

King Without A Crown

Big K.R.I.T.

Forever is a mighty long time
I do it for the South and them folks that held me down
Forever in the game, forever Multi
Forever getting mine, forever on the grind
What's a king without a crown ho?
What's a car without some sound ho?
What's a king without a crown Ho?

Sometimes all I need a bass
And a little liquor to ease my mind a bit
Cause even when you polished, niggas won't let you
shine for shit
That pot to piss turned into a house on hill
I'm talking two stories no fabrication, that's a true
story for real
And ain't no ghost writer, my flows tighter than
gorilla fists
Keep it poppin like hot grease, fried up with your
catfish
Cut throat with that bucket seats, I split a peach
Young Krizzle, fruit ninja, crouching tiger, hidden
freak
Ho what's up, I got more to tell ya
Dreams is cheap I got more to sell ya
Crush linen, grain grippin', don't touch my buttons
I hate it when a bitch gets overzealous
So chill ho
I got a point to prove, that's the reason I rhyme fo'
Third coast, I put it down fo'
What's a king without a crown ho?

K-R-I-T
One more time for them folk that didn't know
Two more time for them folk that didn't listen
Three more time for them folk that said growth
Was impossible, for a country boy
Like they could spit, like they could flow
Shawty everybody wanna be a rapper
But everybody out can't do a show
So I'm slamming doors and work the wheels on her
my bands and pop a bill on her
Shit changed since Krit Wuz Here
I raise my glass and crack a seal on her
Cause I deserve that, got a old school
Let me swerve that, in my own lane
I make my own beats, I write my own rhymes
I grip my own grind, I grip my own grain
And that's royalty
How else I'm 'sposed to live?
I made due with what God gave, I do exactly what I feel
Yeah I play my part and I gave my heart and I represent
for my crib
Just like them kings that came before me, I'mma keep it
trill
Let's go!