Without Me

King Los

Yeah, how you gonna do this shit without me?

How you gon' do this shit without me?
How you gon' do this shit without me?
How you gon' do this shit with-
How you gon' do this shit without me?
Study all my shit then pretend you forgot about me
Study all my shit then pretend you forgot about me

Ring around the rosy, roundhouses and Ronda Rousey
Niggas try to kick it this wicked, but don't arouse me
That shit be making me drowsy, all your shit be making me drow-
Bandannas and army jackets and they attackin' us
Packed the blades and suited for war, ain't no slackin' up
Beyonce say formal formation, so I back her up
But this beyond saying formation, it's time to back it up
They want niggas back on the boat, well tell 'em pack me up
My son is Ethiopian, baby mama from Africa
(Woah) To stop a nigga now they need a miracle
The frequency too high, this shit is really getting spiritual
Yeah we all sinners but you ought to repent
That's why I bend all your orders and I ordered the Bent
They don't want me to soar, but that's sorta my strength
Ready for war, flow filthy like the water in Flint, uh
Shine like the sun 'cause I'm from that
Flow like the river, pardon my pun (net?)
Was Pun's last name and the son's Chris
If orange the new black then I'm Sunkist
Dumb rich, gold in my blood on some stunt shit
One fist, high in the sky rise above shit
Tough shit, I've been through it, been through enough shit
All my homies push that bass like when the drum hit

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They say I thug too hard, that's how you made me
'Cause when I love too hard, that's how you slave me
And (God puts the gorgeous pun I [?])
And you thought the bullshit gon' slide
I'm giving out courses on fly
Your boy sit on horses and ride
Royces with oysters on wrists in Paris
I hope that these carrots is good for your eyes
A nigga Ja real
Yeah I pioneer 'cause I use my pineal
Just to block you niggas, run seventy-nine drills
And find a way to hate you but never could find chill
Every line filled with landmines, every time ill
And bitches be chasing me like the '79 bill
Cosby, (artly?) we all sleep, aren't we?

Raised up in the ghetto

Faced the matrix in Gepetto
Taught to take shit and we settle
Too complacent, hit the pedal
Push that gas in the race for the race
Bring love back in the place of the hate
Don't like us, then you make a mistake
We whipping up pies an' we makin' a cake
To make a deposit to take to the bank
But I don't need money, I'm rich in my soul
Fuck all of my garments, I'm switching my clothes
To the robe of a king, the throne, the ring and the crown
Get thrown in a ring in a crowd
I know you're here for dinner, ain't prepared for winter
Rise up out and ride around unpolished
Pop my collars
Dropped out of college, got my knowledge in my talks [?]

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How you gon'?
Uh

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