

Control Freestyle

King Los

Uh, King, Zero!
I got it

You are now havin' your sandwich made
With extra mayonnaise, 808's, and a hand grenade
Cause any man could get played in my all in phase
I mean my flow pass words like the log in page, ugh
See how my last words do?
I put my log in your girl cause we past words too
Your BM just sent me a DM and you be chasin' that hooker
You steady stalkin' her Twitter, she gave me face when I booked her
She treat me like the Facebook logo, now that's a true slut
In other words, she f'in blew me cause I f'in blew up
Acknowledge my knowledge is polished, cowards get power dropped
Man my flow could make a suicide pilot apologize
I'm piling guys in a pile, a pile of guys on they pals
I silently swear I'll kill'em, I'm finalizing my vows
I'm shitting on them, I'm vitalizing my bowels
Like I took a vitamin, something vitalizing my bowels
I'm the truth times two, I ain't inviting lies you should bow
(Paow, paow, paow) I'm taking shots in the dark
While taking shots of the dog I'm taking shots at your thoughts
You can take these shots from a vet while I'm taking shots at your dogs
They gon have to have me shackled and tackled at tabernacles
While havin' my adams apple detached in a baptist chapel
While attacked by the fastest travelin' javelin'
While attached to a dragon dragging a cage
These niggas gonna trap me and while I'm laughing, while I'm lapping em
They collapse as I'm passin' em
Man I'm coming with the K, like the lackin' potassium
I'm Jordan from the free throw while every frame is in slow mo
And every fan in the stands got the head in they hands like "oh no"
Somebody get the promo, so somebody flick the photo
And somebody stitch the logo, cause I'm bodying this shit bro bro
Get it? You don't get it? My nigga, you gotta get it
I'm bodying this shit, his logo had his whole body in it
Oh my ice tea, coco, ice cube, vanilla ice, Tom Cruise and Vanilla Sky
Tell these guys that I'm hella nice, right
When I spit it tear wind, the air bend
I'm wicked son, these niggas buns like hair pins
Amateurs, I scientifically handle bars
And you just Jodie, putting bikes together in your man's garage
Dammit dog, I fold this guy
I ain't talking 'bout no rapper, I said "fold the sky" nigga
In half and disperse the worse grin
As I write a verse in reverse that reverses the earth spin
You worse than a scared nigga who popped thing off then flee
I got a flow that can lock in and knock the wings off a flea
Yeah I'm a King, I'm elite I could never dream of defeat
I could Dr. King you a speech while I'm Rodney Kinging ya beat
You playing the victim nigga, I'm saying the vicious scriptures
You niggas is in denial like you bathe in Egyptian rivers
I wrote this in Hieroglyphics, I'm focused and I am gifted
I hope that I just provoked you to notice that I am different
I feel so blessed I should mention, I pushed the depths of extension
Much higher my type of talent requires special attention
Kendrick I think you genius, J. Cole got these niggas worried

Big KRIT is a southern killer, Wale is a visionary
Pusha been pushing so long he truly defines a hustler
Meek did his time like a G, came back home and shined on them suckas
A\$AP mastered the facets of fashion
Snatching the essence of brandin his whole fam and a no man demanding a pres
ence
This nigga Drake nice on the mic and act
So many hits he fucked around and brought light skin back
And Big Sean you did it, you really did it, no bullshitting
You putting the D on I could see the future, no Warwick
Get it? Dion Warwick, I went to war with critics like Jay Elec'
I let him see my exhibit, get it? Exhibit C
I exquisitely make a segue to Tyler, my future's odd, I salute you dog
Mac Miller, young white boy track killer, gotta feel that
I think real rap back, nigga
King...