

# The Ruler's Back

## Slick Rick

Hauk, who goes yonder?  
It is I, sire, Richard of Nottingham  
Well, speak up man, what is it?  
News from the East, sire, Rick the Ruler has returned  
Gather 'round party goers as if you're still  
livin'  
And get on down to the old Slick rhythm  
Now this one here is called the Ruler, my dear  
It's a mere party booster that will set things clear  
It's a hundred percent proof from champions of  
truth  
And if you feel you need spirit I'll bring back your youth  
Relax your mind, and folks unwind  
And be kind to a rhythm that you hardly find  
And off we go, let the trumpets blow  
Well hold on, because the driver of the mission is a pro  
The Ruler's back  
Now in these times, well at least to me  
There's a lot of people out here tryin' to sound like Ricky D  
Not tryin' to cause trouble 'cause it's really a small thing  
But they're bitin' what I'm writin', God, it's great being the king  
Some sound alright, but then  
they act illy  
Try conquering my crown and that's really very silly  
Now I'm not the type that gets upset  
Try to disrespect folks just to earn respect  
But learn this fact, whether white or black  
I can't get conquered in my style of rap  
For jealousy and envies are dumb ones tools  
So Ricky says nothing, he keeps his cool  
Revenge is not a mission that the Ruler's on  
Just forgiveness required for the wrong that's done  
So off we go, let the trumpets blow  
And hold on, because the driver of the mission is a pro  
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Now one day, when I was chillin' at this outside jam  
I seen folks havin' a ball and plus clappin' their hands  
To beats of records that conquer the streets  
Like Pee Wee Herman and Clubhouse Treats  
Girls was chillin', boys rule as usual  
The slacks, the golds, the rings, I hope I'm not confusin' y'all  
But everyone in the house looks smashin'  
Fresh clothes on their butts and nothing out of fashion  
And just when you thought nothing  
couldn't get better  
A news flash concealed in a bright yellow letter  
A kid ran up to the mike and said, "Alert, hear this"  
Cleared his cloggy throat and then began to persist  
He said, "Hallelujah, kids hear this  
The Ruler's back and he's here to assist"

So off we go, let the trumpets blow  
And hold on because the driver of the mission is a pro  
The Ruler's back

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>