

King

Bizzle

They don't do it like the KING do, yeah
Everybody a king, everybody a god huh? Alright

Tell 'em they don't do it like the KING do, KING do
Homey ain't nobody king you, king you simmer down boy
And get your hands off the crown boy, now boy, Believe me
They don't do it like the KING do, KING do
Homey ain't nobody king you, king you, simmer down boy
And get your hands off the crown boy, now boy, Real talk

Every other day another sucker on a record pushing dirt up on the LORD'S NAME
More money, more cars, get some more chains
This is a sure thing, only way that this will go, rich or poor, shove them in the box like a board game
Fools lottery, if you think all that property gon' fit up in that box you play way too much Monopoly
We're just the clay, HE the POTTER, we the pottery
If you remove HIS hands then we in bad shape, fall in it
GOD over money boy, that's just my philosophy
As long as I am the realest I'm the richest automatically
Game full of lies so they hating on my honesty
But Imma tell the truth till they body me

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Killer, killer, killer Mr. Killer, You don't really want it like you say boy
Everybody wanna bang when it's their boy
Everybody want an issue till the magazine spray and their centre fold, they don't want to play boy
Bullets hot dawg pipe down, you talking like you trying to die right now
Truth is if you get shot you gon' cry loud, and every drop of gangster in your body gon' dry out
Everybody wanna pop 'ruggers, we love to brag about it like it's not foolish
They hate us cause we try to put a stop to it, then we love to glorify murder till a cop do it
Never been a shooter, that was never me, never disrespected anybody who respected me
Always kept the cool when I knew we was at the deep, 30 on breeze not gangster that's hell weak
I know you got a strap boy I'm with it too, but I don't let it change how I get at you
Y'all like 5-0, started for protection, the problem is y'all become bishop when you get the juice

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So you trapping in your video and killing in them songs
If you can't keep HIS word then them lyrics did you wrong
Cause you sleeping in the 'burbs, and them visuals is phony
I know everything you rap about, I did it with my homies
Get money out the soil huh? Something like oil right?
That don't make you loyal bruh, you ain't even loyal cause you from the hood
But you don't tell them nothing good, you just sell them poison and the prof
its move you from the hood
Understood, it takes a KING to make a king, something that a king do
Where's the dude that made you king? What's his name? King who?
You send your kid to private school and tell mine's bad
You went to college but you only rap about the gang
YAHWEH'S the KING, and your way it seems to have me of way to hell, in the h
allway of screams
Please believe since there's just only one KING, that can only mean one thin
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