

# 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

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