

# Payback's A Mutha

## King Tee

See, not long back when I was seventeen  
When I walk in the jam, suckers look at me mean  
They wouldn't give me respect, told girls I was a whack  
You shouldn't have did that brother, I'm here for the payback  
They spreaded rumors about the king  
They said that I was a front  
All my rhymes are wack  
All my cuts are bunk  
They said I live in a slum, my father's a bum  
They said my sister's a crackhead, my brother's drinkin' Rum  
But I didn't let it bother me took my time  
Sat at the kitchen table wrote my rhymes  
And now that I'm eighteen, I'm not a kid no more  
I could walk in a nightclub and wop across the floor  
I'm a show you I'm good  
Make you wish that you could do the things that I do  
If I could teach you I would  
See, back then you didn't like me, I stayed in your path  
See my name on a flyer, you giggle and laugh  
Tell people I'm soft when I could really get off  
You didn't know it, now I show it, I'm the Hip Hop boss  
See, people like you are known for fakin'  
Frontin' and bluffing and perpetratin'  
Biting and lyin' and always waitin'  
For me to come around and see how much I'm makin'  
See, money I got, 'cause I'm a pro at this trade  
You thought you got away but you're about to get paid  
You told girls I was wack, shouldn't have did that brother  
Look, I'm King Tee and my payback's a mutha  
As I talk you get madder because the crowd starts to notice  
A professional rhymers, yeah, you must know this  
I'm cooler than most, most of all I'm so cool  
Never smacked on the crack because I'm too busy in school  
See, I just think you're jealous and you envy my style  
You hear my rhymes, say it's weak but in your mind you're sayin', "Wow"  
Tell people I'm ugly and I got big lips  
But as I walk by your girl she wanna ride king's tip  
Going down in fame just remember my name  
Not a sapoe with a Afro  
A king with a brain, if a sucker gets beef  
And wanna battle, let 'em come  
We'll discuss it over lunch and drink some one-fifty-one  
After that I set a trap even though I feel tipsy  
The crowd starts to clap and I ain't even got busy  
I'm great, some even say I'm a genius  
You said my crew was whack, you haven't even seen us  
So I'll get you back, can't survive too long  
Tellin' lies about the king but I could take it, I'm strong  
Got a Emmy in Rap for usin' my cool strategy

Rappin' was nominated to get a Academy  
The girlyies I get, suckers  
Probably get mad at me but I don't care  
King Tee is the baddest  
See, Fila's my trademark, I'm going for a medal  
Letting off some steam like fire to the kettle  
Sportin' real gold and a baseball cap  
You better look out punk, I'm here for the payback  
See, I'm macho supreme, head honch of the team  
Numero uno, Kadafi of the Hip Hop scene  
I could be a cool rebel, I'm already tough  
Dominate Rap artist never spoke on a bluff  
Down and I'm hard when I'm rockin', I'm smooth  
I get a trophy for mostly doin' B-Boy moves  
Affiliated with a posse let me go down to the list  
Scotty Dee, Keith Cooley and Cold Crush Chris  
Vatchiek's a pro, he's also down with the crew  
The master mind of the drum, D.J. Cool Pooh  
If you ever get souped up, you'll look like a poot butt  
You'll ask me to stop and I ask you to do what  
I won't stop till I paid you back  
By the time I'm through with you  
You'll wanna smoke some crack  
Because I'm the King tee, there is no other  
Ya better get ready my payback's a mutha

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