

## Kings Blues

Big K.R.I.T.

I got no time to waste  
I got more bills to pay  
I got more mouths to feed now, now, now  
I got no time to play  
I got no need to stay  
When ain't no money around, round, round  
What's a king without a crown?  
(Time's a wasting)  
What's a car without some sound?  
(Don't you take your time, young man)

Never been on that silly sucka shit  
Ride around pimped out, four doors  
With the wood grain dashboard and a rim that sits swoll  
And the embroidered headrest  
Yeah, that be dead fresh  
In your ear like headsets  
Sleepy eye, forever grind, no dead rest  
I can't depend on that next check cause it ain't vouched shit  
The type of broke that got me searching through my momma's couch  
Here's some loose change, got that dollar menu  
McDouble, small fry, lemonade and sweet tea blended  
Now here it is Monday, will that get me through till Wednesday?  
Will it kill them hunger pains, even tho it ain't fulfilling?  
I make do with what God give me, and I take it day by day  
I would come around more often, but I can't stay, cause

Try not to step on my toes, with yo swole, bankrolls you blowing thro'  
On stripper pole pros you barely know, make it rain  
If I was paid with no knowledge of two months late on my mortgage  
In the hood that ain't safe, I'd do the same thing  
But wishful thinking ain't shit without genius  
I can't define how I feel, that's why I'm searching for meaning  
No need to pinch me in my players' suite, I know when I'm dreaming  
My momma tell me 'be careful, ' cause she know when I'm scheming  
Lottery winners don't run in my family  
Nor do seven dots when dice are swang, so sense in me gambling  
We just crap out  
Maybe they would listen to me, if I pulled the strap out  
Like 'give me everything, or I'm a black out', cause