' crime god
So what up, beef wit' Black Knights'll get you lit up
Five shots to the stomach'll leave your belly ripped up
like sit-ups, fuck ho's to get-ups, rock shows for G-cuts
Supreme Clientele tryin' to Re-Up like Ghost
We got a gang of niggas on post
The Killa Bee Gang, we bang from the East to West Coast
We deep, swarmin' through your party with heat
Ready to mash and blast the first motherfuckers with beef

Black Knights... Black Knights.. Black Knights...

Y'all niggas tore that shit up
Black Knight style, it's my time now

Niggas ain't got what it takes
Make no mistakes in my circumfrence

Shatter your nonsense, my dominance'll crush ya confidence
I promise it, be the day of your life
Black Knights sacrifice mics, yeah we murder on site
Emcees get blown to debris for steppin to a Killa Bee
You fake niggas be killin' me, frontin' like you ain't feelin' me
It's all good (All good), because my shit is hood anyways
Eat you up anyday, show you how the inner-city play
In Killa Cal, we nice with chrome gun a microphone
Enter the sniper zone and watch your mind get blown
physically and mentally, lyrically and literally
All I know is seriously you niggas couldn't get with me
on your best day or my worst day
I'm takin' first play, every event in the cut
Heavily bent, heavenly sent
for every dime-piece lookin' for dick
The one and only, Sharpshooter dick 'em down and leave 'em lonely
Crisis, dick 'em down and leave 'em lonely
(Sharpshooter dick 'em down and leave 'em lonely)