

Only One King

Dave East

We good
What, What, What
Paranoia coming Nigga, stop asking me, Dirt gang

I was broke 20 years straight, Nigga trust I know what it feel like
I used to wake up with a real pipe
Xanny will make this a pill night
Something about it don't feel right
I been that Nigga I'm still nice
Say my name imma go overboard
You pussies is tough, real dykes
This shit I'm talking my real life
Gucci sneakers with the B's on em
Young Nigga, He just blowing money, Working out with Y-3 on him
In P.A, I had 3 warrants, Said I'm never going back to Philly
I ain't 30 but I'm at a milly
Screaming thirties, they gon have to kill me
All I wanna do is shop when I'm in Miami, ball over 10 bands
Think of robbing, gotta slim chance
We on a Tern Bike and 10 Vans
Five sprinters, couple 9's in em
6 Niggas but it's 9 women
Foreign coupé I got a dime in it
20 rooms in a mansion with signs in it
It ain't hard to find a bathroom
I show my ass like a baboon
You pressing Niggas get the cash few
When I was broke, I woulda grabbed you
Condo in Cali got mad room
Been a star, my mom and my dad knew
Your Bitch going nuts like a cashew
You might lose your life if they catch you
I been through shit you couldn't imagine, so I ain't got nothing to ask you
Acting like you don't know what this Mac do
And no I'm not talking bout Apple
Your favourite girl keeping looking at me
Tell her I only got one thing
I ain't never getting married, KD will tell you its hard to get one ring
I remember couple cold nights, I was reing-up off one fiend
I'm back in shape I don't want lean
Just kicking shit like the punt-team
We used to sip on hypnotic, now we rolling so much exotic, don't want green
Thousands a dollars in Sun jeans
Profit and [?] was dumb clean
Down in Miami she came out them panties her body was smelling like sunscreen
Like Brian McKnight, how that gun sing
In New York, there's only one king
I ain't asking for the crown, Nigga chicken spot I still be at Crown Nigga
Summer time sweating brown liquor
Don't believe I run the town with em, You down with em, lay down with em
I don't even need a mask homie
Gotcha your wifey in the back seat
I ain't even have to ask homie
Still got murder on my conscious
I ain't from Highbridge, I gotta bag on me
Could see it in your eyes ya mad homie
I'm backstage with a Mac on me

I'm backstage counting racks homie before I even go a spit a verse
Niggas acting all tough on Instagram
They just hoping they can get a verse
That's your bitch but I hit it first
That's your clique I can get em murked
Harlem Crip still up in the dirt
A hundred Zip's are like 50 perc's

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I just came up on a new hoe
Told her hit the strip, bitch get the work
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Bitch get the work
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Told her hit the strip, bitch get the work...
Harlem
East side, Uptown, Downtown, Westside shit Nigga
Paranoia
[?], Free Scrap, Free Trav, Charlie in the halfway house