

# Kings

Masta Ace

(Kings)  
Oh  
Marco  
It's crazy  
Where them crowns at?  
(Kings)

I'm from the V-I-Double-L-E, like M.O.P  
Where cats walk around like, "Him or me?"  
Art of survival, tryin' to calculate the heart of a rival  
Understand like part of the bible, this a revelation  
They say niggas never learn, this an education  
Since Malcolm and Martin we've been marchin' for a better nation  
Is this a big meltin' pot, or is it seperation?  
I'm breakin' bread with the tribes, no reservations  
Yo, we gotta make it as a federation  
Are we livin' together, or is it segregation?  
Jim Crow laws hem no flaws  
I'm tryin' to run it up like ten more scores  
The chain of command, analyze the brain of a man  
That understands the shame and the pain of a fan  
They can't comprehend all these songs he's hearin' now  
And can't understand what these dudes is wearin' now  
But think back when we was young, 'bout the same age  
Our parents, they looked at us in them same ways  
We was playin' DMC and Fat Boys (Fat)  
And they was sayin' to us, "Turn off that noise"  
Told us, we gotta listen to some real music  
Earth, Wind and Fire, somethin' you can feel music  
From where I stand, it's like the view is panoramic  
When my retirement is announced, the fans'll panic  
'Cause that's one less soldier in the greatest fight  
The love is heavy in my heart and the hate is light  
Then every other summer an up-and-comer  
Thinks he can jump right in my shoes if he plays his right (Kings)  
But these are Mutumbo-size in my humble eyes  
And this is no small feat for these mumble guys  
Man, you know the drill like a cavity  
Comprehend the gravity of my savagery  
I'm so underrated, it's a travisty  
Where's the praise and the raise in my salary?  
Got a wife held up by life to marry me  
We dress to impress and get fresh like Barry B  
Yo, you would think we on a date night  
It's hard to get in, you won't believe what the wait's like  
We tryin' to see what it taste like  
But it's hard to fit in, you won't believe what the hate's like  
The game of life's full of crazy things  
It's so intense, makes no sense like baby rings  
Until the overweight lady sings  
We'll leave you this body of work 'til they say we kings (Kings)  
Yeah, 'til they say we kings

I grew up to be a king for the city I rep  
I grew up to be a king for the city I rep  
I grew up to be a king  
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