

Knock Out Kings

Coolio

(1 - 2 - 3 - 4)

You in the ring with a thing, not a man
And what I bring is shots to the body
That'll make a fool sing, soprano
Fall setter, ain't nuttin better
Massive concussion, career over, no discussion
Both eyes closed, broke nose, cheeks swole
You can't see, vision like a peep ho
This ain't no slug-fest or exhibition
It's a disaster, cold, beat-down, tragic massacre
Call in the doctor
He's been rocked and socked-up
Call the police, the champ's insane and oughta be locked up
Pay-per-viewers have to try to not to light the whole block up
He's hurt and he's wobbling and he can't keep his things up
He's gettin banged up
Uppercuts, overhead right, short left jab
Right into a change up
Big thing, he's down and canvas smell like dirt, don't it?
El Cool Magnifico crush all weak opponents

(The Replacements)

These combinations are taking me places
Knockin my opponents outa they shoes
With tight laces

Makin faces as they body hit the canvas in pain
The championship belt is what I taste and claim
Survivin the game
Pound for pound you got the best man standing right here
Round for round I got the cowards runnin in fear
Town for town, fight fans stand and cheer
Your Knockout King is up in the ring

1 - 2 - 3, killer!
4 - 5 - 6, spitter!
7 - 8 - 9 - 10
4 to the body and 2 to the chin!
1 - 2 - 3, killer!
4 - 5 - 6, spitter!
7 - 8 - 9 - 10
ding *ding* now it's on again!

Uh, round for round and pound for pound
It's the king of the ring with a hundred knockouts
Uppercuts to the chin, knock your mouthpiece out
Got your corner-man yellin