

# Drunk Tekneek

King Tee

(Well, alright)  
Oh shit

Many, many asked if I knew the way to go  
I thought I knew the answer, it seems I wouldn't, so  
I picked and I picked, for the label I searched  
I slipped and I tripped for the pop, it didn't work

So now I take the stage of my what? 3rd comeback  
Now I know the tricks of the trade and where the slum's at  
Blows to the chest, buckshots from the guage  
Page after page King Tee takes the rage

Lord have mercy when I pick up my pen  
Then I ask the Lord to forgive me for my sins  
'Cause I get drunk when I get trucked  
There go some gunshots, wait, I gotta duck  
(Get down, fool, get down)

What everybody runnin' fo'?  
(Aww shit!)  
Can't take the plug of a .38 slug  
Can't take the drug from the teenage thug  
So I'ma break loose and do a flip-flop top  
And land on my feet and show a drunk tekneek

Couldn't walk a straight line, ladies and gentlemen  
I couldn't walk a straight line if you let me crawl  
Leanin' to the side, I know I'm drunk, man  
Leanin' to the side, people everywhere  
Well, alright, wants to get funk'd up

M-M-MC's seem to get souped when they group  
With a big name but see, none of them is game  
For the royal, loyal, the one that stole yo  
Coupe De Ville when you thought you could chill

On my street, with your freak, to freak me, the freak  
Played out along the week and fell steep in the creek  
So I'ma put my crown upon the peak  
And do it just for the thieves with the jeeps

I know you feel scared, I got a criminal path  
For a laugh I watch devils get whipped by Shaft  
Pooh has a mack-10, E-Swift's in the Benz with a glock  
Takin' some young girl's cock

I grab that geno-St. Ides by the stack  
Never smoked crack but I drunk a lotta 'yac  
Mostly by the cup, grabbin' my nuts to the beat  
Hey yo, it's the drunk tekneek