

We Got Tha Fat Joint

King Tee

Wrap
Then pass that joint
(*in the background*)
Where the joint, man?
Somebody got it
I ain't got it
Check it out y'all
Mad kap's in the house
Nefrettiti's in the house
And she finna kick it like this
Come on now
Come on
So just call me the spark, held by the flame
Once again my beats make white boys reclaim
A stain on your brain, and yet I'm stayin the same
Bust another rhyme, move into the hard time
My lifeline revolves into a circle of zero
And like for real I never liked no superficial hero
Now this joint is fat, so spark up that fat joint
And yes, you best believe I'm born again to prove my point
To say the least, I know you know that hip-hop won't stop
I smooth will get wreck, then pass me the joint
Pass it around
Pass it around
Pass it around(2x)
Improvisation is the key to this freestyle
Hip-hop style, while jazz in the meanwhile
Stride, glide, and all that good stuff
Ride to the rhythm of this jazz, it's rough
You're crippled in the brain from a late night feature
The government is run by the beast and the creatures
Hanger for the hook-up, for the jab it's junk
They're comin in your speaker with the funk-fu-fu-funk
Some want you to say today I can't fit on one caper
Take out the seeds and begin to rollin papers
Then I roll the blunt or a spliff or a fattie
Feelin like a hood with a beanie in a caddy
I love my herb, I love my money, cause I'm young, matty
Never eat the pork, cause it's much, much too fatty
So come down, selector, and give me my props
I'm runnin through a field of marihuana crops
I'm thinkin, all the green, fat, crazy, stinky buds
Flow on the instrumental, cause this rhyme is not a dud
Gettin crazy blunted, and you'll never say I fronted
On the raps, cause I take the track and run it
Into the ground, I'm ghetto clown number one
Rhymes are kinda fat like two tons of fun
Smash, boom, bam! and I never sound flam
It's that nigga king tee with the mad kap band
Gettin stupid high off the chocolate ghetto thai
So pass the dutchie on the left-hand side
King tee and nef, and the rhymes are on point
But now it's time for coke to pass the f**kin joint
Pass it around
Pass it around
Pass it around(5x)
Now here comes the bomb...

Pass it around, throw some flex in
Peek-a-boo! I mean - ooh! I be fresh when
I do that, but wait - who dat? it's the king
Mad kap, nefrettiti's the queen
With the sound of africa to the streets
Somethin the man can't cheat
And make it pop, cause we're already poppin
So I'm whistlin, sittin on the dock by
The bay, singin 'ay-hey,' can you copy?
Boomin like a jeep, deep with my posse
What's up, sister? yeah, it's mister
K-i-n-g tee, I brung a mixture
Of ruff rhymes, I drove by to shoot the pop rap
Cause you know you gotta stop that
Bullshit, but when my pull hits, it's on point
And I got the fat joint
Pass it around
Pass it around
Pass it around(4x)