

Tha Great

King Tee

The majestic great from the head to the toes
I ain't in a gang, I'm in my favorite clothes
But I can scrap with any enemies or foes
Cause I'm champion, just ask all my hoes
Please don't push, or you wish that you didn't
We're goin toe to toe, and it ain't no kickin
My moves are kinda slick and my punches be stickin
So put up your dukes, you little half-priced chicken
Don't brother-brother me, cause I ain't your kin
I'm aimin for the end, and I'm off that gin
Tee came to separate boys from the men
If I see another dance step, I'm shootin for the chin
I sag when I stroll, cause I'm known as a hood
I f**k real good, got trophies for the wood
Hub city hangin, I love shootin fakes
So bitch, make way for king tee tha great
Come on (say yeah)
(check it out y'all
You don't stop
Keep on) --> big daddy kane

Back on the block I got juice with the gees
I was writin rhymes while they picked up ki's
Yeah, I got homies that be throwin up b's
And I got family that be throwin up c's
But to the o.g.'s it's all about paper
Let's sling these birds and gangbang later
I gotta be the great, cause ain't nobody greater
A obvious rhyme would be e-swift is on the fader
Since I'm out west I bought a holster for my glock
Sittin on the roof at the muthaf**kin cops
And the f**kin bitches that's burnin in a cock
And lord forbid, don't let me see my pops
Cause it'll be a buck-buck, and another buck-buck
I don't give a f**k, he left mom duke stuck
No remorse, cause I love shootin fakes
So run, nigga, run, here comes king tee tha great