

Who Rotten 'em

Slick Rick

One of the greatest rapper, walk, I'm sayin'
In the field makin' my brick without hayin'
Mad busy kid, ah whip cut here
You, boy drop your bundle bring your butt in

A soldier, what I do to that hood?
Are you that slave everybody tellin' me rap good?
Calm down, not goin' ta murder ya
Clean yourself, pharaoh said he wanna have a word with ya

My mom, pop, look concerned
After takin' a shower, dress and returned
The soldier, kinda on the dark end
Brought me and the motherfucking palace was barking

In the midst, a poet, dryin'
Pharaoh and his girl being entertained by him
Motherfucker got some nerve
Said, "Bring slave forward, let me observe"

He asked me my name and start badger me
"Ricky, what?", 'Ricky, your majesty"
And bowed because I had to
Kick a rap that shit better sound fat too

Who rotten 'em
Plaits swing but have you forgotten 'em
Biggest big shouts since King Tut and 'em
(Who rotten 'em)
Kids ville, motherfucker couldn't sit still
All bitches is open off Rick's grill
(Who rotten 'em)

Definitely exhort, any stalkin'
Hawk gawkin' at silk fabrics when I'm walkin'
(Who rotten 'em)
Fondle with right, yet, spec get delighted
All a that jungle shit, whites rap

"He's fat", queen said to the pharaoh excited
And did seem obvious the rap delighted him
Then start banging on appliance
(Yes your honor?)
"Send this other rapper to the lions"
(Please, no)

Pleasing with merit, if you kill him for my sake
My raps will do the spirit please let him live, I prefer that
Okay, well, send him where this slave used to work at
Do or die jammin' me into

Even was allowed to move the family in too
Any beat better rap good on
Even gave me mad nice outfits to put on
Knowing that my rap style bumped many

And expecting some important company

The king visits where I was put to write
Slave, you're behind, better rap real good tonight

In other words, lay your mack down
'Cause these cats not the one to sound wack round
So that night, when they summers be them clapping
Took a deep breath and then began rapping

Who rotten 'em
Tryin' a find out what excite, what I write,
What ignite with
Lion never once tried to bite Rick
Excuses, assumed to meek, refuse to greet
A smoother geek, just move ya feet

Shocked all dippin' and stoppin'
Even slave owner wanted me to whip a man, fucker
Shakin' any prison, kickin' back, sick of crap
And sista breakin' when a nigger rap

Well, it was obvious the raps unpluggin'
Dignitaries spat wine out they mouth, buggin'
This they never heard that type a tactic
Gold sandals all over their fat steps

One dignitary over what man said
"I'll give you half the eastern border if you sell him"
Back at the rest spot to nap a bit
Mom! Pop! They delighted with the rapper did

"Son", my mom said sweepin' up
"That lunatic will kill you if you don't keep it up"
What's wrong with you, "Son, I'm not scornin' you
Leave your best for a rainy day, I'm warnin' you"

Ripped my ego apart
So I set upon a mission to change the king heart
'Sire, whippin' don't pay off
A lot more done you give a nigger one day off'

He took my advice, stead a yell again
Sir noticed that my input was accurate intelligence
That type meant ta stripe, kids
Even after he died, I still write raps like this

Who rotten 'em
All teacher and scholar try proceed me, believe me
I am all culture that you need be
And superior juice to abuse, I choose
Use words racist slave owner used to

Sandwich known crook, red bone hook too
Got his own land, which you're known look to
Not only ass wipes, swept side kick
Shocker and them niggers even try to dress like Rick