

King

Jacquees

What's good, yo, what's good? (Mike Mixer is in the building)
You know I got a pimple on my, my chin
I'ma bust that *** later (Trauma Tone)
But I just wanna let everybody know that I'm the king of R&B right now
For this generation (No cap, no cap)
I understand who done came and who done did that and that and that
But now it's my turn
Jacquees the king of R&B, I just heard him say it
And I, I been feelin' like that
ATL, let's get it, I'm the new king of R&B
Yeah, I gotta dedicate this to all the kings before me, all the greats

Felt like Tip, ridin' on 24s when my debut hit the stands (Uh-huh, skrrt)
Used to be ridin' Mustang but I know that Lambo' was in the plan (I'ma get me a motherfuckin' Lambo', nigga)
Nine years old, karaoke machine and the Michael Jackson hand (Yeah, shout out my mama, for real)
Singing, "I want you back," 'cause my girl knowin' one day I'll be the man (Uh-huh, yeah, c'mon)
Grandma put me on my first flight, now I'm in the UK with American bands (No cap, yeah, and I fly private)
If you a big dawg, book me in your city, I shut it down, you become the man (I done proved this shit already)
You can count on me, I knew one day I'd get it (Yeah)
Shuttin' shit down, now I'm the king of the city (No cap)
Every day, a star is born (That's a fact)
And if we talkin' kings, there's more than one (On God)

You should clap for 'em
Clap for 'em, clap for 'em (Clap)
Clap for 'em (Clap), clap for 'em (Clap)
Clap for 'em (Clap), clap for 'em, hey
You should clap for 'em
Clap for 'em, clap for 'em (Clap)
Clap for 'em (Clap), clap for 'em (Clap)
Clap for 'em (Clap)
You should clap for 'em
Clap for 'em
'Cause I'ma clap for 'em (Yeah)
Clap, clap (Uh), clap (King), clap (Huh)

Kill a nigga for the time that he looked at you
I'll be there when you're throwing that, that too
Put your ass in the air, I'ma kiss that, boo
Your girl over there, I'ma hit that too
Get Kama Sutra freaky sex
Doggy style, missionary
Bless the day I met you
Can't go nowhere, ain't gon' let you, uh-uh
Top off
In convertible, that Birkin ain't no knockoff
Was just with Oprah and Denzel, I'm a player
Ain't no million, then we don't compare
Like Nas said, it ain't hard for you to tell, yeah
From the west side of Atlanta
Change the street name, it don't matter
I say Bankhead, I mean my hood

Where I grew up, fuck that cracker
No, I don't go to Stone Mountain 'cause that statue on the side
A reminder of that time when we survived genocide, damn

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King shit, let's get it