

# Can This Be Real

King Tee

Yo, what's up?  
King Tee's in the muthaf\*\*kin' house  
Got my homeboy Young Floyd in the house  
J-Ro's in the house  
But yo

Now here's somethin' everybody can relate to  
I know you hate to, but I feel great to  
Be the man to shake you, awake you and make you  
Stop sleepin' and I do what it takes to

Bring a screechin' halt to the snoozin'  
First listen to the jam before you start choosin'  
And refusin', sayin' you can't hack it  
You never even bothered to take it out the jacket

Put it on the turntable, have a listen  
Then if it's wack, start dissin'  
Now I understand why you're dissin' my cut  
So I spit in my foot and stick my fist up your butt

'Cause you have no business, really in this  
And I have no time for that diss-diss  
I shoot a rhyme at you like I'm shootin' to kill  
And you can do is ask yourself  
(Can this be real?)

Now this song, I dedicate it to the sleepers  
Nothing real hard, just a little teaser  
For those, who told those, that the King Tee was done with  
No, not quite, yo, pooh pump it

Suckers don't front, I know it's me you admire  
I take your girl, set her soul on fire  
I use the mic like a gun and my rhymes like ammo  
I go Tyson while others go Rambo

Pooh puts are warned, break north while you can, bub  
Give up rappin', join my fanclub  
I'm the rap reverend, hip-hop evangelist  
Yo, I can handle this, pass me the cannabis

Pro rap artist and my rhymes are kinda raunchy  
Start with somethin' smooth, end with somethin' punchy  
See, I can rock, funk, rock, reggae or salsa  
Heavy metal or some soul, disco at the casa

Just to the point of a vinyl convention  
Tee does the rappin', E does the mixin'  
So if you're still sleepin', yo, that's ill  
But when you're awake, what's your question?  
(Tell me, can this be real)

Let me see if I can bust this one off  
Right here, one take

As I resume with my rhymes, or should I say continue

You got the nerve to try to pretend you  
Don't like what I'm doin' or sayin' so far  
But usually when I'm done you're satisfied, of course

I don't front or fake, don't base or sniff  
Don't rob or steal or shoot dice and pimp  
'Cause I love to hang out with my posse and chill  
You might think I'm a thug, so think what you will

I got a girl with a curl and a hommie named Sonny  
Never smoked crack 'cause the shit smelled funny  
King Tee, my alter ego, there's not to be a sequel  
Suckers try to diss me when I entertain the people

Hey, I'm a murderer, your girl, I'm servin' her  
You feel like beefin', hah, the nerve of ya  
I hit you so hard, it make your mother feel dizzy  
Back up, punk, the King came to get busy  
(Tell me, can this be real)