

King Kong

Curren\$y

Yeahh... Jets Fool, Pilot Talk Nigga,
Everybody around this bitch got money,
We ain't never gon run outta weed, yeah, look up

Holla a mountain out
Build a villa in it, pimp that's what I'm talkin bout
Uh, Closed minded lil children,
I write my way to a million, lookin out the plane windows
Fuck around get popped like a collar
For slippin in my city get bitten, chewed, swallowed
Fool, what you think you like me
Your idol and your rival I be
Holdin the title with the precision of a hunter's rifle
Shots fired, the forest too quiet, trees ignited
Fall back baby girl let me get high chick
Eagle droppings, fly shit, who gon' stop him
On the grind I am like a quarterback attackin' defensive
linebackin' homie who gon' block em

Tearin thru the city
Snatchin bitches top of the building
King Kong ain't got shit on me
25-8 goin 8 for the cake nigga
King Kong ain't got shit on me
Wanna be pilots, get swatted out the sky around I
King Kong ain't got shit on me
Larger than life, they hate me because they ain't me
King Kong ain't got shit on me

Yea, came up, put it down for my set what I did Jets nigga
Founder of a flyer society raisin the partition so
the driver won't bother me
Women wishin for a position on either side of me
Hopin for a free ride to the top with me
Spendin my cheese, smokin my broccoli
Dressed neat, left the hotel suite sloppy off the chopper tree
Upstate New York, Woodstock, Socrates
The view from my rockin chair you would not believe
A million miles from New Orleans,
left the key to the city with my brother now I'm comin back for it

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