Got it Bad Y'all (Featuring Tha Liks)

King Tee

Ladies and gentleman
That nigga King Tee and the Al-cum-a-holiksPooh-butts play the rear cause I'm makin yapes
The rhymes ain't no thicker than a Skittle grapes
A lot of girls would like to thank me for the hanky-panky
On the mic I hold a belt, now I know no one could spank meIt took a long time for the people to hear my rhymes
Seems like I been rappin since my birth in '69
Sorry to keep you waitin, I run rhymes like Walter Payton
I get a rhyme like spokes on a DaytonBut I won't knock off, because I just rock off
The beats to get funky, like when you take your sock off
To all the white folks I would like to say howdy
And to all my brothers I say peace, quit actin rowdyWack MCs in 92, ew, you need to take a rest
The public don't you aim the best
You're softer than a hookers chest
Raps, I make em, snaps, I make em
For duties movin booties cause I shake, shake, shake emAnd I got rhymes, funky funky rhymes
E-Swift hold the needle down with nickels and dimes
I drink Olde English, St. Ide's and Mickeys
When it's time to roll, I throw on my black DickeysOn the mic I get wicked, like Wilson Pickett
I get the place jumpin like a cricket when I kick shit
I'm from the West Coast but don't sleep home-stimpy
Even if I was a paperboy, you still couldn't rip meI walk up and chalk up pairs like the Knicks
I'm all in the mix like snares and kicks
When it comes to rhymes I get loose like belt buckles
Those who chose to oppose this nose is felt knuckles(Where you goin' to?)
To the tip
(And what cha bout to do?)
Bout to rip
Some people use the word funky too loosely
And just how many rappers say they kick it like Bruce Lee(What's your favorite brew?)
Olde E
(And what it make you do?)
Go pee
It used to be about rhymes, all about rhymes
Now rappers rearrangin and changin like timesI got it bad, y'all, I got it bad, y'all
When it comes to the pen and the pad, y'all
I got it bad, y'all, I got it bad, y'all
When it comes to the pen and the pad, y'allBack the fuck up, gimme room to breathe
Not too many niggaz can flip the rhymes like these
I freak the technique as if it was a bitch

Got more soul than the pit with a fifthPitch the ball, so I can beat it with the bat
Talk some shit, so I can smoke ya with my gat
I'm feelin kind, feelin kinda, feelin kinda, feelin kinda
Feelin kinda buzzed off a sack of chocolate tieMy, my, my ho, I like to rip the shows up
Smack the hoes that walk around with they nose up
Run to the liquor store before they close up
Buy a few 40s, cause daily I get to' upSit at the crib and write riggy riggy rhymes
Line after line after liggy liggy line
Yo, I can get funky, buy my tape and bump me
To the break of dawn, I hit the bud and pass it onHangin at the park, shootin craps on the weekend
My brown bag is wet cause my tall can is leakin
Starin at the cops, beatin up on Rodney
While a pack of O.G.'s steppin to me tryin to rob meJust because I'm dope, niggaz wanna smoke me
On the mic I get funky while you're doin the hokey-pokey
Dance steps, I think that you should leave to Paula
Alkaholiks is the shit, E-Swift's the smooth ballerIs slangin these rhymes like a rock
Life ain't shit but money and a glock
Don't punch a clock, but I cock a fat knot
So I can smoke a lot of pot that I roll up with topsAnd ya ain't heard shit yet, I'm just getting warm
Like hot butter on, say what? The popcorn
I'm headed to the top, please give me my props
My beats are fat as fuck, so bump my shit in your boxI love to hit the skinz, but then again who doesnt
I love to hit the herbs cause it leave me feelin buzzin
I dedicate this chumpie to the poets who can wreck
And to all the nottie dreads, I gots to give them nuff respect(Where you goin' to?)
To the tip
(And what cha bout to do?)
Bout to rip
Some people use the word funky too loosely
And just how many niggaz say they kick it like Bruce Lee(What's your favorite brew?)
Olde E
(And what it make you do?)
Go pee
It used to be about rhymes, all about rhymes
Now rappers rearrangin, and changin like timesI got it bad, y'all, I got it bad, y'all
When it comes to the pen and the pad, y'all
I got it bad, y'all, I got it bad, y'all
When it comes to the pen and the pad, y'allUp jumps the man with the loot
Rockin like a troop with the Alkaholik group
Everything is kosher, got a little taller
Livin kinda phat cause King Tee's a balerI just irritate the wack, leave em so confused
When I'm checkin on the mic with the ones and twos
Sneak you a peek of the drunk technique
Can't stand up, need to take a seatBaby, baby, baby, it's the Alkaholiks
But I can freak the mic no matter how ya call it

Metaphors grand, and I'm the great man
Drink a whole fifth yes, I can, yes, I can canThe girls call me dick-em-down
Got that title rockin for the crown
Catch y'all later, around next weekend
I'm a Alkaholik and I'm late for my meeting

Songwriters
James Robinson;Eric Brooks;Roger McbridePublished by
COLGEMS-EMI MUSIC INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/