

I woke up and I'm feeling like I wanna release some music
The great part about it all is I have a lot of music
Because I was making music for those two years, while I was stuck inside of
my contract
I wanna release some music for my Kash Bratz, cause they've been holding me
down, and I love my Kash Bratz
I want them to be happy, you know I'm happy I'm free, I know they happy I'm
free
I know they waiting on music, so I think I'm just gonna go down there
I'ma go to the vault, and I'ma get a good fifteen tracks for them
For this one, and while I'm at it, I'm going to get a motherfucking crown to
o
Baby girl, when god give you a crown, can't nobody take that away, but you

I'm king of this evening, for one reason
So get the fuck down, so get the fuck down
Kiss my hand when you see me baby
Uh-huh, cause I was born with the crown
They have, they got me preaching through the speakers
So they play my shit loud, so play my shit loud
Ask about it, he see, said I was born with the crown

See I was born with this crown, I was born with the glory
The baddest bitch alive, hotter then Jamaican curry
Skin silky smooth and this pussy never furry
My money hellas long, I swear these bitches should be worried
Royalty, kiss the ring, I'm on the winning team
I was made to get the cream, I'm touching everything
Think I'm playing? Nigga better check my lineage
You'll probably see my fucking face next to Elizabeth
Stand tall when I enter the room, instead me having dignity, is being boujee
or rude
But heavy is the head, of the one who wears the crown
Better curtsy when you see me bitch, bow the fuck down

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I'm cut from a different cloth, I'm of a certain quality
Probably why I never let these hating bitches bother me
Shit I know my status, I don't partake in this peasantry
I would hate me to if I was them, so I just let it be
They say I'm queenly, but I'm worthy of the title
Sometime I feel as if my fans go crazier then Michaels
My pieces hit they [?], got shit to blow your mind with
Even got somebody that I pay to spit and shine shit
If that ain't royal, what the fuck is?
Only ride the leash, to show you niggas the way that I live
Two point six for my crib, think I'm Ernest [?]
Every time I doubt myself, thank y'all for reminding me, bitch

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As I look in the mirror, who do you think you are?
You must be a superstar
I'm lower ten toes down, bitch, I'm born with the crown

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