

Duck

King Tee

Hey, here comes the funk of the future
And I can rock a rhyme from Perquorma to Hoover
The westside kid, quick to do a bid
Just watch me cock the glock and make room

Shit man I got a 12 guage with the infrared scope
I found a Tec 9 it use to be a radio
But now I'm a G, psycho, crazy
f**k what you say and buck buck and I'm suazy

In my rag coup, front and back and it's quick
Punks with bump and that 3 wheel shit
'Cause that's all you need when you need to be poppin'
Bust a U-turn on 3 wheels by the cops and

Damn if feels good to be triflin', you know what I'm sayin' 'cuz?
Who got the wallet, 'cause I'm buzzed
I got the black mack-11, sendin' fools to heaven
Get the f**k out my way, this is Compton fool just

Duck, duck, I'm about to bust some rounds
Duck, duck, I'm fiendin' to bust some rounds
Duck, duck, yeah, I'm about to bust some rounds
Duck, duck

Yo check it, they be like "He's a maniac"
Yeah, bitch ant that's real, get the f**k up out the car and just peel
Yo punk I said right before I crash you in the grill
With the ass of my glock, watch the blood spill

Gangstas got love the nigga King Tee
Just ask 'em who's the great weight, just watch 'em scream me
Quick with the punch, rollin' like clunch
Coming with the real shit, runnin' with a bunch of crazy niggas with wires

Hammers and players, your money and your blood
Plus the Dayton's and them tires
I be goin' so low, you can't get under
Niggas can't see me, ask Stevie Wonder, blazed in the chronic

Bumpin' delphonics and my shit's screamin' like that group Onyx
But hey, I'm the man that'll bust that ass open
When I was young me BB gun even has a scope so

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Duck, duck, I'm fiendin' to bust some rounds
Duck, duck, yeah, I'm about to bust some rounds
Duck, duck

God damn, it's King Tee with the funky bumrush
Smoke a lot of herb but I never hit the dust
I can wreck them efx 'cause I ain't got my check, baby
This ain't no punk shakin' shit, I'm goin' crazy

I think I'm goin' out of my head say what
I said I think I'm going out of my head, so E-Swift
Since you rule in the cuts, give me the gun

And just duck, come on

Yo, I got a black case but it ain't for the mase
It's for the 4-4 I use to blast you in the face
'Cause I be actin' kind of triflin' like my nigga Tela
Cock the hammer blow you out your socks and your Filas

Which way did he go? Which way did he go?
Niggas don't know, I got to play the down low
Punks, jump up and get blasted to the ground
So motherf**ker duck, I'm about to bust a 'round

Duck, duck, I'm about to bust some rounds
Duck, duck, I'm fiendin' to bust some rounds
Duck, duck, yeah, I'm about to bust some rounds
Duck, duck