

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 itCheck it out y'all

Mad kap's in the house

Nefretiti's in the house

And she finna kick it like this

Come on now

Come on[verse 1: nefretiti]

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 jointPass it around

Pass it around

Pass it around (2x)[motif]

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[coke]
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 fuckin jointPass it around
 Pass it around
 Pass it around (5x)[king tee]
 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, nefretti'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 jointPass it around
 Pass it around
 Pass it around (4x)

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