

Long Live The King

James Arthur

I'm getting tired of your disrespect.
Well, it's evident I'll always be the best.
Whether or not you're being serious or say it in jest,
I've got a licence to right; you haven't passed your test.
Yeah, I'm good with words, and you're fucking chronic.
Forever second fiddle, you're Tails, I'm Sonic.
Is this the baddest I can go? I can get much badder.
I've been doing this since you were in your Huggies, hold your bladder.
You've been studying me, wetting yourself,
Cause you're afraid when I rise, you'll be left on the shelf
Where you belong; with the rest of the wannabes,
Don't ever ask me to support you, you can never follow me.

I've been holding my tongue for a long while,
Sat back, watch you parade my style.
Lock him in a prison for plagiarism, nobody wants to listen,
Chance dying, might as well kill him a pretender
To the crown, turn around, sit down; I'm the king,
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.
Long live the king.

Anything you can do, I can do better.
Even when she's soaked through, I could make her wetter.
Stop try'na make me look bad, so you can be taken seriously,
What makes you think I give a fuck what people think of me?
You disrespect me now I'm obligated to destroy.
Why would anybody go to war with men? You're just a boy
Nothing to write about so put your Barbie biro down.
Save yourself embarrassment, fucking clown.
You making moves cause you be mollycoddled silver spoon.
Your skills are average, good at copying, carry a tune.
All the gear, no idea, daddy's bank account.
And when it comes to your abilities, small amount.
When you compare it to what I can bring, it's minuscule.
You're the pupil; I'm the teacher, go back to school
You have to be in possession of the limelight for me to come and take it from you, why don't you get it right?

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