

King

Ghetts

Don't act like you don't know that I have a head full of lyrics
And there's not a day I will hold back
Man start sending for dickheads

Hold that...

Look at me I'm a king
Booker T in this thing
Pushing me to the brim
Couldn't see with the wind
Look at me in this ting
Look at T in this thing
Look at me I'm a king, look at me I'm a king

I can't let them girl there style on man
Look down and smile on man
I'm thinking about getting ahead like she put a mile on man
Going all wild on man
Everyday I ask God forgiveness hope he ain't kept no file on man
At the same time may the Lord be my witness
Baby nine I got a child on man

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Normal day but I don't do things the normal way
From back when the uniform's all grey
I was musical always
Let's get one ting clear, you don't run tings here
Leave that gun ting there, my man's hunting here
Why've you got your hands in your trousers like there's something there
Something's weird, don't I know you from somewhere?
I just can't think where full clip and I can give man one extra
I know the target's there
I see three, you're darkest fear
Casket's bare, drive-by car key there

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Man get trampled, man get stamped
Man get stereotyped and [?]
Man get gunshots man get shrapnel
I wish you more life than money in the bank
Champagne dancing splash that all over the paigons when the man bust shanks
Man going raving man bust skanks
Man beat once and never come back

You're an impostor who's more of a monster
I can still open the door of a Honda
Oi Wez, I remember when this same sawed-off was longer
While back when the corner was stronger
Still [?] if I'm on ya
Call me a monster, then call him a Doctor
Bang bang anywhere gang
I could be anywhere fam, even in a fancy restaurant ordering lobster
Yeah, you look like a snitch
If you get nicked, definitely sing you'll give them all of the opera