

## More Than a King

Kid Ink

An honest man often grows cruel  
When converted into an absolute prince  
Born from power, a bitter from fear  
The madness, the treachery  
The strong mixture of troubles  
It is a man's own mind  
Not his enemy a fool that lures him to evil ways  
More than a man, more than a king  
More like God!

I feel like like  
More than a king, more than a king, more like God  
It's more than a city, more than a village where we are  
Feels so good to you man  
Everything's so super fly

Uh, I don't need no cake  
Coming in high just to beat yo grace  
Wait, everybody sound so reckless  
King me, these niggas playin checkers  
Me? A nigga stay chest to chest  
Let somebody else check the check  
In my city protect yo neck  
It's more than a method man and you get up  
The man of the hour, sold-out shows for someone out  
Ridin round with this gold hangin on my chest like al  
Whole team winnin, OG hit a homerun, we chillin  
We don't talk much til you free, seen niggas  
It's showtime, check yo feet feet nigga  
I'm seeing ADHD, seeing everything clear through my red eyes  
Runnin these streets past, will get it right when you see a nigga zoom by  
Zoom out, you're standing way too close  
Groupie boy worse than a new hoe  
Cold heart growin, need a new coat  
Too high, tryna find my new low

To me a moving nature  
Crosses the line into the relation to other men  
A burn appetite and desire  
Becomes lust and passion  
The dominion that lands to hell over nature  
He also seeks to have his brothers  
So closely remind of his own proper beginning  
And crossing on gods  
Only God is to have dominion over all

Uh, so I just sit back and laugh at em  
Blowin kush and success my bad habit  
Sacrifices of mine, take a stab at em  
Feelin ain't no man like me since Adams  
Ask leaders, actors it's half Aston  
I'm a active, addict but I action  
Racks in, racks out, girl keep flashin  
Fact is, little life that you niggas fashion  
Hard to ball when ain't one to pass it  
In the past but I was way too passionate  
Way too much drive, almost crashin

To the casket, fuck that to the ashes  
Uh, 31 nigga, off so much style, know you heard my nigga  
Uh, what's the word my nigga  
Been drunk since November my nigga uh  
Yea, tell a bitch kick the feet out  
Anything she left, left me like regal  
Lit em on fire, take take em all down  
Pull out the shots and take it like pow  
Faded off my own strand  
Better pull to the side, this is my own lane  
Speedin over nigga, hittin corners in a maze  
I can see where we going, hope the signs gon change

More than a king, more than a king, more like God  
More than a king, more than a king, more like God  
More than a king, more than a king... more like God