

Played Like a Piano (feat. Ice Cube, Mc Breeze)

King Tee

Some cool shit for the King's anthology
And when I'm done, don't expect no apology
Stupid motherfuckers shoulda stepped when I warned 'em
I'm from the Boondocks of Compton, California
I'm just anxious to whoop some ass
I went to high school, but I flunked every class
So what makes you think I give a fuck about respect?
I'll put your bitch in check, and I'll bet
You won't run up, son of a punk and a bitch, too
I shoulda did a drive by on you and your crew
Cuz ya'll be poppin' some shit that's unheard of
For you, what's the word? Uh (wack!) it's murder, son
When I be crushin' your hood with a passion
And I ain't talkin' that Action Jackson
When I come you better run for ammo

Or get played like a fuckin' piano
And yo, we got my homeboy Ice Cube in the house from the motherfuckin' Lench Mob (what's up, nigga?), and yo Ice Cube, I heard you're a singer now
Man what's up? Yo, yo Do-Ray-Me. But I don't sing, mothafucker
I kick shit with the King, mothafucker
Ice Cube will clock the cash, rock the mass
And if you run up, I'll sock your ass
And watch that eye get swollen
Cuz I'm playin' punk niggas like Beethoven
So bust a cap or swing and die
Fuck Yul Brynner, it's still The King and I
Cuz where I'm from the sun don't shine
So One-Time hope I only bust one rhyme
But I bust one more for the suckers
Last year I was Ruthless, now I'm Lenchin' mothafuckers
And you'll see in a tree, MCs and crews
Now they're lookin' for me, King Tee, and Pooh
Now every nigga that crossed me's soprano
Cuz I played their ass like a fuckin' piano
Yo, check this out, we got my homeboy Breeze in the Motherfuckin' house from the L.A. Posse
and he got some shit to holler
Come
On, man, bust this shit
Well, I'm-a take the mic like it was a jack move
Run with the beat as long as the track moves
Hot as lava, organized like a seminar

Serve you, your crew, him, and them and a
Couple of rap-saps who think they can get butt
You slipped and shit, so nitwit, just get the nuts
Stealin' your high hopes, watchin' you write notes
Better walk a chalk line, not fuckin' a tightrope
Rap slicker, thicker, quicker than others, then I stop swift
Shift from 1st to 5th, while you stop to shoplift
Take the mic stand whenever the duty calls
If I bust a nut for every rhyme I had, I'd get blue balls
Serious as drama, I'm-a watch her say "Me too."
You're shorter than Michu, your rhymes are see-through
You're nothin' like GQ, transparent, I made it apparent
I'm here to wax and tax the incoherent
Cuz B-R-E-E-Z-E will eas-i-ly re-main to be-e a top MC
When you see me, I wear a beanie, and not a Kangol
Now you got played, like a fuckin' piano
This is just a sample of three black nig-roses
Who grew up in the heart of the ghetto
Doin' what we had to just to make ends meet
Some steal for a livin', some stand on the street
Just slang. Some gang-bang, but big deal
They say in Compton, you gotta kill or get killed
Mothafuckin' police pull ya over, slam ya down
Then tell ya that your hood is their town
And I ain't goin' for no shit like that;
Cuff me up, take me to jail, I'll come back
Talkin' much shit, cuz I talk what the fuck I feel
A few weeks in the county ain't no big deal
So a punk like you can't fuck with me
That big ballin'-ass nigga named King Tee
You think ya can? I don't think that you can, though
Peace to Ice Cube and Breeze, and the fuckin' piano

Songwriters

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