

Down Ass Loc

King Tee

Well, it's the musically drunken King Tee with the fifth of funk

Guaranteed to make you jump like my 12 gauge pump, huh
I've been around since the days of the Sugarhill groove
Bust it out with act a fool

When I was seventeen, made some mad-ass green
Bought a six-fo' and some more gold things
Had to play the part for the G's on the block
So I bought a blue rag, bought a black glock
Ran with the bunch that was out to get paid

The Westside of Compton over where the dead laid
On [Unverified] and Central, where niggaz get mental

For a dollar, makin' punk niggaz holla

I used to kick it on my front porch, drinkin' some 'gnac
While the homies stripped cars in the back

Lifestyles of the short and broke

Ain't worried bout shit, 'cause I'm a down ass loc
So break the nigga off when you come to my hood

'Cause the little B.G.'s, is up to no good

Jackin' motherf**kers for they Dana Dane's

Got 'em jumpin' out they shit like the house of pain

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Yeah, a young man with the grown man's gun

Tryin' to stay full while he's livin' in the slum

I used to bang on fools like I was goin' insane

From a notorious Compton gang

It's King Tee, strapped "IV Life"

'Cause I don't trust niggaz, I use the middle finger for the trigger

Ease back, watch bullets, flock through the sky

For the homies that died and don't know why

It's the crazy motherf**ker with the hot-ass tec

Makin' hard niggaz hit the deck

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