

## Check The Flow

King Tee

\* not 100% sure this is the mc's name  
We got them, sledge, (? ) ruff heads (check the flow)  
King tee's on the set (check the flow)  
When niggaz try to get high-tech (check the flow)  
The dialect's on the flex  
Watch this, when I shine I bring rain  
Clouds, bust storms, yo, this ain't the norm  
When I perform, I get you up out your seat  
Get down with the real deal skills, then chill  
Then show your ass how to get amped, then lamp  
Stretch, flex, then tackle what's next  
Cause mc's, that luck up, need to hush up  
Who can't brush up, on their rap style, shut the fuck up  
Then duck from the one that gets buck-wild  
I chop your ass in half, with a smile  
Big grin, all teeth, for those who got beef  
Fuckin with me ock, you're six feet deep  
Down in the ground, alone with no sound  
While I'm up here chillin, top billin  
And illin, on all those, who oppose  
I wanna take one more shot, strike a pose, uhh!  
Smash, here comes the one that talks trash  
To garbage mc's, who try to diss me  
And my crew - the ill ville animal cannibal  
Backbreakers, government amputators  
Bounce to this if you think you know the hits  
And all you gassed-up critics, put the brakes on the shit  
Cause I'm tired of this, and I'm tired of that  
Motherfuckers sayin king tee's shit was wack  
But in fact, my rhymes crack backs and make money stacks  
By the truckload, now let's go for the gold  
So strap on your seatbelt yo and let's go  
And get down, to the sound that burns quick  
Cause I'm about to burn rubber, on this number  
And any mc who claims his style is legit  
Suckers wanna try me? (I know not why tee)  
I light that ass up like the 4th of July g, uhh!  
check the flow, check the flow, check the flow yo  
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check the flow, check the flow, check the flow yo  
check the flow, check the flow, check the flow  
Capital s-l, crooked letter humpback fuck that  
Thump that, shit that's never wack  
Cause this goes out too all the niggaz that we rushin  
To hear the shit I'm bustin over ruptured percussion  
It ain't my fault that I'm layin niggaz down like asphalt  
And blow your ass away like chalk, dust  
Then crush your monkey-ass unto the side  
Cause wrecked dialect is causin lyrical genocide  
I stress facts like irs wants tax  
From anyone claimin that they're livin, kind of fat  
You see, I could get sick in the thick of shit  
I turn my toes up, when it goes up, my foe's butt  
Hey nigga back-steps, even you can get hit  
I'm more crankier than a bitch on the shit!  
Niggaz get heated cause they just got defeated  
By the two man team, the sledge and the king, uhh!

[chorus]