

# Don King

BeatKing

Keke already warned me that bitches ain't shit  
DJ Screw in my cup and your bitch on my dick  
And my dick by my pistol  
Pocket full of issues  
Studewood I rep that eight in my clique too  
Fat nigga, 6'2  
Got all the hoes, this true  
Fuck your bitch send her back to as [?] to kiss you  
Bitch my flow sick fluid  
15's in my fucking trunk  
C3E run the fucking city, I don't see no fucking comp  
Feeding rap over this beat like Keke did in '96  
My lines sick  
VIP Club with a fine bitch  
Talk down and meet me  
Street sweeper, [?]  
Control of the needed people  
Flow eat people, Hannibal  
Yella bitches on my dick  
Now where was your four years ago  
When I was in the Buick going through it  
Now they call me baby like I'm in a stroller  
They know I got my door up  
They smile when I roll up  
Club God bitch, the whole clubb screaming hold up  
When my clique we shine harder than six suns  
Fucked your bitch the first night, she made you wait six months  
We don't love these hoes like we don't love these laws  
Ridin' round in these new white cop car

This is some grey tape shit, some 288 shit  
Ferrari look like a genesis  
My slab look like a spaceship  
Balling like I'm Mason  
Bad bitches chasin'  
Fuck niggas talk shit on twitter, but they don't wanna face him  
My show are yellow taped in  
Studewood embracin'  
Bad bitches all the way up to niggas in the state pen  
Keke said I was killin' these clubs and respects what he sees  
I told him a beat he can't get for free, cause he's a legend to me  
Shootout to the SUC from Pokey to ESG  
Talk down get your ass beat like a VST  
That Glock 40 black like a PS3  
Studewood on my back like 3X tee  
Got your bitch in my hotel room, sippin' purple  
Sucking dick while I'm watching commercials  
Freestyle no rehearsal, bitch I'm the king at this  
Nut in your bitch face and ain't seen her since  
Club God all I do is fuck hoes and eat Dennys  
Got three freaks with men you don't like that  
You can eat semi baow

Peepin' in my window, month of December  
3am freestyle on, got these hoes on my zipper  
Scrollin' through my twitter, lookin' for a flipper  
If she got a weak mind, then I prolly pimp her

Rock out with my dick out like I'm Stiffler  
Yella bitch got three yellow friends look like the Simpsons  
My two year old hollin' while I'm freestylin'  
But I'm still fly (G til the day that I die)

Got to be a G, one of the realest in it  
Niggas like to see you grindin', but niggas don't like to see you winnin'  
Them same hoes from highschool that told me and Carter was wack  
They all in the clubs [?] 09 all them bitches fat  
Inhale or debreath a fail  
I pay all my momma's bills and I get checks in the mail  
Get sex in hotels all over the country  
To say hold up and grab my dick, these promoters pay me money  
Haters can't grip that, so I sit back and think  
Back when I had that [?] shirt  
Walking around with headphones listen to all my beats at work  
Tryna come up with a plan, for me and C3E and it worked  
Everybody that ever said I couldn't do shit, ain't shit now  
And they forgot what they said  
But the shit they said is forever up in my head  
And I use that shit today and to the day that I'm dead