

When The Lions Come

Jon Bellion

When the lions come and they turn to fight
Will you lose your soul? will you lose your pride?
Cause the only thing they need is to smell a drop of fear inside
When the lions come, will you turn to fight?

Yeah, they tried to stop me
Tried to box me in the ring but I'm rocky
Indeed I'mma rumble
If the lions come I am, uh
Gonna be deemed new king of the jungle
I came from the bottom where it's not a problem
You know they got iron and chrome
And they firing at domes
And they hold more grams than retirement homes
I made it out all on my own, the homies know I was alone
But they be calling my phone, if they need some money
In other words I was a loan, now I'm in the zone
Should have been another statistic
But I said fuck it I'll risk it
Looked death right in the face and I kissed it
No evidence and no trace of the lipstick
Now ain't nobody gonna stop me now
Ain't nobody gonna knock me down
I'm from the school of the hard knocks breaking doors down they tryna lock me out
If you stayed to fight then you might have won
But they caught your ass cause you tried to run
Me, Jon B, Blaque Keyz, in a fighting stance when the lions come

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Yeah, lemme get it like this lemme rip it
Like this so sick don't spit
I vomit, bomb it, wearing the freshest of garments
Blowing up yeah we the bombest
Never cocky i'm just honest, reppin' artanis, woah
Maryland what I be reppin' the second I step in,
I murder like weapon
Let me bring the tech and I'll hit ya like tekken and I'm gone
Whatever record I'm on, I just wreck it and I'm gone
R-A-Double T -P-A-C-K, V's up, all day, yeah we do it our way
I push white keys like Beethoven, while blaque keyz drop 16's,
Like the sistine, that's so mean
Hell yeah that's so clean
Can I get it, Lemme get it, I got to get it
I got to spit it from the heart, lemme tear it apart
Living the real life, everybody want to wonder what it feel like
Rock with a drop top, living on top, lemme get it
I get ready to pop, when they bopping they head
When they rocking' the bed
If I couldn't do this then I'd be dead

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Man it's unreasonable to think that Keyz won't leave MC's extinct
I never had a reason to, until now to get that spear and hit that Jeep?
See me swerving like Steve Irwin through herds of nervous MC's
I sink my teeth in their verses, each feature becomes a feast
Lay back, relax in my den, get paid from the royalties
And bring it back to the pack and just let my family eat
I'm a predator on this beat, every metaphor is my prey
My roar rumbles your feet, I'll place your head on my tray
I'm letting your girl pat me, run fingers all through my mane
The pride of a dying breed with ferocity in my veins
At the top of the food chain, the philosophy is the same
So live properly, so one day they won't throw you in no cage
Keyz is king of the jungle no rumbling with the snakes
You running when I'm on the prowl, I pounce you can't keep the pace
You know I've been earning stripes, got zebra print on my face
Got to make it apart of ya
See the world through my wardrobe like Narnia