

Ugh Oh

King Los

It's Battles
Ughhhh
Fly America

Ugh oh, I'm startin' to think that you in trouble pal
Believed in the team and it seems we startin' to bubble now
Old enemies tryna' come around
But I just leave 'em lost and jealous, Southern Cal
My fans say my lines the sickest
Metaphors, I got metafives and sixes
Yeah, I'm on my grind to get it
Porn star, going hard is in my job description
Uh huh, see after school is when the lesson starts
So even punctuation couldn't question Mark
Enjoy the crazy ride, we won't ever park
My pilot is to blame for the flame, I just set the spark
Ha, ha! We updated the roster
The city of Indianapolis created a monster
The first to make it from this place, I'mma take it and conquer
And laugh in they face cause they hate when we prosper
Shout out to my fans we made it look easy
Buzzin' 'round the underground its time to take it to TV
Believe me

Los
Ugh

I tried to push the red line to the Bentley and shiver
And take the top back like an Indian giver
Indians cap with the wide smile
Your girl see my style give me the high brow
For the cash out, I follow you to Moscow
Don't make me lash out like the follicles under eyebrows
My rollies got me sick with ridiculous rage
I'm trying to switch the faces like Travolta and Nicolas Cage
Rap's my playground and I'm a dinosaur
These was just my monkey bars, bars that I was sliding bored
Keep yo asses out the deep end
I still advance at a stand still without a knee bend
I used to write (write) with my left (left) when my right was sore
Now I just left (left) the pen there (there), I don't write no more
It ain't right no more, what's left to do
If you could write what I don't have to write, what would be left to you
Sickest rapper livin', glad to see em learn
I couldn't catch the flu, cause it ain't want to have me in return
Los

Los, what up?
Shout out to the whole bad boy camp
Diddy, what's good?
It's Fly America
Fly high or get flown over

They told me not to do it, so I did it
Man, they just hatin' on my crew, and now they with it
How terrific
Simply about business, I'm hot with my words
I'm like Sesame Street, you can watch me and learn

Got me a turn, now I'm tryin' to profit and earn
Consciously firm, so it really got 'em concerned
My spot is deserved, yeah man I'm runnin' it right
Man the stars will handle bars like the front of a bike
Struggle and fight until I'm loving my life
Road spells, hotels and, buckets of ice for a couple of nights
Stayed and we jumpin' on flights, wonderful heights
Lord blessed, we must've done something right
So I go by my real name for a big reason
Give you all of me, I'm never misleadin'
Praying that my music get to spread through the regions
Could've gave up, never begged never pleaded
Even through the struggles you will never see no tears either
So sing along or bring it on you little cheerleader
It's Battles!