

Bass (Remix)

King Tee

[king tee]

Yo pooh, let's.. drop.. some..

Bass, to make the walls shake

And vibrate the floor, just like an earthquake

King tee is back again, but with a new topic

I wouldn't listen too close cause it's toxic

A new format, complete with the tool

Even though I transform, I stay cool

For me to get taken, how would you figure it

Right off the bat, if you thought so would be ignorant

Or just stupid, or cold dumb

I play lead vocals, pooh plays drums

Keith does cuts, suckers get torn but

I gotta break, here comes the horns..{*samples and scratches*}Bass, to make your heart shiver

I know you, remember back when I used to wear silver

But I gave it a toss, cause I was told

That you're not a real b-boy, without real gold

So i, went downtown to see

How much is the thirty inch dookie

It's quite a bit of money for a big gold chain

Throw him a thousand then he hand me some change

And now I'm cooler, in other words I got it goin

Sway to the side, while I'm showin a professional skill

That I put together with perfection

I gotta clear my throat, punch in the horn section!{*samples*}Cause I need some boom, to crack the walls

Break the windows, shake the room

When I'm done take my photo, this is how it go though

King of cool lyrics, and I'm solo

As a rhyme preacher, shoulda been a teacher

Let the bass reach ya, and let it beat ya

Never givin up cause I persist to be the dopest

I wouldn't take it as a gag or a joke it's

Serious, bass drum kickin like a ninja

You wanna dance to death, (?) send ya

If you say that I'm the coolest I'll probably say "truly!"

But at this time I represent keith cooley{*samples and scratches*}Verse four, the part where I get it off

Then, try to rush it cause the studio costs

I mean the main idea is bass

And you probably get a bruise when it's at your face, so

Don't get mad or either angry at me
I'm just a lyricist, and my name's tee
The supreme cool kid who puts life in the mic
I need bass from a drum, to hell with the pipe!
Casanova fly guy, funky fresh in the flesh
And to those who don't you best believe I'm the best
If it's fashion I'm flashin, just like the drums
{ "hold it now.." - ".. here it kiddy come comes!" } { *samples* } Now keith! (yeah) how you livin homes? (l-l-like,
like this..)
Now everybody in the disco if you're feelin alright
And you know king tee's the mc of the night
Don't front, get up, let me know what's happenin
Keith does the scratchin for the king tee's rappin
I'm from compton though, I travelled the nation
And from every different state I get different condescension
I'm the {k-k-king..} so just give me some space
Back up and just let {cool drop that bass!} { *scratches* }
{cool drop that bass!}
{ *samples* }

Songwriters

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