

# Red Queen

King 810

Hands up, hands down  
Do what I say now, don't disobey now  
The crowd moves, the crowd boos  
They don't want me, they want you

Yeah, in my shit hair  
In my shit clothes  
In my kicks though  
I'm from a shithole  
My bitch thick though  
Myself ripped bro  
Tell 'em how you really feel  
'Cause I'm so for real  
I don't make deals  
I can't be bought, huh  
They cut a check, huh  
I ran off  
I don't think I'm cool  
I don't wanna be  
My word is gold  
In my city, what can you do for me?  
(Nothing)

I'm not a rat, I don't race  
Down there y'all run to keep in place

I never wanted to be anything  
We only wanna keep living in our own dream  
We're living, living like we're dead  
You're living, living like the sickness in your head  
I'm only guilty of surviving  
You're all guilty of playing both sides and  
Where there are zombies there are rats  
And where I'm from rats get the ax

Big strap, huh  
I'm known for that, huh (oh)  
You throw rocks, huh (ooh)  
You hide hands, huh (yeah)  
My bitch got a ass like the moon (ooh), heh  
She keep my pistol in her lap when we cruise  
They gave me your dream (yup)  
I laughed (hahaha)  
They can't control me, huh  
But they can't give me back  
I don't play nice (no)  
To pay rent (never)  
I own all my shit  
I don't pay a fucking cent (get fucked)  
I don't play ball (no)  
I play spades  
Whenever I get locked up  
For making plays  
When I get out, huh  
My whole crew there  
We go fuck hoes  
And shoot guns, we don't care

I'm from the Midwest (yup)  
Industry ain't make me (no)  
Not who they want me to be  
That's why they hate me  
You want attention (yeah), huh  
You like places, huh  
I'm king David, huh  
I'm here for Satan

I'm not a rat, I don't race  
Down there y'all run to keep in place

I never wanted to be anything  
We only wanna keep living in our own dream  
We're living, living like we're dead  
You're living, living like the sickness in your head  
I'm only guilty of surviving  
You're all guilty of playing both sides and  
Where there are zombies there are rats  
And where I'm from rats get the ax

For real, for real, and I'm  
For real, for real, and I'm  
For real, for real, and I'm  
I'm so for real

You like the big chain and that big grill  
And those big wheel automobile  
But when you get knocked and you get no appeal  
You think you won't squeal?  
(I'm so for real)  
Kids dream about being you in ten years  
Grown men see me in they nightmares  
I love the smell of fear, I like the scent of tears  
Got they Achilles heel  
(I'm so for real)

For real, for real, and I'm  
For real, for real, and I'm  
For real, for real, and I'm  
I'm so for real

Hands up, hands down  
Do what I say now, don't disobey now  
The crowd moves, the crowd boos  
They don't want me, they want you

I never wanted to be shit  
We only wanna keep living in our own dream  
We're living, living like we're dead  
You're living, living like the sickness in your head  
I'm only guilty of surviving (I'm guilty)  
You're all guilty of playing both sides and  
Where there are zombies there are rats (bitch, bitch)  
And where I'm from rats get the ax