

# My Crown

Emtee

Running round the city looking jiggy  
Voices in my head keep saying "Go Get It"  
They used to call me lame 'til I did it  
Sticking to my lane, no playing not kidding  
One of a kind, stay on the grind, I'mma shine  
Getting high, they say one time for your mind  
You see the signs, I'm finna ride on you slimes  
You couldn't even speak when I was in grade nine  
Okay it's time to rap, quit the chit chat  
Where you at, my nigga you wack  
Emotion on track, see who brag  
Now where they do that at  
Don't front like you don't know I'm strapped  
I came from the trap  
You posted from my city in fact  
So don't be fronting like I ain't real  
Above all, be great still  
I just hope you ain't take pills  
Starting to sound like how Drake feels  
Stop Draking, stop faking  
The people love you nigga  
Who the fuck is hating  
Even them other rappers are said the same thing  
Said people are changing whe you need saving  
Now back to the real stuff, I'm the GOAT  
I still do the most  
I'm tryna get a ghost while you post  
I'm in the streets spreading hope  
At the same time tryna get a draco with a scope  
ATM bitch I run that  
Thank God I've seen a milli it was one flat  
I'm a brand now I ain't gotta gun clap  
These niggas talking but i ain't heard one thing

They wanna see me down  
They wanna take my crown  
Mara ho a tshwana, mina ngiyaspana  
They wanna see me down  
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Round two, never heard about you  
'Til them niggas found you  
Now you in a fould crew  
Sixteen years in the booth, don't play me  
I only had myself to save me  
I gave you a hit now you acting shady  
You just like all these niggas tryna play me  
You wanna see me down, when I win you frown  
You bougie and you stupid  
Now you loosening, calm down, calm down, calm down  
Don't tell me you don't know that a nigga up now  
Why you comin' at the bigger artist, bigger targets  
Now I see how cold your heart is  
Ball so hard they call cops on me  
Don't sip no liquor but these niggas throwing shots at me  
Y'ain't finna vibe homey, you just gotta stop homey

What can I say we wasn't raised the same  
Some fall in love with the pain to cover up the pain  
I'm tryna raise my son, educate my son  
Show him the way it's done

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