

# The Throne

Kwesta

As'thandazelaneni  
God bless, Assalamu alaikum  
Hot mess, I rhyme I habanero  
The flop is we jobless, sphanda ama dinero  
Heh akuhlanganeni i'ghetto  
Or else soze sihlanganele ghetto, sixabanele into engekho  
Glass house sidlalana ne ngedo  
What's that but ukudakwa nje i-fame Joe, igama lam' u-Senzo  
And you, can't kill the King  
Can't stop the reign  
Can't stop the pain  
Can't stop the rain  
Can't stop the hate  
Can't look away  
Can't stop debating but can't cook the hake  
Can't force the change  
Tree tops of shade  
Can cop the fame but you can't block the prayin'  
Unlock the brain, unclog the drain  
Guns, cops and raids  
Son, stop the playin'

Uyi starring le ka gogo  
Angigeji ngishaya nchocho  
Tshothso cha mntase ango aim'i  
Ngimele ozogoloza  
Ummeli walamasoja, nyel' uNongoloza we game  
Hopped off the train  
Hopped on the plane  
The long shots I made are so off your range  
My sort of fall off was not for all y'all to khonond' on but to pop off again  
We're not the same  
We're not the same  
Jewellery is your game, you pick and you pay  
You bite the chain, we're not the same  
'Cause, shit, Pick 'n Pay, I'd rather buy the chain  
Can't kill the King, never lived the dream  
Couldn't feel a thing 'til they lit the beam  
They ain't who they say  
I ain't who they be  
I ain't with the waves and y'all are sure to see

Made a lot of millions but was never rich  
All the way to Heaven for the hell of it  
We all need love, wena uthenge eliphi?  
Big Bro Theory, the Genesis  
Hailed as a king for doin' basic shit  
Until I show love to who I make it with  
Now if God ain't say it, we ain't hear it  
Big Bro Theory, it's medicine

They won't learn, they never learn  
That kingship is God given, straight from above  
They tried to bury us but planted us instead  
It's said, Heroes get remembered and Legends never die (They never die)

Ya ngi grand angizwani namanyala  
And votsek, buy' i-track man, kudal' ufakaza  
Cut the yappin' and the cappin' and the actin' like this rap shit is your passion  
Leth' i-phepha singaze sidab' iyhlahla  
Sik'vonce i-gold chain slande iskali  
Sibhoboze i-propane silayte inkauza  
You speak of Pro's name, usanokukatshwa  
Donsa ikeyti, lama bosdave ngathi aqala uk'phapha  
Boss game, midfield, Pirlo  
My hits are still children, them shits don't get old  
Elirikhini ngidiliza iy'ngelosi  
I got six 16s that are 16 years old  
Intanga zenu, hay mina  
Ama bhayibheli, a divine read  
Kodwa hay' still, mawuze kimi ubhayzile  
I flop i'cheese, that's why mangiba shova bathi ngibhay' i'skill  
But, I mean, I'm me, ngi may'zile  
Ngigaye nina i'chance yokuthi nidume but niya idle'a  
Forget a rhyme scheme, nitay' nina ni busy "Hi, King"  
Ngapha ngilwisana nentaba, I'm not hiking  
Ya le game ngiyayithanda  
I'm tryna put it together, you niggas pay the compiler  
All your favorite idols, I'm just here as a piper  
The scoreboards are mugshots, that why I stay on the line-up, ya  
And since me, hay' nix, I don't idolize, anyone  
I punch likhona but I'm out of line  
They say I'm out lines, watch that lie get nullified  
My type of shine undenied just undermined  
And unga worry, ley'ntwana ngizincanywa blind, vaar-vaar  
They can party like it's 1999  
They ain't even gotta rhyme but if they ever fuck with mine  
Kuzoba ngathi bashawe isandla 'cause they must be out they fuckin' mind