

# 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