

# Played Like A Piano

King Tee

King Tee's drunk again, yo, check this out, aww shit, aw shit  
I wanna dedicate this song to all them motherf\*\*kers out there  
That, that, that perpentratin', perpetratin', perpin'tratin', wait, rewind  
(Eh but yo, King Tee, man, what is this? What is this?)

Some cool shit for the King's anthology  
And when I'm done, don't expect no apology  
Stupid motherf\*\*kers shoulda stepped when I warned 'em  
I'm from the Boondocks of Compton, California

I'm just anxious to whoop some ass  
I went to high school, but I flunked every class  
So what makes you think I give a f\*\*k about respect?  
I'll put your bitch in check and I'll bet

You won't run up, son of a punk and a bitch, too  
I shoulda did a drive by on you and your crew  
'Cuz y'all be poppin' some shit that's unheard of  
For you, what's the word? Uh, it's murder, son

When I be crushin' your hood with a passion  
And I ain't talkin' that action Jackson  
When I come you better run for ammo  
Or get played like a f\*\*kin' piano

And yo, we got my homeboy Ice Cube  
In the house from the motherf\*\*kin'  
Lench Mob, what's up, nigger? And yo Ice Cube  
I heard you're a singer now, man, what's up? Yo, yo

Do ray me but I don't sing, mothaf\*\*ker  
I kick shit with the King, mothaf\*\*ker  
Ice Cube will clock the cash, rock the mass  
And if you run up, I'll sock your ass

And watch that eye get swollen  
'Cuz I'm playin' punk niggas like Beethoven  
So bust a cap or swing and die  
f\*\*k Yul Brynner, it's still The King and I

Cuz where I'm from the sun don't shine  
So one time hope I only bust one rhyme  
But I bust one more for the suckers  
Last year I was Ruthless, now I'm Lenchin' mothaf\*\*kers

And you'll see in a tree, MCs and crews  
Now they're lookin' for me, King Tee, and Pooh  
Now every nigga that crossed me's soprano  
'Cuz I played their ass like a f\*\*kin' piano

Yo, check this out, we got my homeboy  
Breeze in the motherf\*\*kin' house from the L.A. Posse  
And he got some shit to holler  
Come on, man, bust this shit

Well, I'm-a take the mic like it was a jack move  
Run with the beat as long as the track moves

Hot as lava, organized like a seminar  
Serve you, your crew, him

And them and a couple of rap-saps who think they can get butt  
You slipped and shit, so nitwit, just get the nuts  
Stealin' your high hopes, watchin' you write notes  
Better walk a chalk line, not f\*\*kin' a tightrope

Rap slicker, thicker, quicker than others, then I stop swift  
Shift from 1st to 5th, while you stop to shoplift  
Take the mic stand whenever the duty calls  
If I bust a nut for every rhyme I had, I'd get blue balls

Serious as drama, I'm-a watch her say, "Me too  
You're shorter than Michu, your rhymes are see-through  
You're nothin' like GQ, transparent, I made it apparent  
I'm here to wax and tax the incoherent

'Cuz B R E E Z E will easily remain to be-e a top MC  
When you see me, I wear a beanie, and not a Kangol  
Now you got played, like a f\*\*kin' piano

This is just a sample of three black Nigroes  
Who grew up in the heart of the ghetto  
Doin' what we had to just to make ends meet  
Some steal for a livin', some stand on the street, just slang

Some gang-bang, but big deal  
They say in Compton, you gotta kill or get killed  
Mothaf\*\*kin' police pull ya over, slam ya down  
Then tell ya that your hood is their town

And I ain't goin' for no shit like that  
Cuff me up, take me to jail, I'll come back  
Talkin' much shit, 'cuz I talk what the f\*\*k I feel  
A few weeks in the county ain't no big deal

So a punk like you can't f\*\*k with me  
That big ballin'ass nigga named King Tee  
You think ya can? I don't think that you can, though  
Peace to Ice Cube and Breeze and the f\*\*kin' piano