

KING Of The WORLD

Lil Mabu

Ah, free the guys
Grr, boom
Grr

I feel like the king of the world the way I got up in the mix
Gotta keep making these hits
Gotta get groupies all off of my- (Skrr, boom)
Treesha
Put a blue face on a plain Jane, but I ain't no Crip
Peep the fit, and you want the smoke? Then pull off on the 5th
Tinted the windows, they blacked out
Said I was broke, so I'm whipping the racks out
Lil' boy tried to fight but he tapped out
Hang with the drillers that spinning it back 'round
He want a feature, I tax
Say you got money, you stuck in the trap
(I had to drop a bag on time peace
Can I put my watch on demon time?)

Outside it's a movie
But no I ain't strapped with a toolie (Bah)
I-I walk around with a limp
Stuffing the racks, they up in my blue jeans (Bah, grr)
Dior Dior, yeah, what I rock on my fit
And shawty she be on, be on me, she wanted a flick
We posted up like some fliers
Chasin' these bands like we runnin' from tigers
Little boy said I ain't fire
But I got the game in a grip like some pliers (Grr)

I feel like the king of the world the way I got up in the mix
Gotta keep making these hits
Gotta get groupies all off of my- (Skrr, boom, off of my dick)
Treesha
Put a blue face on a plain Jane, but I ain't no Crip
Peep the fit, and you want the smoke? Then pull off on the 5th (The 5th)
Tinted the windows, they blacked out
Said I was broke, so I'm whipping the racks out (Racks out)
Lil' boy tried to fight but he tapped out
Hang with the drillers that spinning it back 'round (Fever)
He want a feature, I tax
Say you got money, you stuck in the trap (In the trap)
I had to drop a bag on time peace
(I had to drop a bag on a time peace, rrr, rrr, look)

From the trenches, ain't hard to find me
Top Feva so, pussy, don't try me (Don't try me)
Dead off the money, I turned into a zombie
Old bitch from the hood tried to line me
I told 'em, "Roll cautious"
Them niggas run up, it's barkin'
Feeding 'em and spark 'em
'Mack the V, so we park 'em
I'ma just empty the clip, I ain't doin' no talkin'
Leave him dead on the walk-in
F.N. green tips, so we aim at his noggin (Aim at his noggin)
And we all need a posse (Posse)

Call up Mabu, he gon' fuck up the market
Post up on the 5th
Bag on yo head, so you know we gon' take that (Gon' take that)
Stay in the mix, bad lil' bitch on my dick and she shake that
Yeah, I'm heavy on the roller (Roller)
But I might slide in the Maybach (In the Maybach)
Leave a body in the Hudson, clean up the blood with some Ajax

I feel like the king of the world the way I got up in the mix (In the mix)
Gotta keep making these hits
Gotta get groupies all off of my- (Skrr, boom, off of my dick)
Treesha (Treesha)
Put a blue face on a plain Jane, but I ain't no Crip (No Crip)
Peep the fit, and you want the smoke? Then pull off on the 5th

It's rollin, fever, haha (Grr, boom)
We still steppin' on boys, yeah we just tryna' get paid, rrr