

Old Crown

King Los

(Yuh) (yuh, hold up nigga) (yuh hold up, nigga what the fuck?)

Okay look
That nigga a hater
He calling my flavor
She call me old school
I play her like Sega
Salami so good that she's grabbing my data
I get a check and I check yo ass later
Play with my emotions you play with my paper
A Glock to his fade and get that boy a table
Her mama an angel, my pop was a Playa
Was born in the trenches at war with my neighborhood
Bitch hop in this whip now we gone on the cable
Your face on the news
On a shirt, on the paper
I update the data, updated the day-to-
day, the day they say I'm the updated Jadakiss
Fuck what they say they just update the plagiarists
Look what I made of this
Look what I made it out
Look how the matrix is
Way that they made me say
They say believe in God
Cause nobody created him
That mean he atheist
Boy what you base that shit on that's that basic shit
Go on an save this bitch
You gonna have to get the demons out
Cause a beam of light got me going to space with this
War now the ether be pulling my soul now
Like the sun and the moon when it go round
That shits a cycle no bitch I don't like you

Old crown, Y'all niggas rockin' my old crown
Y'all niggas rockin' my, y'all niggas rockin'
My old crown my old crown
Yal

You don't get points if I'm not on the court
(Man who rappin that simple)
I'm the GOAT up and down like Baphomet symbol
I travel through ripples and transform my carbon to blackness and triples
Imagine a rapper that taps in the signals
Advancing the vast and subtracting the simple
Then rubbing the lamp like genie
Kundalini energy rising back up to the temple like woah
Thinking you got a answer for me that is a no
The universe told me to kill em so now it's a go
Jupiter pluto imagine they Saturn my throat
I'm not used to earth try my best just to find my way home, No I'm a alien,
humans just did me so wrong
Good thing I'm light-years ahead and my so strong
Only rapper put a real message in a song

(All this shit is a fucking illusion, don't believe anything, nothing is real, do whatever the fuck you wanna do, you control your destiny, don't let an

ybody tell you what you can't do, fuck em die slow to all bitch ass niggas,
in on to the next mothafucking Millennium, you heard me? Bitch!)

They gone have to figure this out
I ain't one of these niggas for the clout
(Ewwh hold up,)
We can get it in right now little nigga gonna have to pipe down
(You too swole up)
Everybody think they street
All my niggas think you sweet
(Fruit roll-up)
Ewwh so what
Got a little dough nigga
Ewwh so what
Never been a Hoe nigga
Ewwh so what
Killas on go nigga
Ewwh so what
Put it on gang they gone play witcha name
You gone let a nigga know nigga
Ewwh so what
You ain't no rider, you ain't gone go up
We don't believe shit that you throw up, you riding around on two doughnuts
They be like Los man you go nuts
I be like woah now few show nuff
Straight out energy Westside certified Baltimore nigga ain't never been no b
luff, made it out the city man
That shit was so rough
Slanging that weed and baggin that coke up
(I'm a real ass nigga, triple OG ass nigga)

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(They be like Los man you go nuts)

(Straight out energy Westside certified Baltimore nigga ain't never been no
Bluff)