

After everything said, huh, man, man
After everything said, huh, man, man

"Crazy, bipolar, antisemite"
And I'm still the king
Still the king, still the—
They thought headlines was my kryptonite
Still the king, still the king

It's what y'all all been waitin' for, huh?
Guess a real nigga couldn't take no more, huh
Niggas mad 'cause they can't talk to Ye no more, huh
It was FucksGivin' now it ain't no more, huh
If you ain't mean it, what you say it for, huh?
She just wanna fuck at the Bottega store, huh
When she suck me off, I should be payin' more, huh
I take her to my bitch 'cause she actin' like a slut
Bring four sluts right now
Shut the Hell up 'fore you get exiled

And, I'm still, "Crazy, bipolar, antisemite"
And I'm still the king
They thought headlines was my kryptonite, bitch
I'm still the king, I'm still the king

Paparazzi love me, they show up to everything
I can pay you double, let me put you on the team
White castle to entire castles, we did everything
Sold out every stadium that we got every week
I don't give a— Uh-uh, ooh
Why do the king?
All that word of mouth couldn't take me out, huh?
After all of that, your kids in the house goin' crazy

'Cause I'm still the king
Still the king
Still the king
Deadlines, I gave a shit, like—
Still the king
Still the king