

Heaven Sent

King Combs

(Uh, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yuh)

They say King Combs Heaven-sent
How he rock, plug for this shit
Catch a quick glimpse, calm touch so delicate
Mood change in the room when the gang steppin' in
Engine never break, steady peddlin'
Crush Pendleton store, cash like a flash drive (Cash)
Cut the chatter, money matter like black lives
Numbers add up, calculate it, get your math right (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Get your weight up, you deflate when crossin' paths (Nigga)
Never fooled by you clown niggas
Cut the jokes, see, I move how I wanna move
Follow rules, never do, that's uncomfortable (Uh-uh, uh-uh)
I'm the coach, makin' plays, never fumble
Preach Psalms in the huddle (Amen)
Can't settle, not for nothin', nah, nada, gotta hustle too (Nah)
Throw me in the jungle, I'ma hunt for food
My moms just passed, I ain't know what to do
But I'ma keep livin' like instruction (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
Spent time out in London, I might move
Caught a vibe, shit, it might be the right mood
Take some time just to clear out my mind too (Yeah)
Every Friday a movie, I'm Ice Cube (What, what, what?)
See my lady so different, don't like you
She don't talk to nobody, she type rude
I don't rest, I count checks when the night through
Only time I get rest is on flights too
Any perps dissin' us, you losin' anyways (Yeah)
Cut through flesh, might burn your chest like Henny Straight (Uh-huh)
We up next, been that work for many days
Come contest (Come on, come on), bring your best, we really play
Young Michael Corleone, son of a don
I can tell the money comin' 'cause I'm rubbin' my palm
When that light shine, bet I go above and beyond
Drop heat all winter 'til the summer is on (Uh-huh)
I push Hummers with the logos, company cars
Same pendant on the chain, ladies lovin' the charm (Bling)
Workouts never cease, see the cuts in my arm? (Uh)
Old friends turned snakes, but I'm cuttin' 'em off (Damn)
Independent on a nigga, need nothin' from y'all (Nuh-huh)
Keep my energy the same, make like nothin' is wrong (Uh-uh)
Niggas can't stand the heat when the oven is on
Put the team on my back while I'm runnin' the ball
Never satisfied, can't be content with minor stats
I need a few Platinum plaques and fire tracks
King Combs can't relax, in fact, I'm hyperactive (What, what?)
Whip game, switch shades like Michael Jackson
Wrists plain, gold body like a magnum
Rappin', never play with you rappers, I'm steady snappin'
Do yourself a favor and step away from the class of
Made men, ready for war in every aspect (Respect, nigga)

Shittin' me, we make hits
Tell me how nasty you get
All the way from the hood to the neck of the woods, it's lit

One thing's for sure (I'll be good)
Yeah, shittin' me, we make hits
Tell me how nasty you get
All the way from the hood to the neck of the woods, it's lit
One thing's for sure (I'll be good)
Yeah