

# Who's The King

## Dog Eat Dog

Who's The King?

You're the king if you can sing like the King of Rock & Roll

Filled with a soul and all fucked up on Demerol

Like the King

you're only headed for the ground

Your own Graceland, Your body never found

I smell a rat up the back

But no a former champion

The hardest man alive's in an Indiana prison

What does Donnie do about that?

He lets his main man rot

As his pockets grow fat

Don't snooze, ya gotta make your moves

Nobody move, nobody gets hurt

Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt

But still Rodney King got treated like dirt

And why can't we all get along

Why get along with the cops

They beat ya like a dog

Jumpin high with pride

in the red, white & blue

Was it the thrills, the spills

Of the Rocket cycle dude

The King dare devil

Took it to another level,

Evil Knievel, a well paid rebel