

Let's Get It On

King Tee

Let's get it onnnnn.. it's time to get down
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Huh, for your convenience I'm fully equipped with the madness
Plus I bring joy to the sadness
Mr. insane chose to bring the noise
I flex out the best out, and I brought my boys
For the function, wait bring the pumps and the bumps in
Niggaz wanna trip I got pumps in my trunk then
I rule all I survey, bust a move
Ain't nothin changed but the God damn groove
I bring forth fat shit on the money
Homies wanna trip but I'm chillin with the honies
My girl (?) and nikki nicole, gets papes
I brought sable just for old time's sake
The real ruler wrecks records, I mean wrecks wombs
But now I got the psychedelic tune
I dedicate this to my true black sisters
Niggaz bump this while they rollin on them twisters

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Yo I told you man I don't play around with the music
I'm funkdaified, blowin up acoustics
I'm rather remarkable when I kick the matter
Skilled in the field of rough grammar
I electrify and intoxicate the moment
I branch out and crush my opponent
It's +super nigga+ in the skies, wild mannered
Reportin on the sound, you got to gets down
Like I toldja, and peep you can write it in your book
Cause, yo - that's that shit with that soul train hook, yeah
The blackness gets stronger, the soul gets deep
Make room for the alkaholik sheik
I persist to be the infinite all-time great
I'm told that my name gained weight
Since the past, so hell, let me take it on the blast
Yo yo, pass the rug before I bust my ass

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Hey nig bust the funk, I feel somethin comin
+tales from the crypt+ or I might just be buggin
No propoganda, I stand outstander
A +outkast+, like them kids from atlanta
I perform microphone exorcism on rappers
I cast out the demon from them bastards
And oh nikke, you did the track, what's the plan?
Step to the mic and show these hookers how to slam

Flash for a style, nikke is the picture
Open as I enter, I'd like to send a
Track that's fat, constant non-stoppin
From brooklyn to compton, my shit is stompin
.. I like to parlay on the ave

Every now and then smoke a blunt, sip a heineken
I know a king named tee, tha alkaholik
"i can rock a rhyme no matter how you call it"
Produce hits from the bassment
I make loops, if they're used, I replace 'em
Nikke nicole, the soul sound, bring the whole crew
We can all get down..

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